THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 22, 1914 5cts. THE COPY

Frank X. Leyendecker

IN THIS NUMBER: Mary Roberts Rinehart—Samuel G. Blythe—Irvin S. Cobb
Will Irwin—Morgan Robertson—Will Payne—Frederick Irving Anderson

In Ford Sizes

FISK NON-SKID RED TOP TIRE

With All The Regular Fisk Quality

A New and Unusually Attractive Tire
At a New and Unusually Attractive Price

A TIRE that is to be confined to small sizes, meaning a saving in equipment expense. A tire available to the hundreds of thousands of small car owners, resulting in a volume of business which makes for economy in overhead and sales expense and effects a saving which enables us to offer an unusually good price to the user.

THIS FISK NON-SKID with its distinctive *Red Tread and White Side Wall,* is made only in 30x3 inch and 30x3½ inch sizes. It is a positive Non-Skid and Traction tire with its sturdy buttons and side corrugation, designed for use not only on wet pavements, but also on muddy roads where the ordinary fancy tread tire is more or less ineffective.

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY to secure positive protection against skidding, to add greatly to the appearance of your car, and to get a Quality tire with its greater mileage at a price in keeping with the initial investment in your small machine.

When You Use Fisk Tires You Benefit From the Prompt, Courteous and Efficient Attention of Our Service Organization and Our Policy of a Square Deal to All.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

18,000 Dealers and Fisk Branches in 43 Principal Cities

"Joy, Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose—"

and if Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were alive today he would include under the head of Joy and Repose the day-by-day use of Tuxedo in a pipe.

Tuxedo assures real repose: the calm, wrinkle-smoothing, mind-easing repose that comes with a wholesome, helpful pipe of satisfactory tobacco.

Tuxedo is the satisfactory tobacco—in a class by itself for mildness, fragrance and non-irritating qualities.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Tuxedo tobacco has made thousands of men joyful, temperate and comfortable converts to the pipe, because it has made pipe-smoking not only possible but pleasant to them.

Under the famous "Tuxedo Process" the mild, tender leaves of the highest grade Burley tobacco are so skillfully treated that Tuxedo absolutely cannot bite, parch or irritate the tongue or mouth in any way. Tuxedo burns slowly and coolly, with a delicious aroma.

Many other brands have tried to imitate the original "Tuxedo Process"—but the process is still a secret known only to the makers of Tuxedo. Get the original Tuxedo—avoid imitations—and you will get the best tobacco on earth for your money.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *inner-lined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

GRANTLAND RICE

Famous Sporting Writer and Authority, says:

"Whenever I go hunting or fishing I slip a curved tin of Tuxedo tobacco in my hip-pocket and I always keep a supply at home. Ample proof that I like Tuxedo."

Grantland Rice

E. YSAYE

The World-famous Violinist, says:

"Tuxedo is a fine, mild, fragrant smoke—the best ever. The more experience one has had, the more convincing is the superiority of Tuxedo. It is the only tobacco free from bite that I have ever found, and it leads all others in fragrance and flavor—a rare combination."

Ysaye

D. N. TRAVIS, LL. B.

President Michigan Board of Pardons. Delegate American Prison Congress. Former Secretary to Ex-Gov. Chase S. Osborn. Lecturer, Lawyer and Dramatist, says:

"The man on the lecture platform need not be lonesome if he smokes Tuxedo. A good pipe and book will convert a hotel bedroom into a home if the tobacco is Tuxedo."

D. N. Travis

ALLAN H. FRAZER

Former prosecutor and leading attorney of Detroit, says:

"In the heat of many a political campaign, in success and in defeat, Tuxedo has been my faithful ally. It teaches me that while all men may be created equal, all tobaccos are not. There is none like Tuxedo."

Allan H. Frazer

PENRHYN STANLAWS

Celebrated Artist, creator of the famous "Stanlaws Girls," says:

"Some artists draw better than others, but no artist draws better than a good pipe filled with Tuxedo."

Penrhyn Stanlaws

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Room 1187, 111 Fifth Avenue New York

Illustration one-third of actual size.

GEO. W. GALVIN, M. D.

Founder of Boston Emergency Hospital and its Surgeon-in-Chief for 18 years, says:

"Nothing like Tuxedo as a pal on a hunting or fishing trip. It's a great all-around outdoors smoke; gives a man that old joy-of-living feeling."

Geo. W. Galvin M. D.

HY·FLEX·ROL

IN DAYS OF OLD it was either a wild beast or a god who was credited with delighting in solitudes. To-day man has brought close the "far-away" places of the earth by the creation of fast-moving, time-conserving things.

The joys of Nature's profound silences are an open book. Men may seek, find and enjoy them in a few hours, and in their smooth, swift journey, glide happily along without disturbing even Nature's hushed slumber hours.

"Hyatt Quiet Bearings" contribute largely to the enjoyment of such automobile jaunts; they cushion road shocks, absorb vibrations and keep gears and shafts in alignment—the things that make a silent-going car. To "motor" quietly is to enjoy greatly.

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1914* *Number 8*

LOCKED DOORS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"YOU promised," I reminded Mr. Patton, "to play with cards on the table."

"My dear young lady," he replied, "I have no cards! I suspect a game, that's all."

"Then—do you need me?"

The detective bent forward, his arms on his desk, and looked me over carefully.

"What sort of shape are you in? Tired?"

"No."

"Nervous?"

"Not enough to hurt."

"I want you to take another case, following a nurse who has gone to pieces," he said, selecting his words carefully. "I don't want to tell you a lot—I want you to go in with a fresh mind. It promises to be an extraordinary case."

"How long was the other nurse there?"

"Four days."

"She went to pieces in four days!"

"Well, she's pretty much unstrung. The worst is, she hasn't any real reason. A family chooses to live in an unusual manner, because they like it, or perhaps they're afraid of something. The girl was, that's sure. I had never seen her until this morning, a big, healthy-looking young woman; but she came in looking back over her shoulder as if she expected a knife in her back. She said she was a nurse from St. Luke's and that she'd been on a case for four days. She'd left that morning after about three hours' sleep in that time, being locked in a room most of the time, and having crackers and milk mostly for food. She thought it was a case for the police."

"Who is ill in the house? Who was her patient?"

"There is no illness, I believe. The French governess had gone, and they wished the children competently cared for until they replaced her. That was the reason given her when she went. Afterward she—well, she was puzzled."

"How are you going to get me there?"

He gathered acquiescence from my question and smiled approval.

"Good girl!" he said. "Never mind how I'll get you there. You are the most dependable woman I know."

"The most curious, perhaps?" I retorted. "Four days on the case, three hours' sleep, locked in and yelling 'Police'! Is it out of town?"

"No, in the heart of the city, on Beauregard Square. Can you get some St. Luke's uniforms? They want another St. Luke's nurse."

I said I could get the uniforms, and he wrote the address on a card.

"Better arrive about five," he said.

"But—if they are not expecting me?"

"They will be expecting you," he replied enigmatically.

"The doctor, if he's a St. Luke's man ——"

"There is no doctor."

Mr. Patton Dispatched One of the Men for the Nearest Doctor

It was six months since I had solved, or helped to solve, the mystery of the buckled bag for Mr. Patton. I had had other cases for him in the interval, cases where the police could not get close enough. As I said when I began this record of my crusade against crime and the criminal, a trained nurse gets under the very skin of the soul. She finds a mind surrendered, all the crooked little motives that have fired the guns of life revealed in their pitifulness.

Gradually I had come to see that Mr. Patton's point of view was right; that if the criminal uses every means against society, why not society against the criminal? At first I had used this as a flag of truce to my nurse's ethical training; now I flaunted it, a mental and moral banner. The criminal against society, and I against the criminal! And, more than that, against misery, healing pain by augmenting it sometimes, but working like a surgeon, for good.

I had had six cases in six months. Only in one had I failed to land my criminal, and that without any suspicion of my white uniform and rubber-soled shoes. Although I played a double game no patient of mine had suffered. I was a nurse first and a police agent second. If it was a question between turpentine compresses—stupes, professionally—and seeing what letters came in or went out of the house, the compress went on first, and cracking hot too. I am not boasting. That is my method, the only way I can work, and it speaks well for it that, as I say, only one man escaped arrest—an arson case where the factory owner hanged himself in the bathroom needle shower in the house he had bought with the insurance money, while I was fixing his breakfast tray. And even he might have been saved for justice had the cook not burned the toast and been obliged to make it fresh.

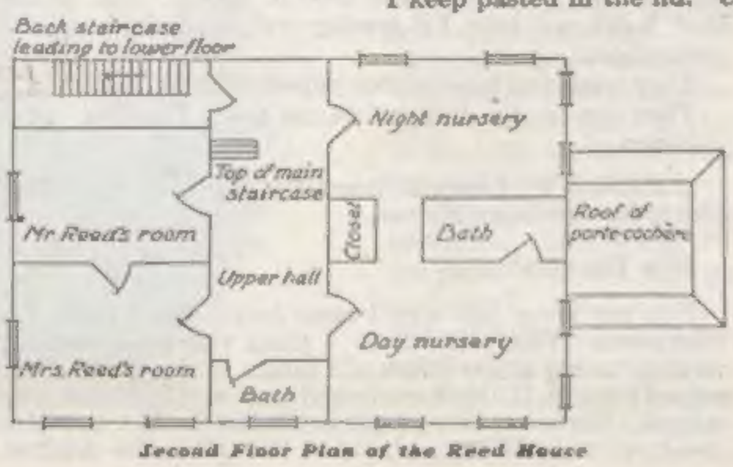
I was no longer staying at a nurse's home. I had taken a bachelor suite of three rooms and bath, comfortably downtown. I cooked my own breakfasts when I was off duty and I dined at a restaurant near. Luncheon I did not bother much about. Now and then Mr. Patton telephoned me and we lunched together in remote places where we would not be known. He would tell me of his cases and sometimes he asked my advice.

I bought my uniforms that day and took them home in a taxicab. The dresses were blue, and over them for the street the St. Luke's girls wear long cloaks, English fashion, of navy blue serge, and a blue bonnet with a white ruching and white lawn ties. I felt curious in it, but it was becoming and convenient. Certainly I looked professional.

At three o'clock that afternoon a messenger brought a small box, registered. It contained a St. Luke's badge of gold and blue enamel.

At four o'clock my telephone rang. I was packing my suitcase according to the list I keep pasted in the lid. Under the list, which was of uniforms, aprons, thermometer, instruments, a nurse's simple set of probe, forceps and bandage scissors, was the word "box." This always went in first—a wooden box with a lock, the key of which was round my neck. It contained skeleton keys, a small black revolver of which I was in deadly fear, a pair of handcuffs, a pocket flashlight, and my badge from the chief of police. I was examining the revolver nervously when the telephone rang, and I came within an ace of sending a bullet into the flat below.

Did you ever notice how much you get out of a telephone voice? We can dissemble with our faces, but under stress the vocal cords seem to draw up tight and the voice comes thin and colorless. There's a little woman in the flat beneath—the one I nearly bombarded—who sings like a bird at her piano half the day, scaling vocal heights that



Second Floor Plan of the Reed House

make me dizzy. Now and then she has a visitor, a nice young man, and she disgraces herself, flats F, fogs E even, finally takes cowardly refuge in a wretched mezzo-soprano and cries herself to sleep, doubtless, later on.

The man who called me had the thin-drawn voice of extreme strain—a youngish voice.

"Miss Adams," he said, "this is Francis Reed speaking. I have called St. Luke's and they referred me to you. Are you free to take a case this afternoon?"

I fenced. I was trying to read the voice.

"This afternoon?"

"Well, before night anyhow; as—as early this evening as possible."

The voice was strained and tired, desperately tired. It was not peevish. It was even rather pleasant.

"What is the case, Mr. Reed?"

He hesitated. "It is not illness. It is merely—the governess has gone and there are two small children. We want some one to give her undivided attention to the children."

"I see."

"Are you a heavy sleeper, Miss Adams?"

"A very light one." I fancied he breathed freer.

"I hope you are not tired from a previous case?" I was beginning to like the voice.

"I'm quite fresh," I replied almost gayly. "Even if I were not, I like children, especially well ones. I shan't find looking after them very wearying, I'm sure."

Again the odd little pause. Then he gave me the address on Beauregard Square, and asked me to be sure not to be late.

"I must warn you," he added; "we are living in a sort of casual way. Our servants left us without warning. Mrs. Reed has been getting along as best she could. Most of our meals are being sent in."

I was thinking fast. No servants! A good many people think a trained nurse is a sort of upper servant. I've been in houses where they were amazed to discover that I was a college woman and, finding the two things irreconcilable, have openly accused me of having been driven to such a desperate course as a hospital training by an unfortunate love affair.

"Of course you understand that I will look after the children to the best of my ability, but that I will not replace the servants."

I fancied he smiled grimly.

"That of course. Will you ring twice when you come?"

"Ring twice?"

"The doorbell," he replied impatiently.

I said I would ring the doorbell twice.

The young woman below was caroling gayly, ignorant of the six-barreled menace over her head. I knelt again by my suitcase, but packed little and thought a great deal. I was to arrive before dusk at a house where there were no servants and to ring the doorbell twice. I was to be a light sleeper, although I was to look after two healthy children. It was not much in itself, but, taken in connection with the previous nurse's appeal to the police, it took on new possibilities.

At six I started out to dinner. It was early spring and cold, but quite light. At the first corner I saw Mr. Patton waiting for a street car, and at his quick nod I saw I was to get in also. He did not pay my fare or speak to me. It was a part of the game that we were never seen together except at the remote restaurant I mentioned before. The car thinned out and I could watch him easily. Far down town he alighted and so did I. The restaurant was near. I went in alone and sat down at a table in a recess, and very soon he joined me. We were in the main dining room but not of it, a sop at once to the conventions and to the necessity, where he was so well known, for caution.

"I got a little information—on—the affair we were talking of," he said as he sat down. "I'm not so sure I want you to take the case after all."

"Certainly I shall take it," I retorted with some sharpness. "I've promised to go."

"Tut! I'm not going to send you into danger unnecessarily."

"I am not afraid."

"Exactly. A lot of generals were lost in the Civil War because they were not afraid and wanted to lead their troops instead of saving themselves and their expensive West Point training by sitting back in a safe spot and directing the fight. Any fool can run into danger. It takes intellect to keep out."

I felt my color rising indignantly.

"Then you brought me here to tell me I am not to go?"

"Will you let me read you two reports?"

"You could have told me that at the corner!"

"Will you let me read you two reports?"

"If you don't mind I'll first order something to eat. I'm to be there before dark."

"Will you let me ——"

"I'm going, and you know I'm going. If you don't want me to represent you I'll go on my own. They want a nurse, and they're in trouble."

I think he was really angry. I know I was. If there is anything that takes the very soul out of a woman, it is to be kept from doing a thing she has set her heart on, because some man thinks it dangerous. If she has any spirit, that rouses it.

Mr. Patton quietly replaced the reports in his wallet and his wallet in the inside pocket of his coat, and fell to a judicial survey of the menu. But although he did not even glance at me he must have felt the determination in my face, for he ordered things that were quickly prepared and told the waiter to hurry.

"I have wondered lately," he said slowly, "whether the mildness of your manner at the hospital was acting, or the chastening effect of three years under an order book."

"A man always likes a woman to be a sheep."

"I Thought You Nurses Had No Nerves"

"Not at all. But it is rather disconcerting to have a pet lamb turn round and take a bite out of one."

"Will you read the reports now?"

"I think," he said quietly, "they would better wait until we have eaten. We will probably both feel calmer. Suppose we arrange that nothing said before the oysters counts?"

I agreed, rather sulkily, and the meal went off well enough. I was anxious enough to hurry, but he ate deliberately, drank his demitasse, paid the waiter, and at last met my impatient eyes and smiled.

"After all," he said, "since you are determined to go anyhow, what's the use of reading the reports? Inside of an hour you'll know all you need to know." But he saw that I did not take his teasing well, and drew out his pocketbook.

They were two typewritten papers clamped together.

They are on my desk before me now. The first one is indorsed:

Statement by Laura J. Bosworth, nurse, of St. Luke's Home for Graduate Nurses.

Miss Bosworth says:

I do not know just why I came here. But I know I'm frightened. That's the fact. I think there is something terribly wrong in the house of Francis M. Reed, 71 Beauregard Square. I think a crime of some sort has been committed. There are four people in the family, Mr. and Mrs. Reed and two children. I was to look after the children.

I was there four days and the children were never allowed out of the room. At night we were locked in. I kept wondering what I would do if there was a fire. The telephone wires are cut so no one can call the house, and I believe the doorbell is disconnected too. But that's fixed now. Mrs. Reed went round all the time with a face like chalk and her eyes staring. At all hours of the night she'd unlock the bedroom door and come in and look at the children.

Almost all the doors through the house were locked. If I wanted to get to the kitchen to boil eggs for the children's breakfast—for there were no servants, and Mrs. Reed was young and didn't know anything about cooking—Mr. Reed had to unlock about four doors for me.

If Mrs. Reed looked bad, he was dreadful—sunken eyed and white and wouldn't eat. I think he has killed somebody and is making away with the body.

Last night I said I had to have air, and they let me go out. I called up a friend from a pay-station, another nurse. This morning she sent me a special-delivery letter that I was needed on another case, and I got away. That's all; it sounds foolish, but try it and see if it doesn't get on your nerves.

Mr. Patton looked up at me as he finished reading.

"Now you see what I mean," he said. "That woman was there four days, and she is as temperamental as a cow, but in those four days her nervous system went to smash."

"Doors locked!" I reflected. "Servants gone; state of fear—it looks like a siege!"

"But why a trained nurse? Why not a policeman, if there is danger? Why any one at all, if there is something that the police are not to know?"

"That is what I intend to find out," I replied. He shrugged his shoulders and read the other paper:

Report of Detective Bennett on Francis M. Reed, April 5, 1913:

Francis M. Reed is thirty-six years of age, married, a chemist at the Olympic Paint Works. He has two children, both boys. Has a small independent income and owns the house on Beauregard Square, which was built by his grandfather, General F. R. Reed. Is supposed to be living beyond his means. House is usually full of servants, and grocer in the neighborhood has had to wait for money several times.

On March twenty-ninth he dismissed all servants without warning. No reason given, but a week's wages instead of notice.

On March thirtieth he applied to the owners of the paint factory for two weeks' vacation. Gave as his reason nervousness and insomnia. He said he was "going to lay off and get some sleep." Has not been back at the works since. House under surveillance this afternoon. No visitors. Mr. Reed telephoned for a nurse at four o'clock from a store on Eleventh Street. Explained that his telephone was out of order.

Mr. Patton folded up the papers and thrust them back into his pocket. Evidently he saw I was determined, for he only said:

"Have you got your revolver?"

"Yes."

"Do you know anything about telephones? Could you repair that one in an emergency?"

"In an emergency," I retorted, "there is no time to repair a telephone. But I've got a voice and there are windows. If I really put my mind to it you will hear me yell at headquarters."

He smiled grimly.

II

THE Reed house is on Beauregard Square. It is a small, exclusive community, the Beauregard neighborhood; a dozen or more solid citizens built their homes there in the early 70s, occupying large lots, the houses flush with the streets and with gardens behind. Six on one street, six on another, back to back with the gardens in the center, they occupied the whole block. And the gardens were not fenced off, but made a sort of small park unsuspected from the streets. Here and there bits of flowering shrubbery sketchily outlined a property, but the general impression was of lawn and trees, free of access to all the owners. Thus with the square in front and the gardens in the rear, the Reed house faced in two directions on the early spring green.

In the gardens the old tar walks were still there, and a fountain which no longer played, but on whose stone coping I believe the young Beauregard Squarites made their first climbing ventures.

The gardens were always alive with birds, and later on from my windows I learned the reason. It seems to have been a custom sanctified by years, that the crumbs from the twelve tables should be thrown into the dry basin of the fountain for the birds. It was a common sight to see stately butlers and *chic* little waitresses in black and white coming out after luncheon or dinner with silver trays of crumbs. Many a scrap of gossip, as well as scrap of food, has been passed along at the old stone fountain, I believe. I know that it was there that I heard of the "basement ghost" of Beauregard Square—a whisper at first, a panic later.

I arrived at eight o'clock and rang the doorbell twice. The door was opened at once by Mr. Reed, a tall, blond

young man carefully dressed. He threw away his cigarette when he saw me and shook hands. The hall was brightly lighted and most cheerful; in fact the whole house was ablaze with light. Certainly nothing could be less mysterious than the house, or than the debonair young man who motioned me into the library.

"I told Mrs. Reed I would talk to you before you go upstairs," he said. "Will you sit down?"

I sat down. The library was even brighter than the hall, and now I saw that although he smiled as cheerfully as ever his face was almost colorless, and his eyes, which looked frankly enough into mine for a moment, went wandering off round the room. I had the impression somehow that Mr. Patton had had of the nurse at headquarters that morning—that he looked as if he expected a knife in his back. It seemed to me that he wanted to look over his shoulder and by sheer will-power did not.

"You know the rule, Miss Adams," he said: "When there's an emergency get a trained nurse! I told you our emergency—no servants and two small children."

"This should be a good time to secure servants," I said briskly. "City houses are being deserted for country places, and a percentage of servants won't leave town."

He hesitated.

"We've been doing very nicely, although of course it's hardly more than just living. Our meals are sent in from a hotel, and—well, we thought, since we are going away so soon, that perhaps we could manage."

The impulse was too strong for him at that moment. He wheeled and looked behind him, not a hasty glance, but a deliberate inspection that took in every part of that end of the room. It was so unexpected that it left me gasping.

The next moment he was himself again.

"When I say that there is no illness," he said, "I am hardly exact. There is no illness, but there has been an epidemic of children's diseases among the Beauregard Square children and we are keeping the youngsters indoors."

"Don't you think they could be safeguarded without being shut up in the house?"

He responded eagerly.

"If I only thought ——" he checked himself. "No," he said decidedly; "for a time at least I believe it is not wise."

I did not argue with him. There was nothing to be gained by antagonizing him. And as Mrs. Reed came in just then, the subject was dropped. She was hardly more than a girl, almost as blond as her husband, very pretty, and with the weariest eyes I have ever seen, unless perhaps the eyes of a man who has waited a long time for death—tuberculosis has them.

I liked her at once. She did not attempt to smile. She rather clung to my hand when I held it out.

"I am glad St. Luke's still trusts us," she said. "I was afraid the other nurse —— Frank, will you take Miss Adams' suitcase upstairs?"

She held out a key. He took it, but he turned at the door:

"I wish you wouldn't wear those things, Anne. You gave me your promise yesterday, you remember."

"I can't work round the children in anything else," she protested.

"Those things" were charming. She wore a rose silk negligee trimmed with soft bands of lace and blue satin flowers, a petticoat to match that garment, and a lace cap.

He hesitated in the doorway and looked at her—a curious glance, I thought, full of tenderness, reproof—apprehension perhaps.

"I'll take it off, dear," she replied to the glance. "I wanted Miss Adams to know that, even if we haven't a servant in the house, we are at least civilized. I—I haven't taken cold." This last was clearly an afterthought.

He went out then and left us together. She came over to me swiftly.

"What did the other nurse say?" she demanded.

"I do not know her at all. I have not seen her."

"Didn't she report at the hospital that we were—queer?"

I smiled.

"That's hardly likely, is it?"

Unexpectedly she went to the door opening into the hall and closed it, coming back swiftly.

"Mr. Reed thinks it is not necessary, but—there are some things that will puzzle you. Perhaps I should have spoken to the other nurse. If—if anything strikes you as unusual, Miss Adams, just please don't see it! It is all right, everything is all right. But something has occurred—not very much, but disturbing—and we are all of us doing the very best we can."

She was quivering with nervousness.

I was not the police agent then, I'm afraid.

"Nurses are accustomed to disturbing things. Perhaps I can help."

"You can, by watching the children. That's the only thing that matters to me—the children. I don't want them left alone. If you have to leave them call me."

"Don't you think I will be able to watch them more intelligently if I know just what the danger is?"

I think she very nearly told me. She was so tired, evidently so anxious to shift her burden to fresh shoulders.

"Mr. Reed said," I prompted her, "that there was an epidemic of children's diseases. But from what you say ——"

But I was not to learn, after all, for her husband opened the hall door.

"Yes, children's diseases," she said vaguely. "So many children are down. Shall we go up, Frank?"

"We Gave the Little Fishes the Bread for Breakfast"

The extraordinary bareness of the house had been dawning on me for some time. It was well lighted and well furnished. But the floors were innocent of rugs, the handsome furniture was without arrangement and, in the library at least, stood huddled in the center of the room. The hall and stairs were also uncarpeted, but there were marks where carpets had recently lain and had been jerked up.

The progress up the staircase was not calculated to soothe my nerves. The thought of my little revolver, locked in my suitcase, was poor comfort. For with every four steps or so Mr. Reed, who led the way, turned automatically and peered into the hallway below; he was listening, too, his head bent slightly forward. And each time that he turned, his wife behind me turned also. Cold terror suddenly got me by the spine, and yet the hall was bright with light.

(Note: Surely fear is a contagion. Could one isolate the germ of it and find an antitoxin? Or is it merely a form of nervous activity run amuck, like a runaway locomotive, colliding with other nervous activities and causing catastrophe? Take this up with Mr. Patton. But would he know? He, I am almost sure, has never been really afraid.)

I had a vision of my oxlike predecessor making this head-over-shoulder journey up the staircase, and in spite of my nervousness I smiled. But at that moment Mrs. Reed behind me put a hand on my arm, and I screamed. I remember yet the way she dropped back against the wall and turned white.

Mr. Reed whirled on me instantly.

"What did you see?" he demanded.

"Nothing at all." I was horribly ashamed. "Your wife touched my arm unexpectedly. I dare say I am nervous."

"It's all right, Anne," he reassured her. And to me, almost irritably: "I thought you nurses had no nerves."

"Under ordinary circumstances I have none."

It was all ridiculous. We were still on the staircase.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"If you will stop looking down into that hall I'll be calm enough. You make me jumpy."

He muttered something about being sorry and went on quickly. But at the top he went through an inward struggle, evidently succumbed, and took a final furtive survey of the hallway below. I was so wrought up that had a door slammed anywhere just then I think I should have dropped where I stood.

The absolute silence of the house added to the strangeness of the situation. Beauregard Square is not close to a trolley line, and quiet is the neighborhood tradition. The first rubber-tired vehicles in the city drew up before Beauregard Square houses. Beauregard Square children speak in low voices and never bang their spoons on their plates. Beauregard Square servants wear felt-soled shoes. And such outside noises as venture to intrude themselves must filter through double brick walls and doors built when lumber was selling by the thousand acres instead of the square foot.

Through this silence our feet echoed along the bare floor of the upper hall, as well lighted as belowstairs and as dismantled, to the door of the day nursery. The door was locked—double locked, in fact. For the key had been turned in the old-fashioned lock, and in addition an ordinary bolt had been newly fastened on the outside of the door. On the outside! Was that to keep me in? It was certainly not to keep any one or anything out. The feeblest touch moved the bolt.

We were all three outside the door. We seemed to keep our compactness by common consent. No one of us left the group willingly; or, leaving it, we slid back again quickly. That was my impression, at least. But the bolt rather alarmed me.

"This is your room," Mrs. Reed said. "It is generally the day nursery, but we have put a bed and some other things in it. I hope you will be comfortable."

I touched the bolt with my finger and smiled into Mr. Reed's eyes.

"I hope I am not to be fastened in!" I said.

He looked back squarely enough, but somehow I knew he lied.

"Certainly not," he replied, and opened the door.

If there had been mystery outside, and bareness, the nursery was charming—a corner room with many windows,

"Do You Think We Can Play in the Fountain To-day?"

I Lifted Myself by Sheer Force of Muscle and Looked Out

hung with the simplest of nursery papers and full of glass-doored closets filled with orderly rows of toys. In one corner a small single bed had been added without spoiling the room. The window-sills were full of flowering plants. There was a bowl of goldfish on a stand, and a tiny dwarf parrot in a cage was covered against the night air by a bright afghan. A white-tiled bathroom connected with this room and also with the night nursery beyond.

Mr. Reed did not come in. I had an uneasy feeling, however, that he was just beyond the door. The children were not asleep. Mrs. Reed left me to let me put on my uniform. When she came back her face was troubled.

"They are not sleeping well," she complained. "I suppose it comes from having no exercise. They are always excited."

"I'll take their temperatures," I said. "Sometimes a tepid bath and a cup of hot milk will make them sleep."

The two little boys were wide awake. They sat up to look at me and both spoke at once.

"Can you tell fairy tales out of your head?"

"Did you see Chang?"

They were small, sleek-headed, fair-skinned youngsters, adorably clean and rumpled.

"Chang is their dog, a Pekingese," explained the mother. "He has been lost for several days."

"But he isn't lost, mother. I can hear him crying every now and then. You'll look again, mother, won't you?"

"We heard him through the furnace pipe," shrilled the smaller of the two. "You said you would look."

"I did look, darlings. He isn't there. And you promised not to cry about him, Freddie."

Freddie, thus put on his honor, protested he was not crying for the dog.

"I want to go out and take a walk, that's why I'm crying," he wailed. "And I want Mademoiselle, and my buttons are all off. And my ear aches when I lie on it."

The room was close. I threw up the windows, and turned to find Mrs. Reed at my elbow. She was glancing out apprehensively.

"I suppose the air is necessary," she said, "and these windows are all right. But—I have a reason for asking it—please do not open the others."

She went very soon, and I listened as she went out. I had promised to lock the door behind her, and I did so. The bolt outside was not shot.

After I had quieted the children with my mildest fairy story I made a quiet inventory of my new quarters. The rough diagram of the second floor is the one I gave Mr. Patton later. That night, of course, I investigated only the two nurseries. But, so strangely had the fear that hung over the house infected me, I confess that I made my little tour of bathroom and clothes-closet with my revolver in my hand!

I found nothing, of course. The disorder of the house had not extended itself here. The bathroom was spotless with white tile, the large clothes-closet which opened off the passage between the two rooms was full of neatly folded clothing for the children. The closet was to play its part later, a darkish little room faintly lighted by a ground glass transom opening into the center hall, but dependent mostly on electric light.

Outside the windows Mrs. Reed had asked me not to open was a porte-cochère roof almost level with the sills. Then was it an outside intruder she feared? And in that case, why the bolts on the outside of the two nursery doors? For the night nursery, I found, must have one also. I turned the key, but the door would not open.

I decided not to try to sleep that night, but to keep on watch. So powerfully had the mother's anxiety about her children and their mysterious danger impressed me that I made frequent excursions into the back room. Up to midnight there was nothing whatever to alarm me. I darkened both rooms and sat, waiting for I know not what; for some sound to show that the house stirred, perhaps. At a few minutes after twelve faint noises penetrated to my room from the hall, Mr. Reed's nervous voice and a piece of furniture scraping over the floor. Then silence again for half an hour or so.

Then—I was quite certain that the bolt on my door had been shot. I did not hear it, I think. Perhaps I felt it. Perhaps I only feared it. I unlocked the door; it was fastened outside.

There is a hideous feeling of helplessness about being locked in. I pretended to myself at first that I was only interested and curious. But I was frightened; I know that now. I sat there in the dark and wondered what I would do if the house took fire, or if some hideous tragedy enacted itself outside that locked door and I were helpless.

By two o'clock I had worked myself into a panic. The house was no longer silent. Some one was moving about down stairs, and not stealthily. The sounds came up through the heavy joists and flooring of the old house.

I determined to make at least a struggle to free myself. There was no way to get at the bolts, of course. The porte-cochère roof remained and the transom in the clothes-closet. True, I might have raised an alarm and been freed at once, but naturally I rejected this method. The roof of the porte-cochère proved impracticable. The tin bent and cracked under my first step. The transom then.

I carried a chair into the closet and found the transom easy to lower. But it threatened to creak. I put liquid soap on the hinges—it was all I had, and it worked very well—and lowered the transom inch by inch. Even then I could not see over it. I had worked so far without a sound, but in climbing to a shelf my foot slipped and I thought I heard a sharp movement outside. It was five minutes before I stirred. I hung there, every muscle cramped, listening and waiting. Then I lifted myself by sheer force of muscle and looked out. The upper landing of the staircase, brilliantly lighted, was to my right. Across the head of the stairs had been pushed a cotbed, made up for the night, but it was unoccupied.

Mrs. Reed, in a long, dark ulster, was standing beside it, staring with fixed and glassy eyes at something in the lower hall.

III

SOME time after four o'clock my door was unlocked from without; the bolt slipped as noiselessly as it had been shot. I got a little sleep until seven, when the boys trotted into my room in their bathrobes and slippers and perched on my bed.

"It's a nice day," observed Harry, the elder. "Is that bump your feet?"

I wriggled my toes and assured him he had surmised correctly.

"You're pretty long, aren't you? Do you think we can play in the fountain to-day?"

"We'll make a try for it, son. It will do us all good to get out into the sunshine."

"We always took Chang for a walk every day, Mademoiselle and Chang and Freddie and I."

Freddie had found my cap on the dressing table and had put it on his yellow head. But now, on hearing the beloved names of his pets, he burst into loud grief-stricken howls.

"Want Mam'selle," he cried. "Want Chang too. Poor Freddie!"

The children were adorable. I bathed and dressed them and, mindful of my predecessor's story of crackers and milk, prepared for an excursion kitchenward. The nights might be full of mystery, murder might romp from room to room, but I intended to see that the youngsters breakfasted. But before I was ready to go down breakfast arrived.

Perhaps the other nurse had told the Reeds a few plain truths before she left; perhaps, and this I think was the case, the cloud had lifted just a little. Whatever it may have been, two rather flushed and blistered young people tapped at the door that morning and were admitted, Mr. Reed first, with a tray, Mrs. Reed following with a coffee-pot and cream.

The little nursery table was small for five, but we made room somehow. What if the eggs were underdone and the toast dry? The children munched blissfully. What if Mr. Reed's face was still drawn and haggard and his wife a limp little huddle on the floor? She sat with her head against his knee and her eyes on the little boys, and drank her pale coffee slowly. She was very tired, poor thing. She dropped asleep sitting there, and he sat for a long time, not liking to disturb her.

It made me feel homesick for the home I didn't have. I've had the same feeling before, of being a rank outsider, a sort of defrauded feeling. I've had it when I've seen the look in a man's eyes when his wife comes-to after an operation. And I've had it, for that matter, when I've put a new baby in its mother's arms for the first time. I had it for sure that morning, while she slept there and he stroked her pretty hair.

I put in my plea for the children then.

"It's bright and sunny," I argued. "And if you are nervous I'll keep them away from other children. But if you want to keep them well you must give them exercise."

It was the argument about keeping them well that influenced him, I think. He sat silent for a long time. His wife was still asleep, her lips parted.

"Very well," he said finally, "from two to three, Miss Adams. But not in the garden back of the house. Take them on the street."

I agreed to that.

"I shall want a short walk every evening myself," I added. "That is a rule of mine. I am a more useful person and a more agreeable one if I have it."

I think he would have demurred if he dared. But one does not easily deny so sane a request. He yielded grudgingly.

That first day was calm and quiet enough. Had it not been for the strange condition of the house and the necessity for keeping the children locked in I would have smiled at my terror of the night. Luncheon was sent in; so was dinner. The children and I lunched and supped alone. As far as I could see, Mrs. Reed made no attempt at housework; but the cot at the head of the stairs disappeared in the early morning and the dog did not howl again.

I took the boys out for an hour in the early afternoon. Two incidents occurred, both of them significant. I bought myself a screw driver—that was one. The other was our meeting with a slender young woman in black who knew the boys and stopped them. She proved to be one of the dismissed servants—the waitress, she said.

"Why, Freddie!" she cried. "And Harry too! Aren't you going to speak to Nora?"

"I Had No Idea it Would be Like This. I'm Dying of Fear!"

After a moment or two she turned to me, and I felt she wanted to say something, but hardly dared.

"How is Mrs. Reed?" she asked. "Not sick, I hope?"

She glanced at my St. Luke's cloak and bonnet.

"No, she is quite well."

"And Mr. Reed?"

"Quite well also."

"Is Mademoiselle still there?"

"No, there is no one there but the family. There are no maids in the house."

She stared at me curiously.

"Mademoiselle has gone? Are you cer—— Excuse me, miss. But I thought she would never go. The children were like her own."

"She is not there, Nora."

She stood for a moment debating, I thought. Then she burst out:

"Mr. Reed made a mistake, miss. You can't take a houseful of first-class servants and dismiss them the way he did, with half an hour to get out bag and baggage, without making talk. And there's talk enough all through the neighborhood."

"What sort of talk?"

"Different people say different things. They say Mademoiselle is still there, locked in her room in the third floor. There's a light there sometimes, but nobody sees her. And other folks say Mr. Reed is crazy. And there is worse being said than that."

But she refused to tell me any more—evidently concluded she had said too much and got away as quickly as she could, looking rather worried.

I was a trifle over my hour getting back, but nothing was said. To leave the clean and tidy street for the disordered house was not pleasant. But once in the children's suite, with the goldfish in the aquarium darting like tongues of flame in the sunlight, with the tulips and hyacinths of the window-boxes glowing and the orderly toys on their white shelves, I felt comforted. After all, disorder and dust did not imply crime.

But one thing I did that afternoon—did it with firmness and no attempt at secrecy, and after asking permission of no one. I took the new screw driver and unfastened the bolt from the outside of my door.

I was prepared, if necessary, to make a stand on that issue. But although it was noticed, I knew, no mention of it was made to me.

Mrs. Reed pleaded a headache that evening, and I believe her husband ate alone in the dismantled dining room. For every room on the lower floor I had discovered was in the same curious disorder.

"Folks Say Mr. Reed is Crazy. And There is Worse Being Said Than That"

At seven Mr. Reed relieved me to go out. The children were in bed. He did not go into the day nursery, but placed a straight chair outside the door of the back room and sat there, bent over, elbows on knees, chin cupped in his palm, staring at the staircase. He roused enough to ask me to bring an evening paper when I returned.

When I am on a department case I always take my off-duty in the evening by arrangement and walk round the block. Some time in my walk I am sure to see Mr. Patton himself if the case is big enough, or one of his agents if he cannot come. If I have nothing to communicate it resolves itself into a bow and nothing more.

I was nervous on this particular jaunt. For one thing my St. Luke's cloak and bonnet marked me at once, made me conspicuous; for another, I was afraid Mr. Patton would think the Reed house no place for a woman and order me home.

It was a quarter to eight and quite dark before he fell into step beside me.

"Well," I replied rather shakily; "I'm still alive, as you see."

"Then it is pretty bad?"

"It's exceedingly queer," I admitted, and told my story. I had meant to conceal the bolt on the outside of my door, and one or two other things, but I blurted them all out right then and there, and felt a lot better at once.

He listened intently.

"It's fear of the deadliest sort," I finished.

"Fear of the police?"

"I—I think not. It is fear of something in the house. They are always listening and watching at the top of the front stairs. They have lifted all the carpets, so that every footstep echoes through the whole house. Mrs. Reed goes down to the first floor, but never alone. To-day I found that the back staircase is locked off at top and bottom. There are doors."

I gave him my rough diagram of the house. It was too dark to see it.

"It is only tentative," I explained. "So much of the house is locked up, and every movement of mine is under surveillance. Without baths there are about twelve large rooms, counting the third floor. I've not been able to get there, but I thought that to-night I'd try to look about."

"You had no sleep last night?"

"Three hours—from four to seven this morning."

We had crossed into the public square and were walking slowly under the trees. Now he stopped and faced me.

"I don't like the look of it, Miss Adams," he said. "Ordinary panic goes and hides. But here's a fear that knows what it's afraid of and takes methodical steps for protection. I didn't want you to take the case, you know

(Continued on Page 38)

INTRICATE ILLINOIS

Where Politics is Always Perplexing and Perturbed

By Samuel G. Blythe

POLITICS in Illinois is constitutionally—even congenitally—complex. It is complicated, with a little chaos on the side. It is convoluted, involved. It is mixed, mazy, mystifying. It is as entangled as a dish of spaghetti. No sample is simple. It is crossed, crisscrossed, double-crossed and crass.

It is as personal as the way you like your eggs; as radical as the Clan-na-Gael; as vindictive as a vendetta; as furious as a woman scorned, than whom a certain place has nothing to show more furious; as Machiavellian as the inventor of that justly celebrated system of intrigue; as machinatory as Figaro; as full of promises as a promoter. It is highly political politics. It is all of these, and then some.

There are times when the contending factions and factionettes seem as far apart as Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. There are times when these same disputants seem as close together as Cook County and Chicago. And between these periods there are constantly observed mutations, transmutations and trapeze performances. Every Illinois politician can walk on a tight wire as facilely as he can walk on Michigan Avenue, and some more so. When they say hither they usually mean yon; and there is not a political eye in the state that is not perpetually riveted on the main chance. The combination of to-day is the conflagration of to-morrow, and the conflagration of to-morrow is likely to be the kindly consummation of the day after.

Every set of Illinois politicians is always rapidly revolving round some leader; and, as the leader himself is forever rotatory, the whole effect is gyroscopic. By the time this gets into print it is probable that some of the gyrators will have been attracted by the centrifugal inducements of larger bodies; and, though the whirligigs may be fewer in number, they will be larger in size. The chances are, however, that the merry-go-rounds will be sufficiently numerous until the date of the primaries—which is September ninth—to maintain the high Illinois general average for turbinated political endeavor.

In common with many other states Illinois has direct primaries, and in common with some states it has woman suffrage. However, it has its own brand of woman suffrage. The women vote, but they do not vote in a general or widespread manner. The gallant males of Illinois, when conferring the right of ballot on their women, were decorous and restrained about it. They provided an opportunity for female balloting for all offices not created by the national and state constitutions—not statutory. Thus, the women may indicate their choices for county commissioners and drainage commissioners and other similar local statesmen, but they have not yet attained the full freedom of the ballot that allows them to march to the polls and help say who shall be senator or representative in Congress. They may vote for presidential electors, however.

Thus, the major politics that is occupying the attention of the Illinois politicians is occupying said attention in practically the same inclusive manner as those things did before the women entered into the edges of the game. To be sure, each party will have a woman candidate for county commissioner, say; but the males retain for themselves the proud prerogative of exclusive denomination of the favored patriots who shall run for the higher offices.

At the present juncture this seems well. Inasmuch as the situation is now both perplexed and perturbed, there is no way to describe what it would be if there was a feminine element in the choice; for, you see, the politicians of Illinois have never given much thought to what woman suffrage would do to some of the usual brand of Illinois candidates, and it is quite likely they would have to formulate a new set of rules for playing the game. There is no one thing the Illinois politician detests so much as new rules for the game. They have played in the old way so many years that it seems almost sacrilege to shift in any particular.

Still, I will say this for them: When the primaries came along they accommodated themselves very handily to that innovation and did not seem to lose many tricks, albeit now and then the people put over one on them. That was to be expected when the game was new. Now that it is understood, it will be interesting to watch how many the people put over this fall. In addition to being adroit the Illinois politician is adaptable.

Somebody is always trying to be elected to something in Illinois. This year an imposing lot of somebodies and nobodies are earnestly endeavoring to secure the seat in the United States Senate that will become vacant next March. At present that seat is occupied—if it can be phrased that way—by the Honorable Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Springfield, who desires to remain in that exalted position. The Honorable Lawrence Y. Sherman is not alone in his desire. It may be said, with due attention to conservatism in statement, that sundry other Illinois patriots are desirous of taking the same seat.

To that end a motley assortment filed petitions in July; and the whirligigging that began early in the spring will continue unabated until the primary date. After that three several gentlemen will have the rotary privileges—one Democrat, one Progressive and one Republican.

Factions in politics are no novelty; nor is politics in factions. Usually it is the case, however, that almost every faction in politics elsewhere is not only a faction but a fact. In Illinois a faction is not necessarily a fact. Most often it is a surmise, and many times it is a surprise. Publicly it is easy enough to line up the various leaders with the various other leaders, or against them; but public description rarely fits private disposition.

For example, the logic of events and circumstances may make it seem plausible—even reasonable—that one group of leaders is affiliated with another group of leaders and—temporarily, at least—loyal thereto; but until the results are known, until after the finals, you never can tell.

Broadly considered, the Democracy of Illinois seems to be separated into two rather distinct sections—for Roger Sullivan and against Roger Sullivan; and the for-Roger-Sullivan party is compact enough for all purposes. When you come to look into the against-Roger-Sullivan party you at once discover the full beauties of the comprehensively complex; and, indeed, you find a few leads in the for-Roger-Sullivan party.

So, too, among the Republicans. To outward appearance they are jogging along toward the day when they shall assist the Honorable Lawrence Y. Sherman toward the goal of his desire. And to all inward appearances some of them have what it were polite to term an ulterior motive.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There Is Little or No Opposition to the Renomination of Senator Sherman

Illinois politics, as I have endeavored to show in general terms, is not susceptible to the ordinary diagnosis. You cannot take the usual political stethoscope and get the correct murmur by applying it to the chest of the leader. The only useful medium of examination is the X rays, and they have methods for fooling that. Consequently, until the shakedown, conjecture is about all that is left.

Let me lead you a little way into the maze, beginning with the Democratic end of it, for that is the most interesting—not promising to get you out.

The present governor of Illinois is Edward F. Dunne. The present mayor of Chicago is Carter H. Harrison. The present Democratic senator from Illinois is J. Hamilton Lewis—pardon, Senator!—is Hamilton Lewis, without the J. The present proprietor of two daily Democratic newspapers in Chicago is William Randolph Hearst. The present Secretary of State is William Jennings Bryan, who was born at Salem, Illinois, and who has always retained a paternal interest in Illinois politics. The biggest Democrat in the state is Roger C. Sullivan, who is a candidate for senator. One of the two Democratic representatives-at-large is Lawrence B. Stringer. A dozen others mix or are mixed. Shake well before taking!

William Jennings Bryan hates Roger C. Sullivan, and that feeling is cordially returned. William Randolph Hearst hates William Jennings Bryan. Edward F. Dunne loves William Jennings Bryan and hates Sullivan. Carter Harrison loves himself and has an alleged combination with Hearst. Ham Lewis does not love anybody; he must be for somebody, but will oppose Sullivan. William Randolph Hearst also used to have a fair supply of hate for Roger Sullivan, notwithstanding the fact that in the 1904 convention, at Springfield, Sullivan and John P. Hopkins instructed the Illinois delegates for Hearst for president.

Mayoralty Possibilities in Chicago

LAWRENCE B. STRINGER was the Democratic primary selection for senator in 1908, and William Lorimer got the job after a five-months deadlock. Then in 1912 Hamilton Lewis was elected after another long fight. So you may imagine some of the feelings of Stringer. Furthermore, Hearst and Harrison and Dunne and Lewis have ideas of their own as to the situation and plans; and, in addition to that, Mr. Bryan has expressed a determination to jump in and do what he can to defeat Sullivan. Shake well before taking!

Then you get a Bryan-Dunne combination, a Hearst-Harrison combination, a Ham Lewis combination, a Stringer-and-whoever-he-can-get combination, and a Sullivan organization. Add to that forty-seven other varieties of individual ambitions, hates, grievances, intrigues and cabals, and you will observe that when a person says Illinois politics is somewhat intricate the statement may be accepted as reasonably true.

It must not be forgotten that, in addition to all this material for jockeying and jobbing on the senatorship, there are a lot of profitable and potential county offices to be filled, as well as congressional and legislative tickets. Also, there is to be an election for mayor in Chicago next spring; and all who have any knowledge of what sort of powerful job the mayoralty of Chicago is can understand that mayhap there will be a glance or two forward on the part of some of those interested.

All this brings about a situation that is highly compatible with all the traditions and practices and precedents of Illinois politics, for these elements, as set forth, are merely the main ingredients. Mixed with them are hates and hopes and loves and loathings that have lasted forty years, combined with a Republican division, that shall be told about, and an active Progressive campaign; and combined, also, with a wet-and-dry question, a sharply defined race favoritism or antagonism, more or less religion, and many other conditions.

Somebody will be elected senator in Illinois next fall, but not until a lot of these elements go through the crucible of the primaries—not saying, either, that the crucible will fuse them all.

Unless Mr. Bryan changes his mind, he intends actively to oppose Sullivan before the primaries, and after them if Sullivan should win. One of Mr. Bryan's pet aversions is Sullivan, which is odd, for Sullivan stood loyally by Bryan in 1908, and so did the Sullivan men. It is apparent that Mr. Bryan is not content to let bygones be bygones, for his antagonism goes back to 1904. Those of us who were at the St. Louis Democratic National Convention in that year remember the hectic afternoon when Bryan, speaking from the platform, denounced Sullivan and Hopkins and some others as train wreckers. Of course Mr. Bryan did not mean specifically that Sullivan and Hopkins and the others had wrecked a train. What he meant was that they had trained a wrecker.

PHOTO. BY BOFFETT, CHICAGO

As Much as Anybody Can be, Mr. Deneen Is Boss of the Old-Guard Republicans

I happened to be at the 1904 state convention in Springfield that caused the trouble. That was the convention presided over by a burly person named Quinn and directed by various other burly persons. It was a convention that sent an instructed delegation to St. Louis for William Randolph Hearst; and history does not record a more affecting sight than John P. Hopkins rising in the convention at St. Louis and casting the ballot of Illinois for Hearst—John P. Hopkins, the former Gold Democrat leader!

It seems there were contending Hearst factions in the state, and that some outrage on some body politic, or on somebody political, was perpetrated by the strong-armed Quinn at the direction of those mentioned. This outrage appalled Mr. Bryan; and from that day, when he called them train wreckers, to this he has been against Sullivan.

Now, Sullivan was active in Mr. Bryan's campaign in 1908 and gave of his time and his money; but that did not appease Bryan. Another feature of that convention which started and has kept Mr. Bryan on the warpath was that this same Lawrence B. Stringer, who is now a candidate for the Democratic nomination for senator against Sullivan and the others, is the man who was nominated for governor by this very Springfield convention that roused Mr. Bryan in 1904, which, it would seem, makes it more difficult from another angle.

In addition to the opposition of Bryan, Sullivan can expect nothing from Lewis or Dunne, and probably little from Hearst or Harrison. Also, there are half a dozen candidates against him. As it stands, it is Sullivan against the field. Still, that does not worry Sullivan; he is making an active campaign and meeting directly and forcibly whatever issues may be presented to him.

Politically Sullivan is the biggest man in Illinois. He has dominated a large section of the Democratic Party for a good many years and he has a cohesive fighting organization. He is a fighting man himself. No man of Sullivan's characteristics can escape having enemies; nor can such a man be pried loose from his friends. He is big, forceful, able and courageous. He has fought many a fight and has taken as hard knocks as he has given. There is nothing lackadaisical about him. He is two-fisted and single-minded. So it has come about that his friends swear by him and his enemies swear at him; and he is giving both sides an opportunity for the exercise of these functions by making a county-to-county campaign for the senatorship.

All sorts of charges have been made concerning Sullivan as to his political methods. When he went into the fight he said in his prepared statement that he would answer any questions, and continued: "For more than twenty-five years I have had to do with the political life of Illinois, and I am quite willing to have any act of mine, political or private, held up to the light of day."

The usual charge made against Sullivan is that he is a reactionary in politics; and the fact is, he has generally been in political accord with the old-line Democratic forces. However, he is making his campaign on this premise:

> "At Washington we have a clean and honest Administration—one that is competent, and one that is doing more to carry into effect the doctrine of rule by the people than any other Administration for a generation. I should like an opportunity to assist in the furtherance of that program."

Roger Sullivan's Personality

SULLIVAN is so well known throughout the country, from his long connection with national politics, that his candidacy is nationally as interesting as the candidacy of Penrose or Foraker or Johnson—even more so. He has been attacked viciously as a boss and a machine politician, and he has been as vigorously defended. There is nothing neutral about Sullivan. His friends say he is the best and his enemies say he is the worst. The fact is, he is exactly what he is, and does not trim or straddle.

He began as a farm boy in Boone County; moved to Chicago, worked in railroad shops; went into politics and into business, and succeeded in both. It is quite probable there has been no time during the last ten years when Sullivan could not have had any nomination he desired within the gift of the Illinois Democrats; and it certainly is true that on one occasion, at least, he might have gone to the United States Senate had he so desired. He held off until last spring, however, and now he is making the fight for the primary nomination.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ham Lewis Must be for Somebody, But Will Oppose Sullivan

Sullivan is an interesting man, positive in his views, courageous in the expression of them, and a good politician. Barring whatever his opponents may say of him and his methods, he is a first-class fighting man, and he is having the fight of his life just now. He will be opposed eventually by some rather hefty citizens in his own party; and by September ninth all concerned will know they have been in a battle. Though a good many Democrats may vote against

(Continued on Page 37)

THE AMACHURE GRAFTER

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CARMODY snapped the cover of his ornate hunting-case gold watch and glanced past the oak-paneled café walls, past the potted and barreled palms, past the tired but stimulated business men entertaining out-of-town buyers, and toward the revolving doors.

"Five-twenty," he said, "and the library lets him out at five-thirty. It's only a six or seven minute walk down here." With a flip of its jeweled fob Carmody replaced his watch in the pocket of his waistcoat. "I'm getting that time thing on my mind," he said; "and when I came here I thought I could trim him at leisure. Tuesday evening—thirty-six hours until Thursday morning—and if it ain't done by Thursday morning it ain't done at all. You'd better duck pretty soon. I don't want him to see you with me. Here, give me that telegram. It's safer with your uncle."

Carmody was tall, florid, smooth-shaven. He had a fine blue eye that looked you straight in the face when he spoke; though a sapient observer might have noticed that he maintained that steady glance with a little effort. He had a chronic, genial smile; though the same sapient observer would have marked that it seemed always a little cultivated and mechanical. His speech—easy, flowing, without trace of accent—betrayed the Californian. He was a trifle overdressed, a bit overmannered.

Hickman, from the other side of the table, passed over the slip of yellow paper. In that same colorless accent he said:

"Well, anyhow, it means quick action!"

"You're right, my son—quick action!" replied Carmody. "Sudden sales and large profits. Let's look it over again: You saw the post-office people? Your figures make that letter get here Thursday morning, same as mine, don't they?"

Hickman nodded his bullet head. Small, rather hard of face, looking at times twenty-five and at times forty, Hickman stood in sharp physical contrast to that vaster personage to whom he was a temporary satellite. Yet somehow the type was the same. He also maintained a direct gaze in conversation, but maintained it with some effort; he also looked rather too well-dressed.

"Sure as shooting—delivered Thursday morning," he said.

"What a pity that our absurd laws impose such heavy penalties on the crime of robbing the mails," said Carmody lightly. "Think of all that one harmless little letter—with no money inclosed—can do to me!" He unfolded the telegram, as he had done twenty times before; and momentarily his smile flickered away.

The telegram was a long day-letter. It read:

ROSARIO, CAL., April 16.

J. C. Carmody,
Hotel Hamblen, New York.

Ventura, Spanish superintendent Singleton ranch, is wise. Just discovered he came along Friday night when I was out and found seepage. Trying to put me off the ranch. He wrote Saturday morning to Juan Singleton breaking the news of the discovery. He didn't telegraph—I made sure of that. Letter due to arrive New York on my calculation Thursday morning. Gives you two days to work. Advise rushing matters. Sorry. "BLAIR."

No gloomy expression lingered long on Carmody's face. He showed only a smiling irritation as he glanced up from the telegram. Reflected in the ratlike eyes of the little, dapper Hickman this expression transmuted itself into a suppressed, volcanic anger.

"He was drunk," said Hickman. "Cinch."

"Well," said Carmody, "you ought to know!"

"Why did you ever let him in?" asked Hickman.

"He was in," replied Carmody, "from the first. Better ask why I let you in. He was with me the morning I stumbled on to the oil seepage in that hard-scrabble Singleton-Ulistac pasture. He knows oil; I know finance. He knew that seepage meant pay oil. I knew if it didn't, anyhow it meant money. Nothing draws investors like being able to show them the stuff right at the grass roots. So says he to me: 'We have got to have this Ulistac tract.' And says I to he: 'Easiest thing you know. Get an option on it from this Don Juan Singleton in New York. I can scrape up enough money to pay for an option, and after we've sprung our discovery we can easy raise the rest.' And says he to me: 'What's to hinder somebody else from walking into this find while you're gone! They're beginning to prospect in this region.' Then was when the thing he uses for a head sprouted an idea—to get permission from this Ventura to camp there pretending he's looking over the land for a sheep-pasture lease. He set his tent down over the seepage and shoveled dirt over everything that showed." Here Carmody's smile broadened into a light laugh. "He was nearly sick with the smell when I saw him last! And I beat it to New York. And so here I am. And here you are, in New York just when I need you, and then Blair gets drunk and spills the beans. Maybe he couldn't stand the smell without alcohol. I just know he got drunk. Drink is the curse of the grafting classes. See"—here Carmody's genial expression blackened for an instant—"see that you shun rum until this thing is over."

Hickman laughed a little nervously.

"I'm on the water cart," he said. "Always am when I'm working."

"Yes, I know about you and the water cart," said Carmody sardonically. "Now hurry back—five-thirty and he may be here any minute. But stick round, because I'll want you as soon as he is gone. Maybe I'll take him to dinner." Carmody watched Hickman as he slid his little, trim figure about the bar with never so much as a sidewise glance, and lost himself through a side door.

"I Must Bid You Good-Night. I Can't Waste Time—Business Is Business"

II

MR. SINGLETON—Juan Antonio de Maria Ulistac Singleton, to give him his full baptismal name—pushed his way languidly through the revolving door and stood scrutinizing the crowd at the café tables. It was Carmody's whim not to rise and make himself manifest at once; he was searching Mr. Singleton's face for any trace of telltale expression.

It was not a face you would turn to look at in a crowd; but it was a face that, after the second or third meeting, you would remember always. Mr. Singleton had passed middle-age. He stood on the verge of the declining period, but he still kept a full thatch of wavy, grizzled hair that had once been coal-black. Grizzled, too, was his pointed beard, which fringed a long, narrow jaw with the delicate curve of a Gothic arch. His nose and brow had the same lean fineness of line. His eyes were large and brown; they smoldered with the subdued light of the dreamer under eyebrows a little too heavy for the rest of his face. There was no active strength anywhere about this countenance; there was, however, a kind of passive, inner strength. For the rest he was tall, he preserved the waist-line of youth, and he wore a threadbare morning coat with all possible distinction.

Mr. Singleton perceived Carmody at last and advanced toward his table. Carmody rose and showed all his fine teeth in a genial smile. Mr. Singleton bowed with a kind of grave courtesy as he said: "I am glad to see you again, Mr. Carmody." With that same grave courtesy he permitted Carmody to order him a glass of white wine and seltzer; with that same grave courtesy he exchanged for a few minutes easy and meaningless comment on the weather, and harmless gossip concerning the people of Rosario, California. A listener would have known that this was only the sparring preliminary to real business.

So, when the drinks arrived, when they had pledged each other, Juan Singleton looked across his glass at Carmody with an expression which said: "And now to business." Carmody caught this.

"I suppose, Mr. Singleton, you have been thinking over that proposition I made last week?" he said.

Juan Singleton nodded gravely.

"I dislike to disturb your plans," he said, "and I appreciate the honor of your coming all the way from California to see me. In fact," he added, with a little show of emotion that gave his accent a slight stress on the vowels, "I regret nothing in this matter so much as that I must render your trip useless. For I am afraid, Mr. Carmody, that you have your labor for your pains."

Carmody laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, that's all right," he said; "business is business, Don Juan." With malice aforethought he dropped the familiar little name by which they addressed Mr. Singleton in Rosario. "If I don't win this time, I win next. But in this case you are the loser."

"Perhaps," said Don Juan, in a tone which suggested in the very slightest degree that it was his own business after all.

"But you are the loser," repeated Carmody. "That hard-scrabble tract of yours isn't worth fifteen thousand dollars, let alone the mortgage. You couldn't raise another dollar of mortgage on it to save your life; you know that as well as I do. We'll give you fifteen thousand and assume the mortgage. And I'll pay you, now or any other time, three thousand dollars down as an option for sixty days."

"Very liberal," said Don Juan; "but ——"

"What are you doing with that land?" pursued Carmody. "Sheep pasture! And until water is brought on it, it will stay sheep pasture. That's what the Rosario Irrigation Company proposes to do—bring water on the land from Bear Creek. Of course we can get along without the land," he added quickly, "but we want it too. It is right in the line of our plans. We have been undecided whether to go up the north or the south side of the valley. If you don't come in, we simply cut you out and go up the south side. I must say, Mr. Singleton, you won't get such a chance as this again in your lifetime."

"Doubtless not," replied Don Juan dryly.

"Then, to be perfectly frank with you, I can't see what's holding you back."

Don Juan sipped his watered wine. He looked up with the air of one who must tell embarrassing truths.

"Mr. Carmody," he said, "since I have been the unconscious cause of bringing you all the way from California I probably owe you an explanation of my position."

"Oh, I wouldn't feel that way," replied Carmody, after a just perceptible pause. But Don Juan, with a deprecating gesture, went on:

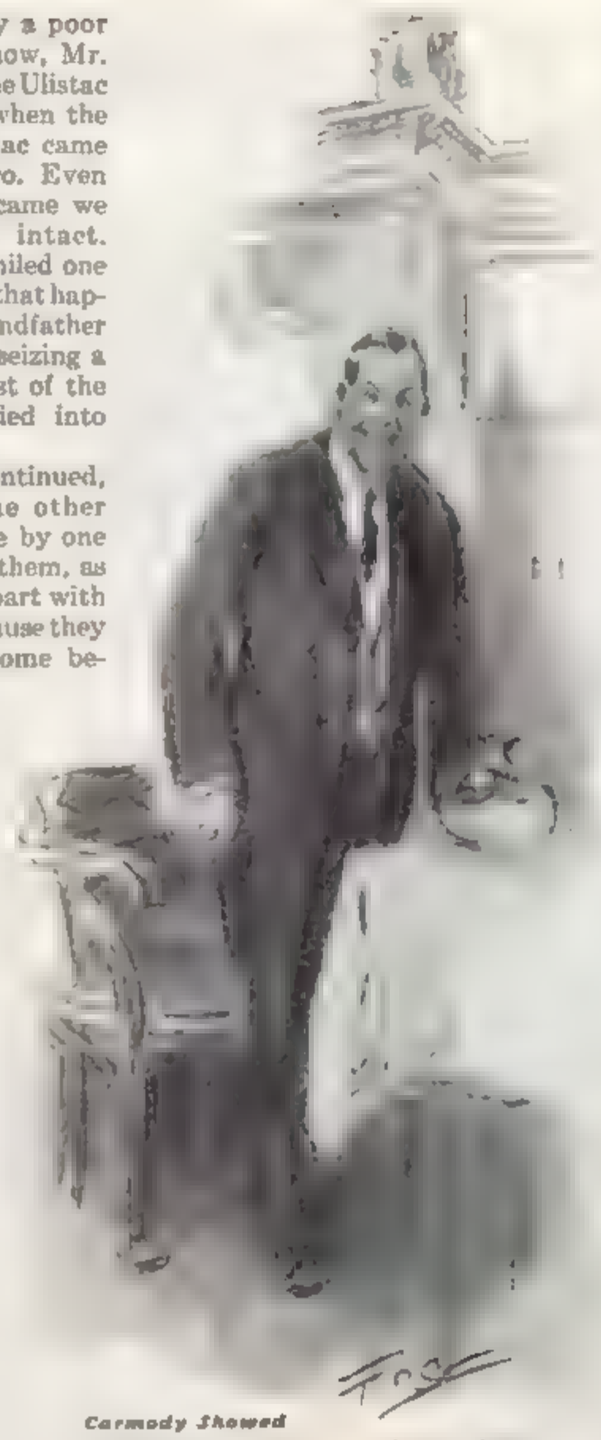
"It might be called sentiment."

"Oh, of course, sentiment's all right in its place ——"

"This perhaps is its place," cut in Don Juan. "There were sixteen heirs to the Ulistac estate—you know all that, Mr. Carmody. And I was the youngest. The richest tracts went to the others. They left me only the hard scrabble, as you call it; but this hard scrabble had on it the hacienda. That was the home place in the time when you could ride for two days and never ride off the Ulistac grant.

The hacienda is only a poor house, as houses go now, Mr. Carmody; but it was the Ulistac home from the time when the first Californian Ulistac came north after Fra Junipero. Even after the Americans came we managed to keep it intact. Perhaps"—here he smiled one of his grave smiles—"that happened because my Grandfather Singleton, instead of seizing a Spanish grant, as most of the Americans did, married into one!

"You know," he continued, "what became of the other Ulistac holdings. One by one the heirs parted with them, as you are asking me to part with mine. Some did it because they needed money, and some because they only wanted money. For those who needed money—it was already spent. Those who wanted money—they spent it just the same. To none of the Singletons or the Ulistacs of my generation did it mean anything but more poverty in the end. I am only a quarter American"—he smiled again—"and so I may say that you hustling Americans have a way of getting it from us Spaniards." There was a moment's pause.



Carmody Showed All His Fine Teeth in a Genial Smile

"I suppose," said Carmody, "it hasn't occurred to you that you might be the only one of the lot who would hang on to your money. You"—he pursued, concealing under generalities the details of much lurid family history known to the whole Rosario district—"you don't drink or gamble or run after the dolls ——"

"What I would do with it," interrupted Don Juan, "has no real bearing on the case. I hold the last of the Ulistac lands. It is to me a trust. As you say, it is hard scrabble. I am frank to admit that it is years since it has returned me a profit. The repairs eat up all the rents from the sheep pasture and from all that José Ventura raises about the hacienda. But I need little money. I earn a living at the library, where I am happy. And when I am too old for my work I shall die, I hope, on the Ulistac grant. It shall be left intact to—my heir."

"And you don't suppose," said Carmody, "that he'll hang on, do you? You ain't presuming that when he has the property he'll turn down a business proposition like this? Well, then, what's the good?"

"It will not be my act, however," replied Don Juan.

"You wouldn't sell a piece of it—say the upper half?" pursued Carmody. "Our system could use that part and let the rest go."

"I am sorry; not an acre," replied Don Juan firmly.

"Would a little more ready money tempt you?" asked Carmody. "I could make arrangements to pay you five thousand down and the rest in sixty days."

"It is not a question of money."

Carmody looked down at his polished nails, concealing a kind of hard gleam that transfixed his smiling countenance.

"Of course I'm disappointed," he said. "I thought we might get a part if not all. Still, we can go the other side of the valley. But I expected you would come through; and of course your name would help us. Yes, I expected you'd come through, especially since I learned that you parted with five hundred acres four years ago." After he said this he did not at once look up. When finally he raised his eyes he faced not Don Juan but the door. Slowly he shifted those eyes, masked in his perpetual smile, toward Don Juan's face. The latter was looking down at his glass; and Carmody's smile became both cunning and triumphant. For on Don Juan's face lay an expression of grave distress.

"That is true," said Don Juan finally, "but it is a matter which I do not feel it necessary to discuss. The same circumstances cannot happen again." On that he rose.

"I'm officially informed then," said Carmody, "that you won't consider the proposition? You don't want to dine with me and let me tell you just what our scheme will do for Rosario?"

"Thank you, but I am dining out this evening," said Don Juan courteously.

Carmody rose in his turn.

"Quick deals and small profits is my motto," he said; "and if we can't do business with you we've got to see those people on the other side of the valley. But will you do me one favor—leave it open until to-morrow night? I take the midnight for Boston. Won't you let me call on you to-morrow evening—that's Wednesday, ain't it?—and see if you have changed your mind. After that you can't change it if you want to, because then I'm going to start on the other side of the valley."

"I shall be glad to see you to-morrow night," replied the other—"shall we say at my house?" He shook hands and vanished through the swinging door.

III

"WELL," said Carmody to Hickman an hour later, "we didn't kill our cat by choking him with butter, and I didn't think we would, what's more. Now let's try the sure way—a little arsenic. That's what you're here for, Charlie, to mix the dose of arsenic."

Hickman shifted gloomily in his chair—gloomily and nervously.

"I don't see how," he said. "If he won't sell he won't sell."

"He won't, hey?" replied Carmody. "Say, you don't suppose I started a game like this without a card up my sleeve, do you? Here's where I play it—ace of trumps—a fine little, black-faced Spanish ace!"

"Meaning?"

"Did it ever occur to your weak intellect to inquire why he sold those five hundred acres four years ago?"

"Broke, I guess."

"Yes, and he's broke now. That wouldn't be enough. Did you ever hear of his boy?"

"Only that he had one."

"Andy Singleton—Andreas del Flores Ulistac-and-then-some Singleton? Didn't know he had been the old man's trouble ever since the old lady died?"

"Oh, sure! I remember he was in business somewhere in the Middle West."

"He used to be—when he wasn't drinking. Now he's in Santa Barbara in the insurance business and theoretically on the water cart. Drink is the curse of the grafting classes, didn't I tell you that? Now, when Andy Singleton got drunk and needed the money he had a habit of passing bad paper. He kept out of jail because the old man always stepped in and made good. But the last time it was a matter of a cool twenty-five hundred, and they pinched him. The Don sold his five hundred acres and got the case stopped somehow before it came to an indictment. The inside of a jail scared young Andy. Jail has been known to do that. He swore he'd never drink again, and he must have kept it. But don't you think"—and Carmody smiled with great geniality—"that four years is about long enough for the scare to wear away? Drink, drink on every hand. Blair gets drunk and busts this thing wide open; you're just holding on to yourself right now; and the drink habit of Andy Singleton is my buried ace. I feel like Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

"Why, has he broken loose again?" asked Hickman, ignoring the shot at himself.

"Not as I know of," replied Carmody softly, "but for our purposes he's going to!"

Hickman's face beamed admiration.

"I begin to get you," he said.

"It's time," said Carmody. "And that's what you are here for—you're going to carry the good news!"

What they planned in the course of that evening will come out in this narrative. For two hours they sat suggesting, arguing, welding their plot into a finished and artistic whole. When they rose Hickman found the hotel stenographer and rented one of the public typewriters, which he sent by a porter to Carmody's room. Carmody, in the meantime, had been mighty busy with the papers in his steamer trunk. As Hickman entered in the wake of the typewriter he looked up.

"No work is entirely wasted in this world of ours," remarked Carmody genially. "Now, when that Vineyards Protective Association went to smash I'd have sold all the papers and documents that I had prepared so laborious-like for one moldy grape. I brought 'em East just by accident, and here they are—bait!" He emerged from the depths of the trunk with a handful of loose papers, printed or mimeographed, and a pigskin portfolio.

"Furthermore," he added, "this other relic of a busted operation is going to help." And from the sheaf of loose papers in his hands he selected two sheets which bore the letterhead:

SMITH & BLACKBURN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Santa Barbara

"Who is that firm?" inquired Hickman.

"It ain't," responded Carmody shortly. "Remains of another old operation."

Carmody sat down to the typewriter, tested its workings with a sheet of blank paper, and tweaked into the carrier one of the Smith & Blackburn letterheads. Then, from the notes which he had taken at dinner on the back of a bill of fare, he proceeded to transcribe a two-page letter. At each sentence he stopped and argued out practical psychology or turns of literary expression with Hickman. Finished, it read as follows:

Charles P. Hickman, April 9
Hotel St. Andrew's, New York.

Dear Charlie:

In the course of that phylloxera transaction in New York you will doubtless call on Juan Singleton. His influence will help out a lot ——

"You see I get in his name early—that will make him read!" commented Carmody, looking up from his writing. "Now we wander for the nonce from the subject at issue."

I am sure of course that Mr. Singleton will fall in at once with a plan so generally interesting to the grape growers of Rosario. Incidentally I think it will be wise, as I told you before you left, to see Markham & Niles, whose address I gave you. As wine producers they have influence.

Just now I am interested in Mr. Singleton for another reason. I have been retained by the Interoceanic Realty Company in a pending action which involves Andreas Singleton. He is, as you know, Juan Singleton's son.

Here Carmody smiled up at Hickman, who stood watching the lines grow on the platen. "This is where we come to the cream of the correspondence," he said.

"I Haven't the Pleasure of Your Acquaintance, Mr. Singleton; But I've Heard of You All My Life"

The Interoceanic Realty Company is a project in which young Mr. Singleton engaged as a side issue to his insurance business. He has been acting as secretary and treasurer. But lately an expert has been put upon the books. He reports grave irregularities running up to something like seven thousand dollars. There is even reason to believe that some entries have been forged. Singleton, who bore until recently in Santa Barbara the reputation of a model young business man, has been drinking heavily of late, and I have heard a rumor that he was once in similar trouble in Omaha. No one in Rosario, where many of the stockholders live, wants to make public scandal if it can be avoided, on account of the esteem in which every one holds his father. Either Smith or I must visit New York within a fortnight, and if things are as bad as they seem, whichever of us comes will see Juan Singleton before taking action. It would be a favor to me, though, if you would sound him about his son and wire me what you find. Above all things don't let him guess the true situation. It is fixed here so that young Singleton can't skip out; but if his father tipped off his danger to him he might try. That would force us to arrest him prematurely.

"I consider that a touch of genius, nothing less," said Carmody. "Keeps the old man from wiring to find if it is true. Now a little personal stuff for a nice, natural finish."

I'm hoping you get back in time for that trip into the Santa Ynez. We are going to have a great crowd. Nell sends her regards. Hurry back, Charlie.

Yours,

(per E. C.)

Carmody took a stub pen and in a careless, flowing hand signed this letter "J. S. Blackburn." This done, he selected from the papers on his bureau a sheet of yellow flimsy, such as stenographers use for making carbon copies of letters. He narrowed down the margins of his paperholder, inserted the flimsy, the carbon and a fair sheet, and wrote as follows:

Apr. 16.

Dear Jim:

I don't like to refuse you a favor, old man, but I can't exactly see how I can sound old Singleton about this trouble of his son without giving away your whole game. I'm a poor hand at that kind of thing. I am sorry if young Singleton has brought any trouble on the old man, because, though I have never met him, I have heard of him all my life. Everybody seems to like him.

I'm hoping to be back in about two weeks, and if you can hold the party open until that time I'm with you. Best regards to Mrs. Blackburn.

Yours as ever,

"And no signature," said Carmody, as he twisted the results out of his typewriter. "Carbon file copies never have a signature." He crumpled up the fair copy of this last letter, touched a lighted match to it and watched the ashes curl up in an ash tray. "Now watch your uncle work."

With a paper-fastener Carmody fastened the Blackburn letter to the carbon copy of the reply. Dipping a pin into the mucilage pot on the hotel desk, he set an infinitesimal drop of mucilage on each upper corner of the Blackburn letter, folded the lower corners over once upon the spots of gum. Using for a press the Bible which the Gideons left in that hotel room for other purposes, he set his work to dry.

"That's how you tell if a letter's been read," said he. "I've used the trick before. Filed letters are often folded over just once with their answers. He'll never notice the way the sheets stick together. One stickum place might come loose by accident, but two won't."

Hickman stood, his hands rammed into the bottom of his trousers pockets, regarding this process with a frown. And suddenly he spoke:

"Say, what degree of forgery is this, anyhow?" he asked.

"Forgery?" asked Carmody. "Who said forgery? Is it forgery to write the name of a man who never was? This Blackburn never was. Or I'm Blackburn, if you choose."

"Well," said Hickman, as one still unconvinced, "I bet one of those swell lawyers would find this was forgery—or something. You never know how many felonies and things there are in a plain business transaction until one of those lawyers gets busy."

"And the beauty of this transaction," said Carmody, "is that it leaves no clews. He'll see this stuff in the library, where there's no one he knows well enough to confide his troubles to. Before he leaves the library you'll get the portfolio back. He'll never hold out these letters; that would prove he'd read 'em. And the minute you get back here with them—a safety match and all is over. Ashes tell no tales."

"Oh, all right!" replied Hickman, without enthusiasm.

"Don't you see it's a cinch!" cried Carmody, letting the smile flicker momentarily from his face. "He's got until to-morrow night to close with me or lose his chance. And he finds he is going to need money, more money than I offer, which will make him crazy to get what he can. When he reads those hints about drinking he won't question that Andy is short in his accounts—he's been through that mill too many times. There's a flaw in every man, I tell you. This is his. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"It's me takes all the risks," said Hickman, shifting his feet. There was a kind of suppressed nervous irritation in Hickman's manner. His skin had grown paler in the past few hours; his lips, when he made no effort to control them, hung flabby and loose.

"Risks!" roared Carmody, his smile completely gone now. "Well, what are you in here for if not to take risks? You didn't find that oil. You don't suppose I'm handing you out a chance like this for nothing, do you? See here, we

"I Consider That a Touch of Genius, Nothing Less"

win two hundred thousand at the lowest, and I'm letting you in for an eighth—twenty-five thousand. Where will you pick up twenty-five thousand without taking risks?"

Hickman shifted his feet again and closed that trembling, nervous mouth.

"All right," he said. "I'll stick."

"Sure you'll stick!" said Carmody. "Sure you'll stick!" He cleaned out the pigskin portfolio; he carefully disposed therein those mimeographed sheets and those Government documents which were all that remained of the defunct Vineyards Protective Association. With the greatest care he deposited in one corner his bait—the Blackburn letter and the copy of the reply. "Got any harmless letters in your pocket?" he added. "All right, give me one. I don't want this little piece of sucker bait to be the only personal letter you have carelessly left among your official papers!" He slipped this letter, still in its envelope, down close to the Blackburn document, and closed the portfolio.

"There's the hook all baited!" he said. "Point and barb covered up. Now remember, your play is to be a refined guy. Let's see you try!" After half an hour of rehearsal Carmody dismissed Hickman.

"Get a good night's sleep," he said; "and remember—drink is the curse of the grafting classes." At this Hickman, hesitating momentarily in his pace, gave a little start.

"Aha, I thought so!" exclaimed Carmody. "I guess I'll stay with you, son, until you get to bed."

IV

JUAN SINGLETON—the Don Juan of Rosario, the Curator Singleton of New York—sat working at his desk in the library. He was at that period of man's life when vigor is slipping into age; and his days had settled into a gentle rhythm. After a life not untroubled by storms of other people's raising, he had found his niche, and stood in it serene. At half past nine he turned the key in the door. Five minutes later he rose from his chair to bid his plain, middle-aged, spectacled woman secretary good morning. Then for a few minutes or a few hours, as the case might be, he answered letters and otherwise gave himself to the affairs of that famous little book collection, closed to the public now by the acts of death and the courts. When this was done, when the secretary had proceeded to other duties in the bookstacks, he drew out the lower drawer of his desk, took up carefully and lovingly the notes and manuscripts of his book on Spanish Influence in the Atlantic States, and fell to the real work of his declining years.

This morning there were no letters; he had plunged into his notes early. The modern world which surrounded him had fallen away from him like the garment of a vision. He was thinking in Spanish, old Spanish of the heroic, virile period, as he traced the route of the De León expedition. So the secretary had to speak twice before he realized that she was holding before him the card of Charles P. Hickman.

"Show him in," said Don Juan after a moment's puzzled pause. Then he looked upon his notes and sighed lightly.

Hickman was giving his impersonation of a "refined guy." The shrewd wrinkles of his little face seemed ironed out by an expression of grave intellectuality.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, Mr. Singleton," he said; "but I've heard of you all my life. I was brought up near Rosario."

Don Juan rose.

"I am glad to know you," he said, "though I don't remember any Hickmans."

"My family didn't amount to much," replied the other humbly. "So this is that library—we have heard of the collection in the West." He glanced over the low-studded room with its decoration of deep crimson hangings, of old Spanish prints, of obsolete conquistador arms, and its glimpse, through the inner door, of showcases and bookstacks. Don Juan's face relaxed into a gentle smile and his soft brown eyes glowed.

"Perhaps the most complete collection of its kind in the world," he said. "Even the Spanish archives, many of which I have seen, are hardly so valuable for the work I am doing here ——" He checked himself suddenly, as though afraid that he might bore his visitor. Hickman, chary of entering a conversation beyond his depths, did not encourage him to go on. Instead, he steered the conversation through a few reminiscences of Rosario and straight to the business in hand.

"You are still the owner of the old Ulistac home ranch, aren't you, Mr. Singleton?" he asked.

"Yes," said Don Juan. He paused and twirled a paper-cutter.

"That's what I'm here to see you about," began Hickman, when Don Juan interrupted.

"You don't represent the people who are trying to buy it?" he asked. "In that case ——."

Carmody had warned Hickman that in this suspicion lay the gravest danger to the present operation. Hickman assumed, therefore, his most innocent expression as he replied in a disappointed tone:

"Oh, you aren't intending to sell the Ulistac ranch?"

"No," said Don Juan; "but I've just refused an offer." Then his look said: "Proceed."

"I'm glad you're keeping it," said Hickman, "because I come to see you as owner of that tract. I haven't introduced myself. I'm an expert on phylloxera, formerly of the United States Agricultural Department. Phylloxera wiped out your vineyard a few years ago, didn't it?"

"Yes," replied Don Juan, "and I never replanted."

"But others did—on resistant stock. Now, you know the disease has broken out again on the Peralta vineyards?"

"No!" said Don Juan with real concern. Hickman nodded sagely.

"We're afraid it may be starting another epidemic, and we're forming an association of wine-owners to fight it.

Continued on Page 29

SAFETY AT SEA—By Morgan Robertson

The New Derrick Instead of Davits for Dropping the Boats Over the Side. The Collapsible Boats Telescope Into One Another

A Vessel Without Bulkheads Sinking With Fires Still Burning. The Boat That Ran Into This One Did Not Back Out Until Everybody Was Taken Off

NO STATISTICS or figures will be given in what follows—first, because not many are at hand; second, because they are contradictory and misleading, hence valueless. Comparisons only will be considered; and one is that more people are killed every year by automobiles in the United States than were lost in the foundering of the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland.

Another is that more people die in bed than die by fire or water at sea. This has no bearing on Mark Twain's contention that going to bed is the riskiest thing one can do; it is only a leader to the conception that it is not the number of people who die at the same time that affects the human mind, but that their dying at the same *place* and time and from the same cause is often preventable.

And here it may be well to say that, with the exception of collisions caused by obstructed sight and hearing, due to fog and snow, every marine disaster which has occurred since seafaring began could have been prevented by proper construction, seamanship and navigation. Collisions, however, until some inventive genius devises an apparatus to turn snow into fog and fog into transparent vapor, will always be a possibility qualified only by such forethought and judgment as are available.

Preventive devices have been dreamed of, but none has proved practicable. One is the discharge from a gun of a bomb or projectile into the fog that will dribble a spray of sulphuric acid which, by its affinity for moisture, will dry up the fog, or even snow, and make objects visible. In the face of a cosmic fact such as fog this is as futile as sweeping back the ocean with a broom.

New Safety Devices

ANOTHER is the use of ultra-violet rays from a searchlight, which, being of short wave length and able to penetrate the human body to the depth of an inch, seemingly ought to penetrate the loosely connected particles of fog and snow, and, returning from an object by reflection, be made visible by fluorescence. Impracticable again.

Snowflakes also reflect, while fog particles—minute raindrops—both reflect and refract; and if such light ever reached the vicinity of an object sought it would be going in all directions and none would come back with a reflected picture.

No; unless all craft come to a dead stop in the fog and snow, these two factors constitute the only perils of the sea against which immediate judgment and skill are unavailing. And even at a standstill, drifting with wind or current, a ship may be menaced by an iceberg coming up from leeward with a submarine current of its own. And an iceberg is no joke; nothing that floats can withstand it but another iceberg.

Automatic Smoke Detector on S. S. Kronprinzessin Cecilie. The Tubes Run Down to the Various Holds and Compartments

However, this is enough of pessimism; there is a brighter side. Seamen, as a class, are the most conservative people in the world, ever ridiculing innovations that later they accept; and shipowners, either as companies, firms or individuals, have ever been slow to regard the care of human lives as a necessary adjunct to good business.

Perhaps this indifference is a tradition from the days when sailors, well able to care for themselves, were the only people to go to sea. Yet little by little from the long toll of death and disaster, with loss of prestige and patronage, shipowners are waking to the fact that passengers want safety before speed and luxury and adornment; and, as a consequence of this, the White Star Line, roused by the loss of the Titanic, has put a smaller hull inside the sister ship Olympic; and, as a likely consequence, the big bronze eagle came down from the stem of the mighty Imperator, while the last-built leviathans have not only double hulls but more compartments and stronger bulkheads.

The ship designers and builders are approaching the solution of the problem, and it is contained in the last-named feature—bulkheads, or partitions, fore and aft and athwartship. Bulkheads, more bulkheads, stronger bulkheads, water-tight bulkheads, air and smoke tight bulkheads, fire-proof bulkheads—the extra angle irons of which will give the ship additional longitudinal strength, the lack of which broke the Oklahoma in two off Sandy Hook a few months ago—bulkheads built double for strength and packed with asbestos to hold a fire to the compartment in which it starts—these are needed to keep a crippled or burning ship afloat.

The Republic and the Titanic each took several hours to sink, but they finally went down as bulkhead after bulkhead gave way under the pressure. The Volturno burned for hours, one red-hot compartment igniting the next until her wireless calls brought help for the survivors.

The Empress of Ireland went down quickly, and at this writing it is not determined whether or not her bulkheads were closed. One would guess they were not, as she sank in smooth water, while the New York, rammed in about the same manner in smooth water, remained afloat; but her compartments were closed before the fog shut down, and there was no heave and strain to overcome the small margin of safety. Had there been a sea running, the New York would no doubt have died the lingering death of the Titanic and the Republic. With strong, double, asbestos-packed and air-tight bulkheads, a steamship may be cut in two and each half will float, while a compartment in either may burn without igniting the rest.

A double hull is good, but expensive and wasteful of room. The Olympic is nothing but a smaller craft with an outer hull or buffer; but if she should side-swipe an iceberg, as the Titanic did, she would have much greater resisting power.

The double bottom will doubtless remain, as it is valuable for water ballast; but it is safe to predict that double sides ultimately will give way to extra compartments formed by fore-and-aft bulkheads. And these bulkheads, alternately at least, will be carried above the sleeping quarters, while compartments holding inflammable cargo will be sealed overhead and cabin woodwork will be fire-proofed.

More Boats and Patent Davits

SINCE the Titanic went down three monster ships have been added to the transatlantic fleet, while a fourth is just launched; and all are equipped with lifeboats and life-rafts sufficient to float all hands, with wireless-equipped motor boats to tow them. All but one are equipped with patent davits.

Even in the boat drill at the dock, now inaugurated by all lines, it is apparent that in a seaway, with the ship rolling ever so slightly, boats cannot be lowered from the

Closing the Door of a Water-Tight Compartment. This is Closed Automatically From the Bridge After a Bell Rings for Thirty Seconds

old davits a third of the way without smashing against the side. The Titanic had smooth water, remember. And if the ship is heeled by her injury so that boats at the lower side will swing clear, the other boats cannot be lowered without damage. Also, should this lower side be the weather side—for ships without headway always fall into the trough—there will be a turmoil of water beneath to receive the boats, akin to waves pounding a breakwater, that is likely to swamp them before they can be unhooked.

Two German boats and one English are fitted with the new davits; and they are worth description, for, so far, they are the best device ever put into practice for getting boats full of people over the side without injury.

Strictly speaking they are not davits. Davits are bent-iron cranes turnable in sockets at the rail, a pair for each boat, and each pair useless to other boats unless they can be brought beneath after the first boat is lowered. They are as old as oars and as cumbersome. Even square-rigged ships, more cumbersome still, do not use them, but depend on yardarm tackles to swing boats overboard. The new davits, if they must be called davits, are trussed steel arms extending upward from the rail and long enough to swing inward by a toothed quadrant at the base and pick up a boat stowed amidships, then swing outward and lower it.

Safety a Question of Money

THIS means that on a ship of one hundred feet beam the boat will have fifty feet clearance in going down; and, as such a ship would have about sixty feet freeboard, she could roll or heel nearly forty-five degrees without endangering the boat. The cranes are farther apart than the boats are long and bend toward each other at the upper ends so as to bring the tackles upright, while the boats are stowed side by side in chocks clear across the deck—not end to end along the rail as formerly.

And as this thwartship space is somewhat limited by reason of masts, funnels and deck houses, and as plenty of boats must be carried, those near the masts are stowed in nests, one within the other, and can be swung over by the cargo derricks, which can also handle the liferafts, a surer refuge in a seaway than a leaky or half-filled boat.

Oar-propelled lifeboats are still used, with the addition of motor boats to tow them and signal for help by wireless. And while held to, the boat drill at the dock, where sailors, stewards and firemen are taught to pull an oar, is admirable and wise, for it is a fact known to the writer that even expert able seamen, proficient in every detail of their calling on deck or aloft, may spend their lives at sea without boat work; and, unless they have learned to handle an oar as boys, they never learn. As old-fashioned davits will give way—and shortly too—to the patent cranes, so will the oars give way to motors. It is simply a matter of expense; a few palm gardens less would possibly pay for all the motors needed.

Liferafts, however, as many as there is room or demand for, will likely remain. They are cheap and, unless damaged by rough handling, unsinkable and indestructible. They are simple in construction—two hollow, pointed sheet-iron or steel cylinders, bridged by a grating, fitted with rowlocks and rope beckets, and equipped with oars, provisions and water. You will not be dry and comfortable on a liferaft, for you will be thoroughly drenched before getting aboard. Once there, however, with your arm through a becket, you will be in no danger of drowning.

The larger steamship companies are waking up, installing innovations and experiments; and the English and American Governments are waking as well, not only in establishing an ice patrol but in more rigid inspection of the smaller passenger ships, compelling them to follow the example of the larger. Wireless telegraphy is already enforced, lifeboats and rafts sufficient for all hands are mandatory, and a faithful adherence to the prescribed Lane Routes of the Atlantic is made a condition of the master's holding his ticket.

A Fire-Fighter. The Helper Can Talk With Him

Jessie Broken in Two Backing Away From the Part That Was Stuck on the Rocks, After All Her Bulkheads Had Been Closed

The most practical push, however, will be given when the underwriters wake up. Then bulkheads will be plentiful and will consist of something more than thin partitions of boiler iron, which will bend and give way under pressure, or become red-hot from fire and ignite the contents of the next compartments. They will be double, strong as the side of the ship, packed with asbestos, and with doors that will automatically close in the presence of water or heat.

This pocketbook pressure will apply only to the smaller craft; the larger are rising above it. Even the one monster of the big four mentioned that has held to short, old-fashioned davits, has installed a single set of patent cranes for the after boats, possibly as an experiment. If so it will surely be successful and her boat-smashing davits will go to the scrapheap.

In all other respects this ship has kept pace with her three big competitors, and the list of their safety appliances is almost beyond memory.

One, however, is so simple, so unique and effective that, once seen or described, it cannot be forgotten. It is a smoke detector and fire extinguisher in one, and resembles nothing so much as a system of speaking tubes, for which in emergencies it could be used. From every compartment in the ship a strong tube leads to a small room near the bridge, where the open ends are bunched in a cabinet. It is not necessary that these open ends be named or numbered. There is a man stationed in that room, night and day, at sea and in port, whose sole duty is to watch those tubes and, should smoke issue forth from any of them, insert the end of a flexible steam pipe and turn live steam into the tube that brings the smoke.

Could any intricate system of electric fire alarms work better? Live steam is an invisible gas, and under pressure it will displace air, the oxygen of which is necessary to combustion, and will extinguish any fire. It will even put out a fire of blazing lime barrels caused by the slaking of the lime from contact with water. It will not stop the slaking of the lime until the water in contact is absorbed, for this is chemical action requiring no oxygen; and when condensed to water—visible steam—it may even add a little to the further slaking of the lime, but not much; not enough to ignite more barrel staves against the continued inhibition of coming live steam, as live steam condensed to water occupies only one seventeen-hundredth of its volume.

Wheelhouse, S. S. Kronprinzessin Cecilie

Steam as a Fire-Extinguisher

THE efficacy of steam against slaking lime is not a text-book teaching and may be denied by theorists; but the writer learned it by experience many years ago, when employed as one of the crew of a large steam craft on the Great Lakes. She was a wooden vessel, with a few hundred barrels of lime stowed in the 'tween-deck forward. A sea came aboard and went down the carelessly opened fore hatch, deluging the lime barrels. In a short time there was a lively fire down there; all the lime touched by the water was in a state of ebullition, bursting the staves and, by the heat generated, drying and setting them afire.

It was impossible to break out and jettison that lime; but the mate rigged the deck hose, manned the pump, and was about to add to the fire by adding more water when the wakened skipper took charge of the job and the nozzle, explaining as he worked. With an occasional flirt of the nozzle he sprayed the blazing barrels—not to drown the fire with water, but to cause steam to form and drive away the air, playing the hose during the intervals on the hot deck over the fire. Now this was a non-compartmented 'tween-deck, with an open hatch; yet in half an hour the fire was out, though the lime remained hot while there was moisture to slake it.

Carbonic-acid gas is equally good as a nonsupporter of combustion; it is the gas used in charging soda and mineral water and the fluid in the familiar fire extinguishers.

(Concluded on Page 26)

MORE GOVERNMENT WIRES

By WILL PAYNE

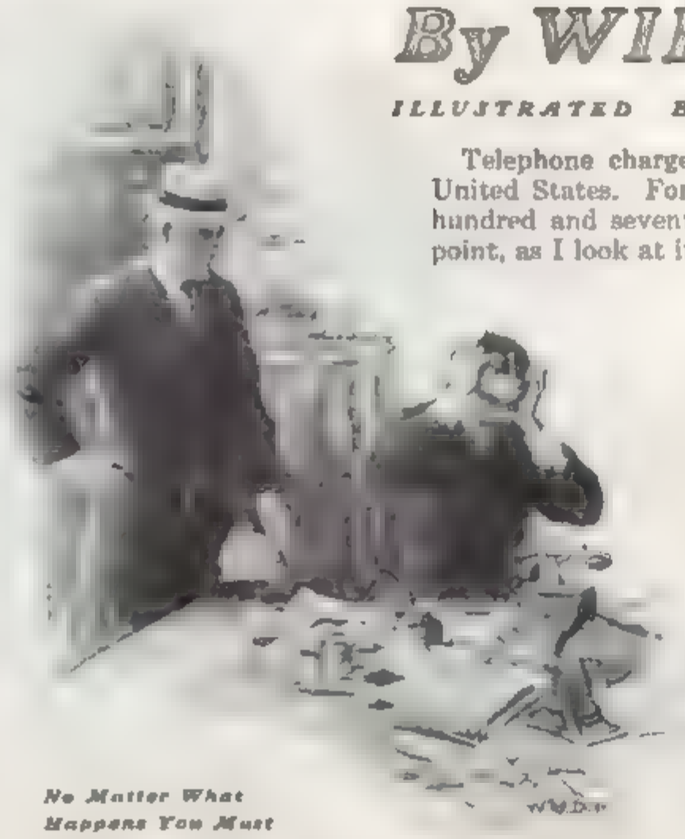
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MY ITALIAN friend obligingly offered to telephone for me, as I was reluctant to attempt to use an instrument that spoke a strange tongue. As he turned to the apparatus I consulted my watch behind his back, which was probably a mean thing to do.

I omit the unpleasant details; but fourteen minutes later my friend put down the receiver with some violence and faced me with every appearance of a man who is at the point of bursting from suppressed emotions. His face was red and his eye a bit glassy. He ran his hand over his hair and exclaimed tragically:

"A-a-ah! A woman's place is in the home!"

What he really meant, I suspected, was that the place for that particular representative of the lovelier sex, with whom he had been vainly wrestling over the wire for nearly a quarter of an hour, was in an asylum for the feeble minded; but it would not have been fair to say so.



No Matter What Happens You Must Not Upbraid the Operator

Of course that was exceptional, and similar exceptional cases happen in the United States; but the telephone service furnished by the Italian Government is not good.

For Americans the service has one peculiar and almost unbearable affliction—namely, you dare not "sass" Central over the wire. You may get no response to your signal for several minutes; you may be given the wrong number twice; you may be cut off in the midst of a conversation three times in half an hour—but, no matter what happens or fails to happen, you must not attempt to relieve your feelings by upbraiding the operator. If you should petulantly intimate that the exchange's headpiece contained an undue proportion of osseous matter the chances are even that presently a policeman would drop in and arrest you for it. The magistrate would probably fine you, too.

A telephone subscriber who wishes to criticize the service in any particular must address a formal complaint to the management; but experienced telephone subscribers rarely do that. The complaint, in due time, will be duly investigated, which involves considerable bother. There is an impression that, after a subscriber has made a complaint, he will find the service poorer than usual; there will be many little delays and annoyances. Of course the delays may be merely coincidental and have no reference to the complaint; but I am told it is best not to complain.

The Hello System of Rome

GENOA contains two hundred and ninety thousand inhabitants and is the principal seaport of Italy. A good, busy, bustling town it is too. Theoretically telephones are cheap there—the rental, whether for business or residence use, coming to forty-one dollars and twelve cents a year in our money; but practically you cannot get a telephone at any price.

The exchange is full to capacity. Its switchboards can accommodate no more instruments. To build a new exchange would involve a considerable capital investment. The government has been so busy with armaments that it has had no spare capital to invest in a telephone exchange. So, if you live in Genoa and have no telephone and wish to get one, you make an application to the government and the government puts it on file. In the course of six months as old subscribers die or go out of business, or surrender their instruments for any other cause, you will get your phone; but you cannot get it until some old subscriber steps out and makes room for you.

For nearly two years the same condition existed in Rome. The old exchange was full; money to build a new one had not been forthcoming. A man who wanted a telephone filed an application and waited for an old subscriber to step out.

In Rome, in fact, there was quite a brisk little brokerage business by way of buying up telephone numbers—that is, discovering some subscriber who would surrender his telephone for a consideration and buying the number for somebody who needed a phone. Last winter a new exchange was opened in Rome, and at present a telephone may be had with no particular trouble.

Telephone charges are low as compared with the United States. For twenty cents you can talk over a hundred and seventy miles; but the more important point, as I look at it, is that, broadly speaking, nobody does telephone. Rome is about the same size as Baltimore. The American city has over five times as many telephones. In all Italy there are fewer telephones than in San Francisco.

As to the use of telephones, aside from the number of instruments, the telephone in the United States, in proportion to population, is probably used more than twenty times as often as in Italy. I say probably, and say it advisedly, though the ratio of twenty-odd to one is taken from a voluminous report on Government Ownership of Electrical Means of Communication which the Postmaster-General submitted to Congress this year.

One of the propositions set forth in this report is that "under private ownership, therefore, the telegraph and telephone are for the classes. Under government ownership, through the postal machinery, which is conducted in the interest of the whole people and already reaches every man's door, the benefit of these facilities could be extended to the masses."

In support of this proposition a rather bewildering maze of statistics is presented—bewildering because a very considerable part of them obviously have no relevance to the question of government ownership of telephones and telegraphs. On page fifty-five, column thirty-eight, however, are some figures which anybody can grasp—namely, that in the United States there are five and a half million telephone subscribers against sixty-six thousand in Italy, fifty-five thousand in Hungary, a hundred and nine thousand in Austria, two hundred and eighteen thousand in France, and a million in Germany.

Obviously our "classes," to whom the use of the telephone is restricted under private ownership, are astonishingly numerous as compared with the European masses which enjoy the blessings of government telephones; but the figures quoted for the United States in this report are those of the year 1907, since which time the number of telephone subscribers in this country has increased more than forty per cent. The report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for 1913 says that the number of stations in the Bell System alone at the end of that year exceeded eight million. Why figures six years old were used in the report I do not know—any more than I know why many other figures were used there.

The number of local telephone conversations in the United States is given as eleven billion, roughly sixty per cent on the Bell System and forty per cent on independent lines; but these figures also are for 1907. The Bell report for 1913 gives the number of local and toll calls over its system as eight and three-quarter billion, and puts the grand total for the United States, including independents, at fifteen billion against seven billion for all Europe. If, with less than one-fourth of Europe's population, we use the telephone twice as often under private ownership as Europe uses it under government ownership, it would seem to be their masses who need help instead of our classes.

The first test of the usefulness of any system of communication, it would seem, is the extent to which it is actually used; but in arguing for government ownership of telephones it is convenient to brush that point aside. This post-office report has a diagram called Telephone Efficiency, in which Italy, with about seventy thousand telephones, ranks two points higher than the Bell System in the United States with eight million telephones; but what is meant by telephone efficiency in the diagram is the number of telephone calls for each employee—in which respect, according to the diagram, we come ninth among the nations of the world.

Now in nearly all foreign countries the telephone and telegraph are operated together by the post office. A considerable number of employees are engaged with both services. As to some foreign countries joint telegraph-telephone employees were excluded in making the computation; but the Bell concern reports that if all its employees are included the average number of calls per employee is seventy-two thousand instead of the fifty-eight thousand used in the diagram—not that this question of the number of calls to each employee has anything in particular to do with it one way or the other, but the instance illustrates in what an absolutely contradictory way statistics may be used in this connection.

Incidentally this diagram on Telephone Efficiency puts Russia far ahead of the United States and second among the countries of the world—and it puts Switzerland eleventh among the countries of the world and well below the United States; but I do not think that will persuade anybody that the Russian government is more efficient than the Swiss.

In another elaborate presentation of the same subject to Congress, containing a mass of statistics, is a comparative telephone table that puts the United States fourteenth, while Russia, with four telephone calls a head a year against our hundred and fifty, ranks sixth. This table deals with the number of long-distance calls over each telephone. Of course, if there were only two telephones in Russia—one in St. Petersburg and one in Moscow—the number of long-distance calls to a telephone would be high.

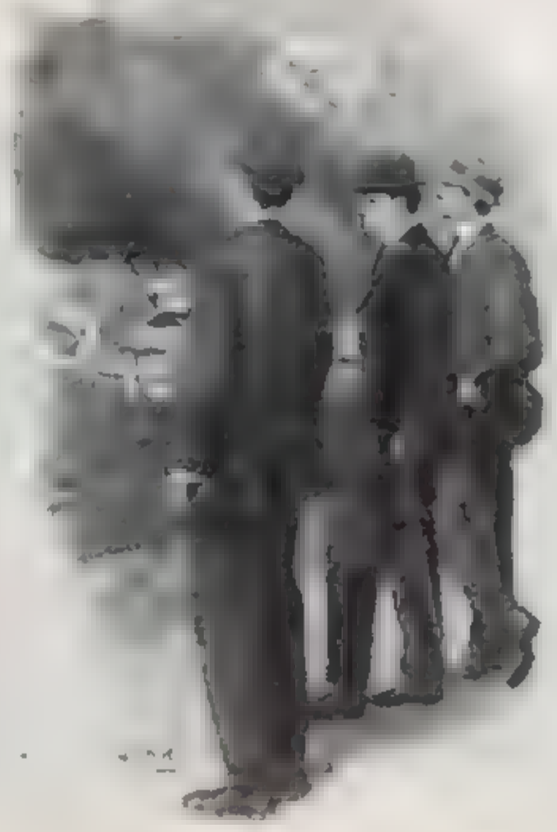
The Tests of Telephone Service

AGAIN, Congress has a table that shows, for a dozen or more cities, the Bell rate before there was any competition; then the Bell rate under competition; and, third, the rate after competition had been eliminated. There is a surprising difference in the figures—rates in the first column, before competition, being high; those in the second column, during competition, being low; those in the third column, after competition was eliminated, being high again. The Bell reply is that the first column shows its rates for the highest-priced business service; the second column gives its rates for the cheapest residence service; and the third column comes back again to its high-priced business service.

In my opinion the really important figures in this regard are comparatively few and simple. They should deal, first, with the actual serviceability of the telephone—the extent to which it is used; and in that regard the United States unquestionably beats the world, for we do much more telephoning than all Europe put together. Also, they should deal—as fairly as possible—with rates; and in that respect, too, the United States beats the world—only the other way round. I believe our long-distance service is the best there is, and undoubtedly our charges for it are the highest.

It is true that practically all European countries have two toll rates—ordinary and special, the latter being generally three times the ordinary rate—but, broadly speaking, their special rate is little or no higher, or even lower, than our rate. Of course, exact comparisons are out of the question, because the systems of basing the rates are different. A long-distance talk in Germany or Italy, even at ordinary rates, may cost no more than for the same distance in the United States; or, if the message goes a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, it may cost only a third or a quarter as much. However, there is no doubt as to the general proposition that our toll rates are decidedly higher. Probably they are too high, even after making all due allowance for a service better than that which prevails abroad.

Official reports indicate that, in Germany and Switzerland at least, the long-distance business is done at a loss, though the deficit, if added to the charge paid by subscribers, is not



Walking Is Cheaper, Almost as Fast, and Far More Comfortable

large enough to affect the general result materially. Also, in France several cities have built and equipped long-distance lines at their own expense, handing them over to the government when completed, because the government did not care to invest in a long-distance plant.

The standard argument for government ownership is that private owners, by exacting excessive tolls, will inevitably restrict the use of a means of communication so that comparatively few persons get the benefit of it. And after you wade through all the tables and diagrams you come back to the basic and indisputable fact that private enterprise has extended the use of the telephone in the United States far more widely than government enterprise has extended it in any other country.

According to the table on page fifty-five of the report submitted by the Postmaster-General, Germany is the only country outside the United States that has a million telephones, while we have more than eight millions. A table on page fifty-four gives the number of local telephone calls a head in this country as a hundred and thirty—which is based on figures six years old, the present number being about a hundred and fifty—while in Germany the number is twenty-four; in Austria, nine; in Belgium, two; in Denmark, fifty-nine; in France, six; in Hungary, eight; in Italy, six; in Norway, sixty; in the Netherlands, twenty-one; in Russia, four; in Sweden, sixty; in Switzerland, fourteen; in New Zealand, two.

Several countries use the telegraph more extensively than we do, regard being had to population. In Great Britain its use is at least twice as extensive a head as in this country. The low rate on domestic messages probably accounts for this; but, as I showed in a former article, the rate charged by the British Post Office covers only two-thirds of the cost of the service, the other third coming out of the treasury or out of surplus postal revenues.

We Do More Telephoning Than All Europe Put Together

Adding the third paid by the post office to the two-thirds paid by the sender, we find that the total cost of a ten-word message, including five words for address and signature, sent a hundred and fifty miles from London, is about twenty-two cents against a total cost here—all paid by the sender—of twenty-five cents for a like message sent a hundred and fifty miles from New York. For distances longer than a hundred and fifty miles, however, the total cost of the British message is markedly below that of a like message here.

Still relying on the figures in the Postmaster-General's report, we find that Germany uses the telegraph just about as extensively, in proportion to population, as we do; France rather more than half again as extensively; Italy much less extensively. Exact comparisons are difficult, however, because, for Europe, an international telegram is counted twice—in the country from which it is sent and in the country where it is received; and you cannot telegraph very far over there without crossing a national boundary.

Fifteen Billion Telephone Calls

INCLUDING Great Britain in the survey and excluding such backward countries as Russia, Austria and Hungary, there is no doubt that use of the telegraph has been more widely extended under government ownership in Europe than under private ownership here; yet there is nothing like any such disproportionate use of the telegraph, as between Europe and the United States, as there is of the telephone.

As a rude sort of approximation we might say that, in the forward countries, Europe beats us fifty per cent on telegraphs, while we beat Europe three hundred per cent on telephones.

For the two classes of service together the last report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company gives the following information: Number of telegrams sent in all Europe, three hundred and eighty-eight million; number of telephone conversations in Europe, six billion eight hundred million—total electric communications, seven billion two hundred million. Number of telegrams sent in the United States, one hundred and thirteen million; number of telephone conversations in the United States, fifteen billion six hundred million—total electric communications, fifteen billion seven hundred million, in round numbers.

As to the number of telegrams in Europe this substantially agrees with the figures on page fifty-three of the Postmaster-General's report when allowance is made for duplication of international messages. In short, electric communication is positively twice as frequent here, and nine times as frequent in comparison with population.

It is fair to say that European governments have developed the older, more easily handled but less efficient means of communication—the telegraph—at the expense of the newer but more efficient means—the telephone—which, on the whole, requires higher managerial ability; or, at any rate, that while developing the old they have not developed the new. In the total field of electrical communication they are, as a whole, at least a dozen years behind this country.

Of the general superiority of the telephone as a means of communication there can be no reasonable question. Broadly stated, the telephone is as much ahead of the telegraph as the latter is ahead of the post. Any reader of this page who stops and looks over his daily experience will see the point. With a telephone he could manage to exist and do business even if he had no telegraph; but the telegraph without the telephone would put him back, figuratively speaking, to the Middle Ages. The superiority of the telephone is such that people will use it in spite of poor service.

Long-distance service in Europe, for example, is nowhere really first-class; yet a considerable part of the press dispatches of Europe are now sent by telephone. By a very peculiar governmental arrangement newspaper correspondents at Rome, whether for foreign or Italian papers, are gathered in a big apartment in the main post-office building which is set aside for their use.

It is arranged for their convenience, with a spacious outer room, another room to write in, a bank of long-distance telephone booths, and a telegraph office. One special convenience is that the censor, through whose hands all dispatches must pass, has an office next door; so there is no unnecessary delay in censoring. The room pays the government some three million lire a year in telegraph and telephone tolls; and, of late, the use of the telephone has been steadily increasing because, even with second-class service, it is superior to the telegraph.

As to how the Italian Government got into the telephone business there is a clear account in Professor A. N. Holcombe's standard work, Public Ownership of Telephones on the Continent of Europe. In the beginning the government granted concessions freely to private companies, with the result that several such companies were presently competing.

Competition lowered rates, but telephone users got little benefit from that as, in order to get anything like an adequate service, they had to subscribe to two companies; in fact, competition worked so poorly that a number of cities bought up the rival private concerns in order to consolidate them in a single municipal system. Elsewhere rival companies consolidated of their own accord.

Meantime, in spite of disadvantages, use of the telephone was increasing; and the government, having a monopoly of the telegraph business, viewed this increase with disfavor. In 1883, therefore, it laid very onerous conditions on the telephone companies.

"These conditions," says Professor Holcombe, "certainly were not calculated to encourage the use of the telephone. The policy was probably nothing more or less than a deliberate attempt to spare the telegraph authorities the labor of properly caring for their trust by preventing, so far as possible, the telephone from coming into use.

"For several years the Italian authorities persisted in their policy of throttling the telephone business. They declined to establish interurban lines or to introduce the telephone into rural telegraph offices. Meantime the companies exploited the urban exchange systems as only companies could whose career was liable to be terminated any day by a stroke of the pen. . . . The companies could neither improve their almost intolerable service nor reduce their exorbitant rates. They were forced to restrict their operations to the most profitable parts of the field and to neglect the rest."

In other words, the government would not permit private enterprise to develop the telephone; so nothing remained but for the government to take over the business. A bill to that end was introduced in 1888; but, because of financial and political troubles, it failed to pass. For nine years more the government shuffled back and forth with various compromises, none of which gave telephoning a free field; and finally, in 1907, a bill was adopted for the purchase of the telephone lines.

I have shown in previous articles how England came to acquire the privately owned telephone lines, and how European governments generally and gradually fell into the ownership of railroads. Broadly speaking, Continental governments came into the ownership of telephones because they already owned the telegraph systems, with which the new means of communication threatened to compete.

Our Long-Distance Service Is the Best There Is

Bell, it will be remembered, exhibited his new invention at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Before that time a German scientist had successfully experimented with transmission of speech by electric apparatus; but when Bell's invention became known in Germany the imperial postmaster-general, who, of course, was also manager of the imperial telegraph system, appreciated its importance and at once began experimenting with it. He set up a trial line in 1877 and within a year had fifteen villages connected. From that time the connections spread; so the telephone business was developed there by the government.

Professor Holcombe describes the policy of the service with regard to labor, observing:

"The business undertakings carried on by the imperial chancellor, in his capacity as the chief of the administration not only of the empire, with its postal and telegraph systems, but of the kingdom of Prussia, with its governmental railroads, made him by far the greatest employer of labor in the world."

He continues: "The only association of postal officials for the promotion of their economic interests of more than local significance that was formed in Germany before the expiration of the special legislation against the Socialists was the Bavarian Union of Transportation Officials. This was founded in 1883 and was open to the higher officials of the state railroad, postal, telegraph and telephone systems. It was not open to the lower ranks of officials, the clerks or laborers."

Associations of Government Employees

"IN 1884 a sharp criticism of the attitude of the government Department of Transportation toward its employees was published in the organ of the association. The government then declared the union to be a political association and consequently subject to the special legislation against the Socialists. This made necessary either the immediate dissolution of the union or its reorganization, with the exclusion of the elements that were objectionable to the Department of Transportation. . . . The association purchased its life by surrendering all claims to become anything more than a social club. As such it is still in existence."

In 1890 the lower grades of postal and telegraph employees formed an association avowedly for the purpose of assisting widows and orphans of deceased members, affording mutual help in sickness or accidents, and to establish a coöperative store.

By avowing these purposes and making the store successful the association managed to survive the hostility of the chief of the imperial postal and telegraph service, who "did not need to wait for the organized employees to show a disposition to interfere between their chief and the individual employee.

"It was enough for him that they were dissatisfied with the conditions of employment which the government, in its

(Continued on Page 33

Your Comfort Is a Matter of Luck

SMOOTH CROSSING

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Aren't Men's Overcoats Just Adorable!"

THIS voyage the Mesopotamia was to sail at midnight. It was now, to be precise about it, eleven forty-five P. M. and some odd seconds; and they were wrestling the last of the heavy luggage aboard. The Babel-babble that distinguishes a big liner's departure was approaching its climax of acute hysteria, when two well-dressed, youngish men joined the wormlike column of eleventh-hour-and-fifty-sixth-minute passengers mounting a portable bridge labeled First Cabin which hyphenated across the strip of dark water between ship and shore. They were almost the last persons to join the line, coming in such haste along the dock that the dock captain on duty at the foot of the canvas-sided gangway let them pass without question.

Except that these two men were much of a size and at a first glance rather alike in general aspect; and except that one of them, the rearmost, bore two bulging handbags while the other kept his hands muffled in a gray tweed ulster that lay across his arms, there was nothing about them or either of them to distinguish them from any other belated pair of men in that jostling procession of the flurried and the hurried. Oh, yes, one of them had a mustache and the other had none.

Indian file they went up the gangway and past the second officer, who stood at the head of it; and still tandem they pushed and were pushed along through the jam upon the deck. The second man, the one who bore the handbags, gave them over to a steward who had jumped forward when he saw them coming. He hesitated then, looking about him.

"Come on, it's all right," said the first man.

"How about the tickets? Don't we have to show them first?" inquired the other.

"No, not now," said his companion. "We can go direct to our stateroom." The same speaker addressed the steward:

"D-forty," he said briskly.

"Quite right, sir," said the steward. "D-forty. Right this way, sir; if you please, sir."

With the dexterity born of long practice the steward, burdened though he was, bored a path for himself and them through the crowd. He led them from the deck, across a corner of a big cabin that was like a hotel lobby, and down flights of broad stairs from B-deck to C and from C-deck to D, and thence aft along a narrow companionway until he came to a cross hall where another steward stood.

"Two gentlemen for D-forty," said their guide. Surrendering the handbags to this other functionary, he touched his cap and vanished into thin air, magically, after the custom of ancient Arabic genii and modern British steamship servants.

"'Ere you are, sirs," said the second steward. He opened the door of a stateroom and stood aside to let them in. Following in behind them he deposited the handbags in mathematical alignment upon the floor and spoke a warning: "We'll be leavin' in a minute or two now, but it's just as well, sir, to keep your stateroom door locked until we're off—thieves are about sometimes in port, you know, sir. Was there anything else, sir?" He addressed them in the singular, but considered them, so to speak, in the plural. "I'm the bedroom steward, sir," he added in final explanation.

The passenger who had asked concerning the tickets looked about him curiously, as though the interior arrangement of a steamship stateroom was to him strange.

"So you're the bedroom steward," he said. "What's your name?"

"Lawrence, sir."

"Lawrence what?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said the steward, looking puzzled.

"He wants to know your first name," explained the other prospective occupant of D-forty. This man had sat himself down upon the edge of the bed, still with his gray ulster folded forward across his arms as though the pockets held something valuable and must be kept in a certain position, just so, to prevent the contents spilling out.

"'Erbert Lawrence, sir, thank you, sir," said the steward, his face clearing, "I'll be 'andy if you ring, sir." He backed out. "Nothing else, sir? I'll see to your 'eavy luggage in the mornin'. Will there be any trunks for the stateroom?"

"No trunks," said the man on the bed. "Just some suitcases. They came aboard just ahead of us, I think."

"Right, sir," said the accommodating Lawrence. "I'll get your tickets in the morning and take them to the purser, if you don't mind. Thank you, sir." And with that he bowed himself out and was gone.

As the door closed behind this thoughtful and accommodating servitor the fellow travelers looked at each other for a moment steadily, much as though they might be sharers of a common secret that neither cared to mention even between themselves. The one who stood spoke first:

"I guess I'll go up and see her pull out," he said. "I've never seen a ship pull out; it's a new thing to me. Want to go?"

The man nursing the ulster shook his head.

"All right, then," said the first. He pitched his own topcoat, which he had been carrying under his arm, upon the lone chair. "I'll be back pretty soon." He glanced keenly at the one small porthole, looked about the stateroom once more, then stepped across the threshold and closed the door. The lock clicked.

Left alone, the other man sat for a half minute or so as he was, with his head tilted forward in an attitude of listening. Then he stood up and with a series of shrugging, lifting motions, jerked the ulster forward so that it slipped through the loop of his arms upon the floor. Had the efficient Lawrence returned at that moment it is safe to say that he would have sustained a profound shock, although it is equally safe to say that he would have made desperate efforts to avoid showing his emotions. The man was manacled. Below his white shirt-cuffs his wrists were encircled by snug-fitting, shiny bracelets of steel united by a steel chain of four short links. He was handcuffed. That explained his rather peculiar way of carrying his ulster and his decidedly awkward way of ridding himself of it.

He stepped across the room and with his coupled hands tried the knob of the door. The knob turned, but the bolt had been set from the outside. He was locked in. With his foot he dragged forward a footstool, kicking it close up against the panels so that should any person coming in open the door suddenly, the stool would retard that person's entrance for a moment anyway. He faced about then, considering his next move. The circular pane of thick glass in the porthole showed as a black target in the white wall; through it only blankness was visible. D-deck plainly was well down in the ship's hull, below the level of promenades and probably not very far above the waterline. Nevertheless, the handcuffed man crossed over and drew the short silken curtains across the window, making the seclusion of his quarters doubly secure.

Now, kneeling upon the floor, he undid the hasps of the two handbags, opened them and began rummaging in their cluttered depths. Doing all these things, he moved with a sureness and celerity which showed that he had worn his bonds for an appreciable space of time and had accustomed himself to using his two hands upon an operation where, unhampered, he might have used one or the other, but not both at once. His fetters clinked briskly as he felt about in the valises. From them he first got out two traveling caps—one a dark gray cap, the other a cap of rather a gaudy check pattern; also a plain razor, a safety razor and a box of cigars. He examined the safety razor a moment, then slipped it back into the flap pocket where it belonged; took a cigar from the box and put the box back into the grip; tried on first one of the traveling caps and then the other, and returned them to the places from which he had taken them; and reclosed and refastened the grips themselves. But he took the other razor and dropped it in a certain place, close down to the floor at the foot of one of the beds.

He shoved the footstool away from the door, and, after dusting off his knees, he went and stood at the porthole gazing out into the night through a cranny in the curtains. The ship no longer nuzzled up alongside the dock like a great sucking pig under the flanks of an even greater mother-sow; she appeared to stand still while the dock seemed to be slipping away from her rearward; but the man who looked out into the darkness was familiar enough with that illusion. With his manacled hands crossed upon his waistcoat and the cigar hanging unlighted between his lips, he watched until the liner had turned and was swinging down stream, heading for the mouth of the river and the bay.

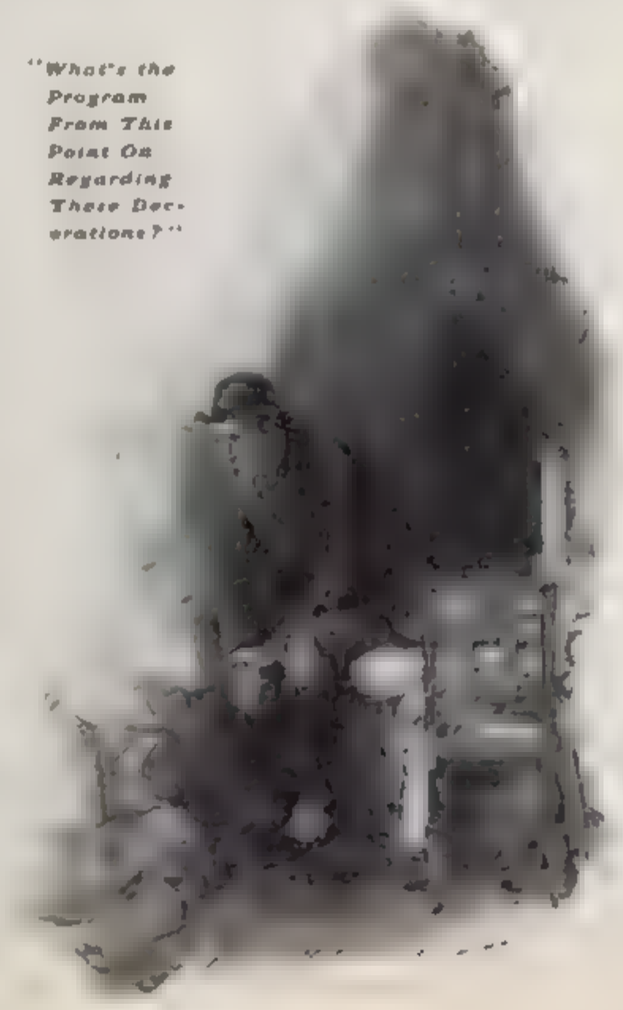
He lit the cigar, then, and once more sat himself down upon the edge of the bed. He puffed away steadily. His head was bent forward and his hands dangled between his knees in such ease as the snugness of the bracelets and the shortness of the chain permitted. Looking in at him you would have said he was planning something; that he was considering various problems. He was still there in that same hunching position, but the cigar had burned down two-thirds of its length, when the lock snicked a warning and his companion reëntered, bearing a key with which he relocked the door upon the inner side.

"Well," said the newcomer, "we're on our way." There was no reply to this. He took off his derby hat and tossed it aside, and began unbuttoning his vest.

"Making yourself comfortable, eh?" he went on as though trying to manufacture conversation. The manacled one didn't respond. He merely canted his head, the better to look into the face of his travel mate.

"Say, look here," demanded the new arrival, his tone and manner changing. "What's the use of your nursing that grouch?"

Coming up the gangway, twenty minutes before, they might have passed, at a casual glance, for brothers. Viewed now as they faced each other in the quiet of this small room such a mistake could not have been possible. They did not suggest brothers; for all that they were much the same in build and coloring they did not even suggest distant cousins. About the sitting man there were abundant evidences of a higher and more cultured organism than the other possessed: the difference showed in costume, in manner, in speech. Even wearing handcuffs he displayed, without trying to do so, a certain superiority in poise and assurance. In a way his companion seemed vaguely aware of this. It seemed to make him—what shall I say?—uneasy; maybe a bit envious; possibly arousing in him the imitative instinct. Judging of him by his present aspect and the



"What's the Program From This Point On Regarding These Decorations?"

intonations of his voice, a shrewd observer of men and motives might have said that he was amply satisfied with the progress of the undertaking which he had now in hand, but that he lately had ceased to be entirely satisfied with himself.

"Say, Bronston," he repeated, "I tell you there's no good nursing the grouch. I haven't done anything all through this matter except what I thought was necessary. I've acted that way from the beginning, ain't I?"

"Have you heard me complain?" parried the gyved man. He blew out a mouthful of smoke.

"No, I haven't, not since you made the first kick that day I found you out in Denver. But a fellow can't very well travel twenty-five hundred miles with another fellow, sharing the same stateroom with him and all that, without guessing what's in the other fellow's mind."

There was another little pause.

"Well," said the man upon the bed, "we've got this far. What's the program from this point on regarding these decorations?" He raised his hands to indicate what he meant.

"That's what I want to talk with you about," answered the other. "The rest of the folks on this boat don't know anything about us—not a blessed thing. The officers don't know—nor the crew, nor any of the passengers, I reckon. To them we're just two ordinary Americans crossing the ocean together on business or pleasure. You give me your promise not to make any breaks of any sort, and I'll take those things off you and not put them on again until just before we land. You know I want to make this trip as easy as I can for you."

"What earthly difference would it make whether I gave you my promise or not? Suppose, as you put it, I did make a break? Where would I break for out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? Are you still afraid of yourself?"

"Certainly not; certainly I ain't afraid. At that, you've been back and forth plenty of times across the ocean, and you know all the ropes on a ship and I don't. Still, I ain't afraid. But I'd like to have your promise."

"I won't give it," said he of the handcuffs promptly. "I'm through with making offers to you. Four days ago when you caught up with me, I told you I would go with you and make no resistance—make no attempt to get away from you—if you'd only leave my limbs free. You knew as well as I did that I was willing to waive extradition and go back without any fuss or any delay, in order to keep my people in this country from finding out what a devil's mess I'd gotten myself into over on the other side. You knew I was not really a criminal, that I'd done nothing at all which an American court would construe as a crime. You knew that because I was an American the British courts would probably be especially hard upon me. And you knew too—you found that part out for yourself without my telling you—that I was intending to slip back to England. You knew that all I needed was a chance to get at certain papers and documents and produce them in open court to prove that I was being made a scapegoat; you knew that if I had just two days free on British soil, in which to get the books from the place those lying partners of mine hid them, I could save myself from doing penal servitude. That was why I meant to go back of my own accord. That was why I offered to give you my word of honor that I would not attempt to get away. Did you listen? No!"

"Well, didn't I make the whole thing as easy for you as I could?" protested his companion. He spoke as if in self-defense, or at least in extenuation.

"Easy? Didn't you put these things on me? Haven't I worn them every minute since then, awake or asleep, except when I was dressing or undressing?"

"What's the use of going into all that all over again? This was too big a case for me to be taking any risks. I'd had a hard enough job locating you; I couldn't afford to lose you. Let me ask you a few questions: Didn't we travel all the way from Denver in a stateroom, so that outside of the conductors and a couple of porters there wasn't a soul knew you was in trouble? Didn't I show you how to carry that overcoat over your arms when we were changing cars at Chicago, and again coming across New York to-night, so's nobody would catch on? Didn't I steer clear of reporters all along the line? Didn't I keep it all a secret when I was sending the wire on ahead to book the passage?"

He paused; then remembered something else:

"Didn't I go to the trouble of buying a lighter pair of cuffs than the ones I usually use and having an extra link set in the chain so as to keep your arms from cramping, wearing them? Yes, I did—I did all those things and you can't deny it.

"Nobody on this boat suspects anything," he went on. "Nobody knows that you're Bronston, wanted in London for the big Atlas Investment Company swindle, and that I'm Keller, chief operative for the Sharkey Agency. So far as anybody else knows we're just Mr. Brown and Mr. Cole, a couple of friends traveling together. Until the day we land over there on the other side you can keep on being Mr. Brown and I'll keep on being Mr. Cole. I'll keep this stateroom door locked at night just to be on the safe side. And seeing as we've got seats together at the same table I guess we'd better make a point of taking our meals together at the same time. Otherwise, you can do just what you please and go where you please and I won't bother you. These folks on this boat will think we're just a couple of pretty close friends." He fished a key ring out of his pocket, selected a certain key and bent over the other man. "Here, hold your hands up for a minute. You ought to be glad enough to get rid of those darbies. There!"

"I'm Bound to Say, Sir, That the Appearances are in Favor of You"

He lifted the opened bracelets off his prisoner's wrists and pitched them, clinking, upon the bedcover.

"Have it your own way," said the freed Bronston. "But remember, I've had my say. I'm making no pledges, now or hereafter." With his fingers, which were long and slender, he chafed his flesh where the steel had bruised it red.

"Oh, all right, all right," answered Keller; "I'm willing to take the chance—although there ain't really any chance to take. I'll get these things out of sight the first thing."

He picked up the handcuffs and dropped them into a pocket of his ulster where it lay on the one chair in the room, and wadded a handkerchief down into the pocket upon them. "Now, then, everything is shipshape and proper. There's no reason why we can't be pals for three or four days anyway. And now what do you say to turning in and getting a good night's rest? I'm good and tired and I guess you are too."

Whistling to himself like a man well satisfied with the latest turn in a difficult situation, he began to undress. The other followed suit. They were both in their pajamas and both were in bed and the lights had been put out before Bronston spoke:

"Mind you, Keller," he said, "I'm not fooled to any great extent by this change in attitude on your part."

"What do you mean?" asked Keller sharply.

"Well," said Bronston, "I can't help but realize that you've got a selfish and a personal motive of your own for doing what you've just done. You're bound to know that if the truth about us were to get out the people on this boat probably wouldn't value your company any higher than they'd value mine—maybe not so highly as they might value mine."

Keller sat up in bed.

"I don't get you," he said. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"You're a private detective, aren't you?"

"Well, what of it?" demanded Keller. "What's wrong with my being a private detective?"

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," said Bronston, suddenly grown drowsy. He settled his head down in the pillow and rolled over on his side, turning his back to his roommate. "Let's go to sleep."

Instantly he seemed to be off; he began drawing long, heavy breaths. With a snort Keller settled down, uttering grumbled protests in an injured and puzzled tone. Presently he slept, too, with the choky snores of a very weary man.

So far as we know they both slept the sleep of travel-worn men until morning. It was seven o'clock and the sunlight was flooding in at the porthole when their bathroom steward knocked upon the outer panels of their door, at first softly, then more briskly. When they had roused and answered him, he told them that their baths were ready and waiting for them; also that the weather was fine and the sea smooth. It was Bronston who went first to the bathroom. He had come back and was dressing himself when Keller, after clearing his throat several times, reopened a subject which seemingly had laid uppermost in his dormant mind while he slept.

"Say, Bronston," he began in an aggrieved voice, "what made you say what you said just after we turned in last night—about private detectives, you know?"

"Oh, let it drop," answered Bronston, as though the topic were of no consequence.

"No," pressed Keller, "I won't let it drop. I'd like to know what you meant. I don't care much for that sort of talk."

Bronston had his shaving kit open and was soaping his cheeks in front of a small mirror at a stationary washstand in the corner of the room. He turned with the lather brush in his hand.

"If you insist then," he said, "I'll tell you what I meant. If the facts about our relationship should get out—if the truth should leak out in any way—I'm inclined to think that there might be some sympathy for me aboard this ship. People are apt to have a sympathy for any man who's in trouble through no real fault of his own, especially as there are apt to be people on this boat—Americans—who've heard some of the inside history of this trouble I'm in. They might believe me when I told them that I was an innocent party to the transaction, especially as there is no way, as things stand now, of my proving my innocence. But you're a private detective, and at the risk of wounding your feelings I'm going to repeat something which you probably realize already, and that is that people at large don't particularly fancy a person of your calling in life. No, nor the calling either. I presume you remember, don't you, what the biggest detective in America said not so very long ago in a signed article? He said most of the private detective agencies were recruited from ex-convicts—that a big percentage of the private detectives in the United States were jailbirds and evidence-fixers and blackmailers and hired thugs!"

"I don't care what Burns or anybody else said." Keller's voice betokened indignation. "I may not have had as much education as some other people, but I've made my own way in the world and I'm no crook, nor no old lag neither. There's nobody got anything on me. Besides, unless somebody tells 'em, how're they going to know what

line of business I'm in, any more than they'll know, just from looking at you, that you're on your way back to London to stand trial for a felony?"

"My friend," said Bronston gently, "everything about you spells private detective. You've got it written all over you in letters a foot high."

"What now, for instance, gives me away?" There was incredulity in the question, but also there was a tinge of doubtfulness too.

"Everything about you, or nearly everything, gives you away—your clothes, your shoes, your mustache. But particularly it's your shoes and your mustache. I wonder why all detectives wear those broad-toed, heavy-soled shoes?" he added, half to himself.

"What's wrong with my mustache?" asked Keller, craning to contemplate himself over Bronston's shoulder in the mirror. "Seems to me you used to wear a mustache yourself. The description that was sent to our people said you wore one, and your not wearing it made it all the harder for me to trail you when I was put on the case."

"Oh, I cut mine off months ago," said Bronston, "and besides it was always a modest, close-cropped affair. I never wore the ends of my mustache turned up like a cow's horns." He glanced at Keller quizzically. "Honestly, aside from any other considerations, I think you'd look better without one."

"Let's drop the mustache part," said Keller, who seemed nettled. "Tell me, what's wrong with my clothes?"

"To be frank," criticized Bronston, "you run just a bit to extremes. There's that cap you bought yesterday evening when we stopped at that store on our way across town. It struck me as being—well, a trifle loud."

"I don't see anything wrong with this cap, if you're asking me," said Keller. He drew it forth from his opened handbag and slipped it on his head. It slipped down until his ears stopped it; its owner whistled in astonishment. "Yes, by gee!" he exclaimed, "there is something wrong with it too—it's too large." He drew it off and examined the little tag pasted in the crown. "Why, it's a full half size too large." He turned to Bronston.

"You told the clerk what numbers we wanted. Remember, don't you, offering to attend to that while I was getting me a bathrobe, so as to save time? See if he made any mistake in yours?"

Bronston slid on the cap he had bought, a plain gray one; it stuck on the top of his head.

"Yes," he said, "the idiot must have got the sizes twisted. This one is a half size too small for me."

"And mine's a half size too large," said Keller. "I suppose we'll have to trade."

"There's nothing else to do," said Bronston, "although I can't say I fancy this plaid design much."

In accordance with the plan of Keller, as stated the night before, they went to breakfast together to find that they had been assigned places at a five-seated, circular table on the balcony of the dining saloon. Their tablemates were an elderly couple, who said little to each other and nothing at all to strangers, and a tall, reserved, exceedingly silent Englishman. The indefinable something that marked these two men as hailing from different circles and different environments was accentuated in their table manners. Keller ate correctly enough, but there was a suggestion of grossness about him, an awkwardness in his fashion of holding his fork while he cut his ham. But he watched Bronston closely, and before the end of the meal had begun to copy Bronston's method of handling a fork.

They had quit the dining room and sought out the location of their deck chairs when, for the first time, the detective seemed to become aware that Bronston's cheeks were rosy and smooth, whereas a roughened stubble covered his own jowls. "I think I'll go below and take a shave," he said, running the palm of his hand over his chops.

"Use my safety, if you feel like it," suggested Bronston casually. "There's a new blade in it."

Half an hour later, when Bronston invaded the stateroom to get a pocketful of cigars, Keller stood facing the mirror, putting on his collar and tie.

"I couldn't find my razor," he said, with his head turned away from Bronston; "I must've left it on that Chicago train. And yet I'd have sworn I put it into my valise. So I had to use yours. But you were wrong when you said it had a new blade in it. If that's a new blade I'll eat it. It mighty near pulled my upper lip off."

"Your upper lip?" echoed Bronston instantly.

"Sure," said Keller. There was a touch of embarrassment in his tone as he faced Bronston. "I took your advice about this mustache of mine—clipped it close with the scissors and then gave myself the twice-over with your safety." His upper lip showed bare; the skin had a bleached look and was raw from the scraping it had just undergone.

Half Suffocated, Keller Was Aware of a Wallet Being Removed From His Breast-Pocket

As Keller passed out of the room, caressing the place where his mustache had been, Bronston noted that Keller had made other changes in his person. Keller had exchanged the bright green tie which he wore at breakfast for a dull brown bow; and he had put on a lighter pair of shoes—patent-leather shoes, with thin soles and buttoned uppers. His broad-toed, heavy-soled pair showed under his bed where he had shoved them.

Conceding the weather to be fair, as in this instance it assuredly was, the majority of the passengers upon a big liner eastward bound give over their first day at sea to getting used to their new and strange surroundings, to getting lost in various odd corners of the ship and finding themselves again, to asking questions about baggage gone astray, to wondering why they are not seasick. As regards the two principal characters of this narrative, nothing of interest occurred during the first day except that Keller went below late in the afternoon to take a nap, and that shortly before dark, when he had waked, Bronston limped in with a look of pain upon his face, to report that while watching a lifeboat drill he had got a foot hurt.

"A clumsy ass of a coal passer dropped his oar and hit me right on the big toe with the butt of it," he explained. "I didn't give him away, because the second officer was right there and I judged he would have given the poor devil fits for being so careless. But it hurts like the very mischief."

He got his left shoe off and sat for a bit caressing the bruised member.

"The skin isn't broken evidently," he continued, in response to Keller's inquiries concerning the extent of the injury; "but there's some swelling and plenty of soreness." He started to put his shoe back on his stockinged foot, but halted with a groan.

"If you don't mind," he said to Keller, "I'm going to wear those heavy shoes of yours for a day or two. They're easier than mine and broader in the toe."

"Help yourself," agreed Keller. "Seeing as we've swapped caps we might as well swap shoes too. Anyhow, I kind of like this pair I've got on, even if they do pinch a little." He contemplated his shining extremities admiringly. Shortly afterward they went up to dinner. After dinner Bronston found reason for returning to the stateroom. Here he did a strange thing. He dropped a pair of perfectly good shoes out of the porthole.

Conceding further that on a big liner's second day out the weather continues fine, the Americans among the first-cabin passengers begin making acquaintances; and, under official guidance, go on trips of exploration and discovery to the engine room and the steerage and the steward's domain. Card games are organized and there is preliminary talk of a ship's concert. The British travelers, on the other hand, continue for the most part to hold themselves aloof. This also was quite true of the second day's passage of the Mesopotamia.

Keller—or Cole, to use the name which he now used—met some congenial fellow countrymen in the smoking room and played bridge with them for small stakes during most of the afternoon. Bronston, who apparently did not care for cards, saw his warder only at the lunch hour, preferring to spend the time in his steamer chair upon the deck, enjoying the air, which was balmy and neither too warm nor yet too cool, but just right. Presently as he sat there he fell into a conversation—which was at first desultory, although it shortly took on a more animated character—with a personable, rather fluffy young lady who occupied the steamer chair next his own. She dropped a book which she had been reading; he picked it up and returned it to her. That was how it started, at first with an interchange of polite commonplaces, then with a running bestowal of small confidences on the part of the young lady, who proved to be talkative.

By bits and snatches it developed that her name was Miss Lillian Cartwright and that her home was in Evanston, Illinois. There were several other Evanston people on the boat—she pointed out a group of them some distance down the deck—but she was not traveling with them. She was traveling with her uncle, Major Slocum. Perhaps her new acquaintance had heard of her uncle, Major Slocum? He was a prominent attorney in Chicago, quite a prominent attorney, and he was also on the staff of the present governor of Illinois, and in former years had taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Illinois National Guard.

"Possibly you may have seen his name in the papers," she said. "Uncle is always getting into the Chicago papers."

Bronston rather thought he had heard the name. Miss Cartwright talked on. This was her first trip at sea. She had expected that she would be seasick, but on the contrary she felt splendid; not a suggestion of seasickness so far. Really she felt almost disappointed—as though she had been cheated out of something. But seriously, wasn't the sea just perfectly lovely? She loved the sea. And she loved the Mesopotamia too; it was so big and so roomy and the officers were so polite; and even the seamen were accommodating about answering questions. She was always going to travel on the Mesopotamia after this. They—her uncle and she—were on their way to Scotland to visit her married sister who lived there. It wasn't certain yet whether they would leave the ship at Fishguard and run up to London for a day or two, or go straight on to Liverpool and from there take the train for Scotland and stop off in London on the way back. Her uncle rather favored going on to Liverpool. Here Bronston found a chance to slip in a word or two.

"I'm sure I've noticed your uncle—tall, isn't he, and distinguished and rather military looking? I should like very much to meet him. You might introduce him to me, and then perhaps he would be good enough to introduce us two properly to each other. I answer to the name of Brown." He stood up and lifted his cap. "I expect to be back in a little while."

The plan seemed to please Miss Cartwright. "That would be fun, wouldn't it?" she said, as Bronston moved off up the deck.

It is possible that she repeated to her uncle what Bronston—or Brown—had said. For when Bronston happened along again a few minutes later, Major Slocum was sitting with his niece, and upon being introduced, arose and clasped Mr. Bronston's hand with a warm cordiality. The Major was one of those native-born Demostheneses with a stiff spine and a fine mane of rather long, iron-gray hair. His manner of speech betrayed him instantly as one addicted to after-dinner oratory. Instinctively, as it were, one gathered that his favorite toast was The Ladies—God Bless 'Em.

As he confided to his niece afterward, the Major found this Mr. Brown to be an exceedingly well-mannered, well-informed person; and indeed the conversation did cover a wide range of subjects that afternoon.

It first took on a briskened tone when a lone porpoise came tumbling across the waves to race with the ship. From porpoises the talk turned to whales, and from whales to icebergs, and from icebergs to disasters at sea, and from that to discipline aboard ship, and from that to discipline in the army and in the national guard, which was where Major Slocum shone. Thence very naturally it drifted to a discussion of police discipline as it existed in certain of the larger American cities, notably New York and Chicago, and thence to police corruption and crime matters generally. Here Mr. Bronson, who had until now been third in the conversational output, displayed a considerable acquaintance with methods of crime detection. He knew about the Bertillon system and about finger-print identifications, and what was more he knew how to talk about them—and he did. There are two classes of people who are interested in shop talk of crime—those who know something of the subject and those who do not. Miss Cartwright and Major Slocum listened attentively to most of what the young man had to say, and both professed themselves as having been deeply entertained.

It followed, quite in the order of things, therefore, that the three of them should agree to meet in the lounge after dinner and take their coffee together. They did meet there, and the evening was made to pass both pleasantly and rapidly. The Major, who told quite a considerable number of his best stories, was surprised when eleven

o'clock arrived. Meanwhile, Keller played bridge in the smoking room. He didn't turn in until after midnight, finding Bronston already in bed.

At the latter's suggestion they breakfasted abed the following morning; and so the forenoon was well spent when they got upon deck. Fine weather continuing, the ship ran a steady course. The side-to-side motion was barely perceptible. Having finished the prescribed morning constitutional -twelve times round the ship—Miss Cartwright was sitting in her steamer-chair, feeling just a wee bit lonely and finding so smooth a crossing just a trifle monotonous, when Bronston came up, looking spick and span. She preened herself, greeting him with sprightly words, and when after a few minutes of small talk he offered to initiate her into the mysteries of horse billiards, up on the boat deck, she accepted the invitation instantly.

They went up and the young lady proved an apt and willing pupil. There on the boat deck Major Slocum presently found them. He didn't care to play, but he kept score for them. The Major put the sonorous emphasis of the true orator's delivery into everything he said; his calling off of the count invested it with the solemnity and vocal beauty of a well-delivered ritual.

Presently when the game was over and they sat, all three, side by side upon a bench in the lee of one of the huge ventilator funnels, the younger man spoke up and said he was afraid Miss Cartwright must be getting chilled without a wrap. She insisted that she was perfectly comfortable, but masterfully declaring that she needed better protection for her shoulders than a silken blouse and a light jacket he got up.

"I'll just run down and get my gray ulster," he said. "I think I left it in my chair."

Leaving uncle and niece together he hurried below. True enough, his gray ulster dangled across the arm of the steamer chair, but after picking it up he made a trip on down to D-deck and spent perhaps a minute in his stateroom with the door closed. No, probably it wasn't more than half a minute that he spent there. At any rate he was back upon the boat deck almost immediately, holding up the coat while Miss Cartwright slipped her arms into the sleeves. All women like to be waited on and most women like to wear masculine garments of one sort or another. He buttoned the collar about her throat and she smiled up at him her appreciation of his thoughtfulness.

"Aren't men's overcoats just adorable!" she babbled; "so big and warm and comfy and everything! And they have such lovely big pockets! The very next coat I get is going to be made like a man's, and have some of those nice big pockets in it." She shoved her hands deep into the side pockets in what she fondly conceived to be a mannish manner.

"Why, what's this?" she asked. "There's something heavy in ——"

She stopped short, for the owner of the ulster was looking at her meaningly and shaking his head as a signal for silence.

"What did you say, my dear?" inquired her uncle absently.

"Nothing," she answered, but her fingers continued to explore the depths of the pocket, and into her eyes came a half-puzzled, half-excited look. She opened her lips as though to speak, then closed them with an effort.

Bronston proposed another go at horse billiards—just a short game before luncheon. Again the Major volunteered to score for them. The game was still going on when Keller appeared. He stopped within easy hailing distance of the trio.

"About ready for luncheon?" he called out, addressing Bronston.

"Just a minute or so," answered Bronston, and went on showing his pupil how to make a certain shot.

Keller took a turn up and down the deck. He felt rather out of the picture somehow. His appetite was active too; trust the North Atlantic air for that. He took a turn or two more, growing hungrier with every step. Five minutes passed, and still the game showed no sign of breaking up. He swung about and approached them.

"Say," he said, seeking to put a subtle shade of meaning into his words, "I'd like to go to lunch—if you don't mind."

"Oh, very well," said Bronston; "we'll stop, then." Keller advanced until he was quite near them. As he did so he became aware that Miss Cartwright was staring hard at him. Bronston, all of a sudden, seemed to remember the small proprieties of the occasion.

"Miss Cartwright, Major Slocum," he said, "this is my—this is Mr.—" he hesitated the merest fraction of a second "Mr. Cole, who is traveling with me this trip."

Miss Cartwright nodded, the Major bowed, Keller pulled off his cap. They descended the steps in a straggling procession, Miss Cartwright and Bronston being in front, the Major next and Keller bringing up the rear. At the foot of the stairs Bronston addressed the young lady.

"I'll relieve you of my coat now," he said. "I'm afraid you did find it rather heavy." He looked straight into her eyes as he spoke and touched his lips with a forefinger. She nodded back to show she thoroughly understood the signal, and then he took the ulster across his arm and he and Keller moved on ahead.

"Look here, Bronston," grumbled Keller when they were out of earshot of the Major and his niece, "you acted kind of funny up yonder. It looked to me like you didn't care much about introducing me to your swell friends."

"To tell you the truth," apologized Bronston, "I forgot for the moment what your traveling name was—couldn't remember whether it was Cole, or something else. That's why I hung fire. It did make the situation a bit awkward, didn't it? I'm sorry."

"Oh, all right," said Keller; "that explains it. But I was a little sore just for a minute."

At the door leading into the first cross hall Bronston glanced back over his shoulder. Miss Cartwright and her uncle were not following them. They had halted upon an untenanted stretch of deck, and the young woman was saying something to her uncle and accenting with gestures what she said. Her hands moved with the briskness which generally accompanies an eager disclosure of important tidings. The Major, his stately head bent to hear her, was nevertheless looking at the vanishing figures of the two men.

(Continued on Page 43)

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

IX

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

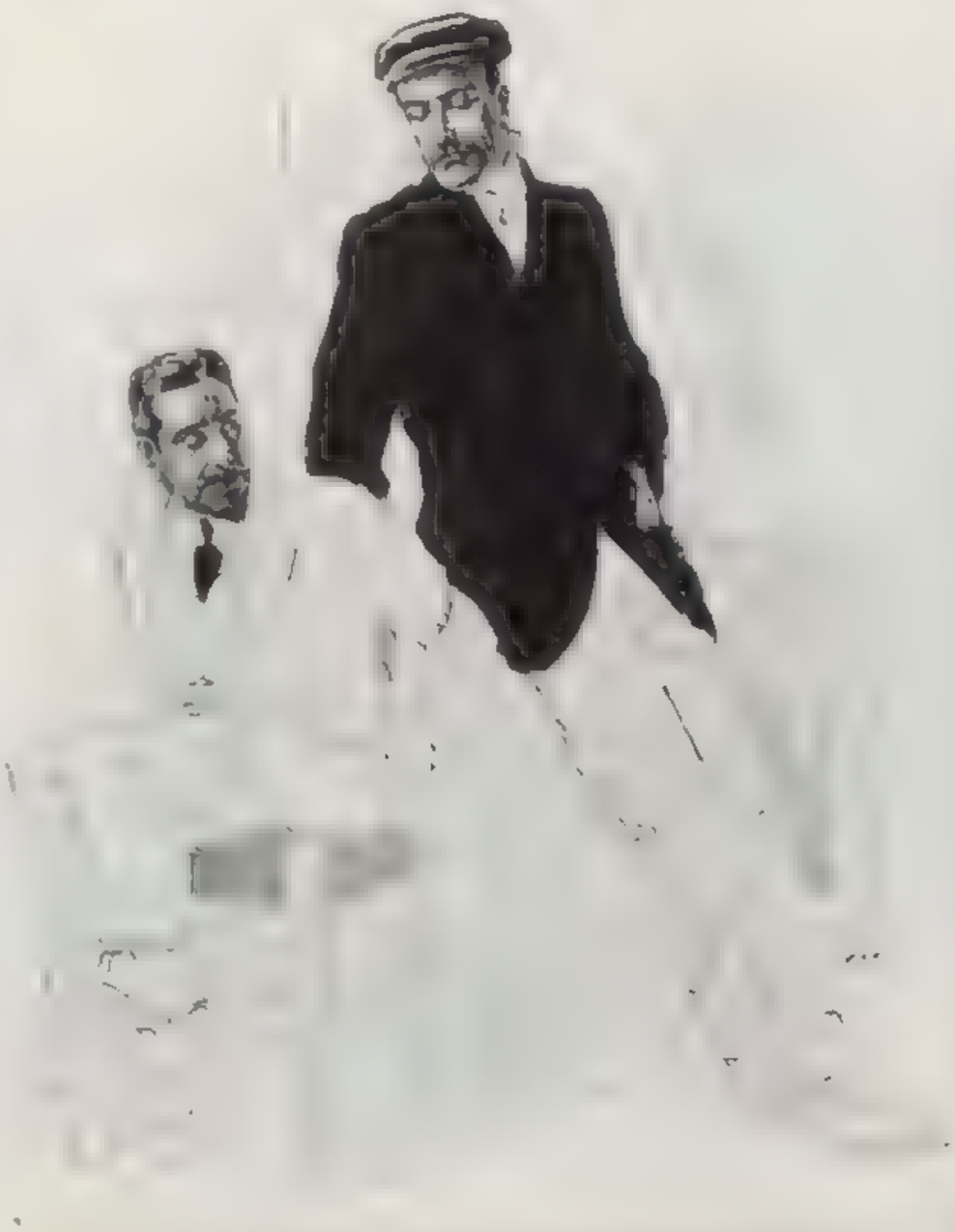
WHATEVER limitations the renegade Sarny may have possessed as to moral sense, his wits bore a keen edge, due to his perpetual conflict with the world for the type of living he considered his due. This affair of Beeston, the colossus, which he had started in a pique with the ease of a boy starting a snowball downhill, had carried him beyond his depth on several occasions. But always he had floundered on, clinging to the heels of the ill-fated Beeston with the pertinacity of a terrier, with the persistence of a pestilence. This morning his hatred for the colossus who had started the momentum of his ire by referring slightingly to his ancestry was again fanned to white heat. For Mingling, his latest employer, had incontinently kicked him out, bag and baggage.

Mingling was interested in nothing so much as the demolition of his rival Beeston. Mingling wanted Beeston's scalp. That was why, in his shrewd way, he had seized on Sarny as an agent best adapted to dog the steps of the old man. And just at the moment when it seemed that Mingling, through his newspaper, was about to consign Beeston to utter oblivion, Beeston had slipped through the fingers of the pack and was gone! Beeston had vanished into thin air.

It mattered not to Mingling that another sensation had risen to usurp the Major's place in the news. He did not conduct his paper for the purpose of selling news. His paper, though ostensibly a newspaper, was his weapon in carving out his personal ambition; and Beeston stood in the way of his personal ambition. This morning he had reached out his long arm and lifted the renegade Sarny out of a fat job—because, at the very moment of success, he had failed. Mingling paid for results, not excuses.

Sarny, again thrown on his own resources, sat down and thought it over. Sarny had an eye on the main chance. He might turn about and blackmail Mingling. Mingling, letting his rage get the better of his caution, had instructed Sarny personally as to his part in the campaign he purposed to wage against his rival.

It was not a pretty picture this great man in a rage had presented of himself. Sarny could write a neat little monograph on the gentle art of scalping an enemy according to Mingling. But the rascally medico was shrewd enough to see from the beginning that Mingling was not the type of man to be blackmailed. Mingling could not be libeled. Mingling had been exposed so many times that the public had got into the habit of simply holding its nostrils at the mere mention of his name or fame and going about its business. Mingling was a nuisance that could not be abated. He had in time come to be tolerated, that was all. Obviously, then, Sarny's future career was not in barking at the heels of the unscrupulous newspaper proprietor.



"Perhaps You Can Figure Out Some Plausible Explanation of Why You Decamped Through a Window, Leaving a Dead Man Behind You!"

There was Beeston, of course. There was always Beeston. And just now, as he pondered, the chances for himself in this direction appealed more strongly than ever to Sarny. In the first place, Beeston was in hiding again—which was distinctly unlike Beeston. Aside from this fact there had been incidents in the Beeston matter which suggested a mystery afoot—something going on back of the scenes which even the shrewd Sarny had been unable to account for.

As he thought over these incidents now in the cold light of reason, with the necessity of making no mistake as to his main chance, the impression came over the doctor that, far from being the main actor in the Beeston melodrama, beginning with the huge joke of the million dollars for an hour of leisure, he had on several occasions been some one's tool. Whose tool? That was the question that was bothering him now.

For instance, in the flush of excitement he had conceived it his own shrewdness that had enabled him to pick up Charlin in Paris when the secretary had been sent to the French metropolis to find a doctor for his employer. The task of tracing him to the Basque villa, where the colossus was in hiding, had been simple. But, Sarny recollected now, there were features about it that smacked more of design than of accident. There was some one else, then, who wanted Sarny close on the heels of Beeston, for reasons of his own. In Barcelona there had come to the little American doctor, in a purely casual fashion, an American traveler, who in the course of random remarks had dropped the hints that had started Sarny off on his quest.

And yet again in Portugal, after that wild flight across Spain, at the moment when the snarling little doctor seemed to have risked and lost all, there was the sailor, lately discharged from the Beeston yacht, whose drunken maunderings had enabled Sarny to corner the fugitive millionaire. In less than a week's time thereafter his ebbing fortune had been turned to flood by the acquisition of five thousand dollars which Mingling had hung up as the prize for the man who ran the fox Beeston to cover. Then had come an offer from Mingling, through his London agents, to cross the water. Mingling had recognized in this man Sarny talent that he could use in his business. During the week following his landing in New York Sarny had reveled in the ignominious plan of suffocation at Mingling's direction. He had worked assiduously, trailing not only Beeston himself but members of his family as well. Beeston vanished, Mingling had now turned out his cat's-paw.

Unquestionably Beeston was Sarny's opportunity! The problem was to find his quarry. The doctor had had one audience with Beeston long ago aboard the yacht, when he had foolishly thought he was padding himself a soft berth for life. He would have another! And in this second, he promised himself, he would allow the old man to feel the lash of his ire.

It looked like an impossible task; but it was not. Had it not been for the Hartmann sensation rising to claim their attention reporters would run the fleeing colossus to his lair with small delay. These dogs had been called off the trail. Sarny gave thanks to such deities as he affected. He would be alone and unobserved.

He found a scullery man in Beeston's hotel who for a consideration gave a hint of Beeston's escape. It had been accomplished in an automobile, which had gone north. There was a possibility that Beeston had had himself transferred from his luxurious apartments in the hotel to the family residence in upper Riverside Drive. The cat Sarny tested this supposition and laid it aside quickly. The city residence of the Beeston family was boarded up; the burglar alarm guarding every entrance was still working. Obviously no one was inside.

There was a second possibility. Beeston might have left the city by train. But Sarny dismissed this as too improbable for consideration. Beeston's well-known face would have been recognized at once had he risked a railroad station in the city, and his private car was still in the yards at Mott Haven.

The limousine of which the scullery man had told Sarny had started north. There was a Beeston estate at Bedford. What more likely than that the old man would seek refuge in that exquisite secluded spot? It was worth investigating.

It was eleven o'clock when Sarny got down from a local at the village of Bedford, tucked away among the hills, and proceeded on foot out of town. Beeston Lodge was not hard to find; the name stood out in glaring ornamental letters—after the manner of Beeston—on the tomblike entrance to the tunnel flanking the road. Sarny had been born to the proclivities of a sneak. This adventure was very much to his liking. He would gain entrance here, and if by any chance his proposed victim was not at hand, at least his sticky fingers would pick up enough to repay him for his trouble. He reconnoitered. The designer of this place, he discovered, had gone to a lot of pains to make it vermin-proof. By midnight he had walked, run or crawled miles in investigating the confines.

And at last by accident his search for a hole big enough to crawl through was rewarded. In the darkness he had stepped knee-deep into the still waters of a brook. To save himself from falling he threw out his hands, and they came in contact with a stone arch, a culvert. With beating heart he tried to pierce the darkness of the cavern. Mindless of the icy water he waded forward. His progress was blocked by an iron grill, and for a moment this passage seemed barred like the others he had encountered. He retreated, and by dint of diligent search he procured a stout limb from a windfall. With this as a lever he began prying at the obstruction. It gave. The little doctor bared his yellow teeth in a smile of triumph. He was inside the grounds. But he was shivering and his teeth were chattering from the cold that gripped his marrow. The dogs in the kennels set up barking and, terrified, he came to a stop in the shelter of a great oak on the edge of the clearing that was the park. Lack was with him! A score of howling canines threw themselves at the wire fence of the kennels, and a keeper appeared, striking among them with a whip and busily driving them back. The keeper was accustomed to these night alarms raised by the wild creatures of the forest.

After a time Sarny retreated and made a long detour. The dull night glow showed him the mansion on its eminence overlooking the park. Lights were glowing from several windows. He crept close. His anticipation of discovering something worth while was now getting the better of his icy bath. House-breaking was not exactly his métier, but if the opportunity offered on this night he was not averse to it. If by good luck he could come on old Beeston alone, Sarny counted on his talents, at this remote hour of night, to fix himself for life. There were imaginary scores to settle.

Beads of Perspiration Stood Out on the Doctor's Forehead; His Breath Came Hard

Under the cover of an evergreen hedge the doctor wormed his way to a low window. Inside was a single servant asleep, his head on a table. They were not keen for alarms here in this well-guarded stronghold, and the task before Sarny was simple. There were no lights on the main floor. Above, however, in the southeast corner of the house, the curtains glowed white with the light from within. The prowler was suddenly thrilled by the sight of a shadow on the curtain, dimly, indistinct, yet undeniably the portly form of the beast who had made him the butt of his ridicule.

The sight injected new vigor into Sarny's enterprise. The conservatory seemed to suggest the best means of entrance. But one step on the balcony surrounding the house of glass caused him to retreat cautiously. The frost-tight boards emitted a resounding snap under his weight. On the southeast side hung a broad two-story veranda. Sarny waited patiently for a still darker cloud to smother the dim moonlight. Then the agile little monkey put a hand to the stout post and began to climb. The unusual exertion made him blow, but he gained the upper balcony and crouched in the shadow.

Fortune was with him again here. A ventilating sash in the deep French window stood open an inch at the top. By standing on tiptoe he could see the interior of the room. It was Beeston's sitting room. The old man was alone and his back was toward the window. In front of him on the floor was a traveling bag, into which he was transferring a nondescript collection of objects that lay on the table beside him. What attracted the attention of Sarny particularly, however, was a packet of bills which the old man was counting slowly. They were new crisp yellow bills. Sarny's mouth watered as unconsciously he kept tab while the old man turned them back one by one. The Major tossed them back on the table; then suddenly the old man looked up. A door on the opposite side of the room opened and Hopkinson entered on tiptoe. In his arms he carried a collection of boxes and loosely wrapped packages. He made a comical grimace at the old man, and with the utmost stealth, like a thief, advanced to the table and softly deposited his burden, item by item. He surveyed them, rubbing his nose. He answered the old man's approving nod with a nod and tiptoed out of the room.

"Now," thought Sarny, "if I can get in there and lock that door before the puppy returns, things will be fine!"

His long thin arm slid in through the ventilator opening like a snake. Softly he felt for the window catch and softly he turned it. The window opened easily and he stepped in and drew it quickly shut behind him. The act was fatal. A cold draught of air hit the preoccupied old man in the back. He turned and saw Sarny standing there. He sprang to his feet; and with a grunt and a groan he toppled over backward into his chair.

He stared at Sarny with glazed eyes. Sarny had seen eyes glazed like that before. He shivered in the tepid air of the room. He half opened the window to flee—for the second he was terror-stricken. Instead, however, he sprang to the door through which the valet had disappeared but a moment before and turned the key in the lock. This done, he surveyed the old man in the chair. His rigid attitude had not relaxed a particle; he was still staring through glazed eyes at the French window through which the apparition of Sarny had appeared to him.

Sarny with light foot went to his side. Instinctively he lifted the limp arm and felt for the pulse. He brushed a hand over the fixed face.

"Dead as a doornail!" Sarny whispered hoarsely to himself.

The first impulse that came to the doctor was for his own safety. To be found here with a dead man who had been seen alive by his body servant but a moment before was a predicament the depths of which his startled senses at that instant did not care to fathom. The very evident fact that it had required only this shock to extinguish like the flame of a candle the spark of life that up to that moment had been burning bright and clear did not alter the situation. Sarny had not come as a murderer; he had come as a blackmailer for vengeance for fancied wrongs. While he was trying to rearrange his thoughts he watched the door. The knob came to have a fascination for him. It turned softly. Hopkinson was outside, probably with another armful of nondescripts. On the table lay a crystal, a few odd gold ornaments, a jewel case or two, a second package of bills—such articles as Sarny, had he been rifling this mansion at his leisure, might have picked for handy carriage. Plainly the Major was on the eve of another flight.

Beads of perspiration stood out on the doctor's forehead; his breath came hard. The soft knock on the panel from without brought him up with a start. He snatched up the packages of bills from the table. The knocking at the door was becoming more insistent as he squeezed out through the French window. Sarny was not out of the woods yet. He took time to cover his tracks; he drew the window close after him, thrust his thin arm in and made it fast. He slid down the veranda pillar and scooted for cover to the naked shrubbery.

He stumbled and floundered over the rough going in the woods. The dogs in the kennel set up another fierce alarm as he dashed past, but he did not stop until he came to the culvert of the brook. He plunged in, and in another moment was outside, safe for the time being at least. He sat down against a tree to regain his breath, which was coming spasmodically. When he looked up he rubbed his eyes and stared. So great had been his exertion that queer shapes were dancing in front of him. But one of the shapes was standing still—very still, indeed, and leaning on a club.

It was a tall lithe figure, silhouetted against the dull sky and as immovable as one of the trees. Sarny's hand sought his hip, but a hand quicker than his own arrested it before the movement was fairly started. Wiry fingers wrenched his wrist; he felt himself seized and dragged to his feet, helpless in a strong grasp. Fingers slid through his clothing, picked out the tiny automatic pistol and tossed it with a plop into the icy water of the brook. Fingers snatched a packet from inside his vest. An electric torch flashed for a second in his eyes and left him blinking against a wall of sudden darkness.

"Have you seen a ghost?" asked a far-away voice.

"Ah, Lord, yes!" gasped Sarny, and his knees gave way under him. He hung limp like an empty bag.

The fingers were exploring the pockets again; this time they came away with some letters and papers. The little blackmailer's captor winked his torch at them and laughed.

"Philip Sarny, M. D.," he read aloud. He flashed his torch into the blinking eyes again. "Well, you are a find!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Gad, you are positively green, man! What have you seen?"

The realization that he had been caught red-handed in the act of robbery was sufficient of a catastrophe; but the further certainty that now his thievery would be traced in another few minutes to a room in which sat a dead man completely unnerved the sneak. He was seized with an uncontrollable fit of tremors.

"It was really a ghost then, eh?" said his captor, shaking him. "I didn't know doctors indulged in such things. Why, man, your teeth are rattling like loose spokes in a wagon wheel! Come, I want to see your nightmare for myself."

He took a firmer grip on Sarny's collar. The doctor weighed only a little over a hundred pounds, so he was an easy weight for his strong captor to handle. Sarny found himself being dragged over rough ground and dropped unceremoniously on the frozen turf while his man fumbled at something in the hedge, which presently gave way and proved to be a hidden gate. He picked Sarny up again and literally tossed him through the opening, following him in. Everything went black before the little doctor. The remnant of nerve was now gone. His terrorized senses grasped only one thing—he was in the hands of a lithe forest guard, being dragged back as a thief to the house on the hill, which by now must be alight from cellar to roof, buzzing

with the shock of death. Sarny threw out his arms; with hysterical strength he seized the knees of his captor.

"I didn't do it!" he cried. "I swear—I swear! It was his heart—his heart, I tell you."

But his captor did not pay more heed than to snatch him roughly to his feet again and start off through the woods. Some fifty yards farther on they came to a log cabin, one of half a dozen scattered about the forest of the great estate. The door was on the latch and in another moment Sarny found himself in a chair, cringing before the shadowy form that stood above him in the darkness.

"The Lord have pity!" he moaned, covering his face with his hands. "I didn't do it—listen! When he saw me he—he just went down—in a heap—grunted! Why should I want to kill him ——"

The agonized Sarny, almost inarticulate, was gesticulating wildly with his hands now. His captor tied Sarny in the chair with a stout rope—first his arms and wrists to the back, then his legs to the rungs.

"I don't imagine you are going to call for help," said the man grimly. "However, if you are so minded you are at liberty to do so. I won't gag you. I'll be back presently, Doctor Sarny. I am going to investigate your ghost."

Sarny watched him out and with sinking heart heard the spring lock snap as the door was drawn shut. For a quarter of an hour the miserable doctor, starting at each sound, strained at his bonds, suffering the agonies of the condemned. The tall man reappeared as suddenly as he had left him. He stopped beside a table and gazed down on his wretched prisoner. Sarny began to whimper

"I swear—I swear I am innocent!" he cried wildly

"Naturally," said his guard dully. "That's why you went and came by the porch pillar," he added. "That's why," he continued, producing the packets of bank bills he had taken from the little doctor, "you brought these away with you. They won't go far," he said dryly, "in defraying your legal expenses in this business, Sarny. A bank note isn't legal tender until the president of the bank of issue has signed it. These are blank," and he stepped up to Sarny and thrust the packet into an inside pocket, while the little doctor stared at him in astonishment.

It was true, as the guard had said. Beeston was the president of a small bank, which he maintained merely for the purpose of providing himself with gold certificates, which he could turn into legal tender by a scrape of the pen. They were handier than checks and safer into the bargain for a man who was accustomed to carry large sums, for they were not worth the paper they were printed on until they bore the queer whirligig signature of the old man.

"You are to stay here until daylight," said the tall man. "Perhaps in that time you can figure out some plausible explanation of why you decamped through a window, leaving a dead man behind you—you, a doctor!"

He studied his man closely as he awaited the answer.

"I had something to say to Major Beeston of a private nature," began the anguished Sarny.

"So you climbed the porch pillar, did your work and made off with what you could lay hands on! That's plausible! Try again."

The caustic tones spurred the little doctor to a semblance of courage.

"I had something to tell him!" repeated he more insistently. "I knew he wouldn't let me in the front door. He hated me for that affair of the million dollars. I hated him too—but I was willing to do him a service."

"For pay, I suppose?"

"I expected some recompense—yes." Sarny hesitated.

"For what—strangling him?"

"No, it was—it was his daughter," began the doctor. Something about the questioner suggested that this was not a time for hedging. "His daughter Helen, she's running wild—I thought the Major ought to know it."

The tall man moved slightly.

"So you are dogging the footsteps of the whole family in your blackmailing schemes, eh?" he sneered at the little doctor.

"I tell you I was trying to do the old gentleman a service," protested Sarny again. "She spends half her time masquerading as a poor girl. I thought the Major ought to know it. She needs discipline. She's gallivanting round with a young bank clerk—Grimsy, the same one that is mixed up in this Hartmann affair. I saw them at dinner together in a cheap Italian restaurant only to-night. And the girl was crying!" Sarny's voice had sunk. "I tell you there's something in it. It's bad for a millionaire's daughter, now isn't it?"

For several seconds the tick of a watch was the only sound in the dark room.

"I suppose," said the tall man finally, "that you were about to sell the scandal of his daughter to the Major provided he offered you a better price than your friend Mingling, eh?"

At this moment the sharp clang of a bell from somewhere off in the park broke on the stillness of the night.

"What's that?" cried the affrighted Sarny.

The other did not reply. He rose, and without another look at his prisoner he went out. The snapping of the lock left Sarny again a prey to fresh terrors. The bell was clanging again insistently. It came from the direction of the tunnel leading to the main road on the village side. The tall man, bending low to escape observation, made his way cautiously toward the house. Lights were showing in the servants' quarters now. The bell had roused them from their beds. The watcher, his nerves tingling with the thrill of an adventure that was developing more than it had promised, found shelter in the evergreen shrubbery near the house. For a third time the bell clanged. At the same instant a shadow moved across the window curtain of the lighted room—the room where a man lay dead. Suddenly the lights of that room were extinguished. The man hiding in the hedge shifted his position to command a view of the porch. He was rewarded. The French window opened slowly and a head was thrust out. Then a figure sprang out, ran along the balcony for a few steps and, swinging itself over the rail, began to descend. About its neck hung a bag.

As the man landed within five feet of the watcher the sound of running footsteps announced a tardy man servant nearing the gate. The man in the shrubbery reached out and touched the fugitive on the shoulder, with the same motion taking the bag he carried.

"Take to the woods!" he whispered harshly. "They'll be here in another minute."

The fleeing figure, thus halted, turned a terror-stricken face. The features of Hopkinson were visible through the mask of fear.

"Quick! I'll take care of this!" commanded the tall man; and the fugitive, with one look behind, slipped across the park and was lost in the shadow of the trees.

Meantime the servant had unbarred the inner gate and disappeared in the darkness of the tunnel. There was a sound of creaking hinges; then came the noise of a motor. In another moment a car rolled up the drive and came to a stop at the door. Two men sprang out. One of them was Charlin, the secretary. The other, a little man with a huge head and broad shoulders, was David Hartmann.

■

"THE master has retired, sir!" exclaimed the butler, buttoning his hastily donned coat.

Charlin did not hear the man's wild protest. He brushed the servant out of his path and sprang up the stairs. The little man with the grotesque legs stumbled along after him. At the door of the Major's room Charlin paused for a second, attracted by the sight of a gash in the wood beside the lock. He shoved the door open without ceremony and sprang in. The room was in darkness. He struck a match, found the electric button and turned on the light. Hartmann stood at his side.

In a chair sat a man staring at the window through which Sarny had entered. Charlin was at the man's side in an instant. He shook the figure gently, and his hands came away with a jerk. He fell back with a startled exclamation. Hartmann, with brows knitted and set face, had drawn to his side. Together they looked on in silence.

Charlin was the first to recover himself. He had not schooled his nerves over a course of twenty years in Major Beeston's employ for nothing. His first thought now was of the household. He stepped to the entrance and examined the lock. It was still intact; and he adjusted it and shut the door. They would be alone with their gruesome find.

"Where is the other?" asked Hartmann hoarsely. "Ring for him, man; he must be somewhere about."

"No need to ring," said Charlin, and he pointed to the table. A few articles from the pile Sarny had found the old man stuffing into his bag still remained. There were two small jewel cases pried open; there was a broken paper band stamped "four thousand dollars," of the type used in banks to hold packets of notes together; and other articles which the quick eyes of the secretary recognized as ornaments of price from the rooms below.

For the moment Charlin seemed to have totally forgotten the presence of the figure in the chair. But Hartmann was still staring at it fearfully.

"You and your cursed gang of thieves!" cried Charlin. "I suppose they have scuttled the house, as they tried to scuttle the Trigg house, and left this!" He pointed to the motionless form.

Hartmann sank into a chair completely undone.

"A fine mess you have made of this!" went on Charlin, making no effort to control himself. "You admit you took the Major's money to put a dummy in his place—to stand the music of the home-coming—and then you so far forget your trust as to get yourself jailed for a thief and leave a thing like this for the world to stare at! If such a scheme had to be put through—if, as you say, the Major was eager to enter into your plan—then why in heaven's name couldn't you serve him as he paid you to serve him instead of mixing in another plot which put you behind the bars?"

Charlin's recriminations seemed to fall on deaf ears. This unforeseen catastrophe had crushed Hartmann for the moment.

"Lord, man, what have you brought us to?" went on the secretary, beside himself. "You have presented us with a dead man to get rid of! Your dummy valet has cut and run with everything he could lay hands on, like the thief he was! And the Major!" cried Charlin wildly, "where is he? Where is he, I say? You, who promised to take care of him, to give him a chance to steep himself with rest on the outside, while your miserable farce was being played, what have you done with the

(Continued on Page 41)

"What Cursed Fate Ever Brought the Major Into Your Hands?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1914

Strange Alliances

AMONG great nations on the continent of Europe, the two that ought to stand closest together are France and Germany. Together they lead the van of civilization. As the arts and sciences advance you find a German name matching a French name. And the two big nations that are politically nearest akin are Cossack Russia and Bourbon Austria.

An alliance between France and Germany, on one hand, and Austria and Russia, on the other, would be as understandable as one between two physicians and another between two prize fighters. In that case sympathy in the United States would turn to France and Germany as inevitably as the needle turns to the pole; but before an alliance between France and Russia or between Germany and Austria intelligent sympathy stands confounded. To be sure, nearly one-quarter of the inhabitants of the dual empire are Germans and they talk of the racial tie; but only a little over a generation ago German Prussia and one-third-German Austria were at war.

Within the memory of millions of men now living Austria was the oppressor of Italy, and Italy's only hope of national existence lay in Austrian defeat. That defeat was the signal for the wildest rejoicings in Italy; but Italy is now aligned with Austria against France, whose troops helped her overthrow the Austrian tyranny. All of which shows how completely detached from real human interests this whole statecraft stuff of diplomacy and war is.

The Right Way

THE House passed a bill to regulate trading in future cotton contracts; so did the Senate. The bills were much alike, except that the House proposed to enforce compliance with its requirements by levying a stiff tax on all trades that were at variance with them; while the Senate proposed to enforce its requirements by excluding from the mails all matter growing out of or relating to nonconforming trades.

There was a conference, and the House plan was adopted, as it should have been. Congress has power to tax transactions on grain, cotton and stock exchanges. Using that power for the purpose of enforcing any reasonable regulation is defensible; but using its control of the mails for any like purpose is highly objectionable.

Except for fraud committed by use of the mails, the postal service should be open to one and all.

The Profit and Loss of War

DECLARATION of war set wheat boiling on the Board of Trade; but there is no real profit to this country in a European war. Suppose you were conducting a crossroads store that depended on the trade of twenty patrons, and half a dozen of the richest patrons went on a big spree—throwing money right and left, selling off their livestock and mortgaging their farms.

Trade might be brisk at your store while the debauch lasted; but you would have grave misgivings as to its condition after the spree was over, when the rich patrons settled down to a long period of retrenchment for the purpose of retrieving their losses. Ultimately we should lose trade to Europe through a big war just about in proportion as Europe's purchasing power was weakened by the enormous war losses.

For some time interest rates in this country have been low; but the development of a big war on the Continent would cause a demand for money that would be immediately reflected here. Every borrower in the United States would feel the difference. Purveyors of army supplies and underwriters of government bonds profit by war. Everybody else loses.

When a great building burns a salvage company may make a fine profit in handling the wreckage; but the community is poorer.

Investigation That Helps

IT IS a great pleasure—though only by way of contrast—to mention constructive and helpful activity by the Government in relation to business. It is big business too—namely, the lumber industry, with an annual outturn exceeding a billion dollars.

There is much waste in this business. Timber is often cut and marketed in ways that involve an important social loss. The lumberman has borrowed capital for his undertaking. He must pay the interest and part of the principal every six months. He has other overhead charges to meet.

Often, then, he must cut and sell the lumber, whatever the market conditions may be at the time. Unrestrained competition results in destruction of timber resources with no immediate gain to the consumer that compensates for the wasteful cutting, and with certainty of higher prices in the future. To put it in a word, unrestrained competition brings waste that will ultimately fall on the consumer of timber.

The Department of Justice might go hunting lumber trusts—and is, in fact, so engaged, if we remember correctly—but the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce are coöperating to study the whole situation; not with a view to denouncing or prosecuting anybody, but with a view to discovering where the admitted wastes in the business arise and how they may be prevented.

Every man who lays a sidewalk or builds a woodshed has an interest in the successful outcome of this study. The more Government investigations of this sort the better.

Mr. Burton, of Ohio

THE upper house of Congress can ill afford the loss of Burton, of Ohio. A conservative in politics, he has weight, knowledge and intellectual integrity. A speech by him is always worth reading, because it is sure to be characterized by solid information and temperate reason.

It was another senator who, in opposing Jones as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, mentioned his association with Perkins and McCormick, and added movingly:

"I would as soon think of men of that school of thought doing anything in the interests of the toiling masses as I would expect protection for the lamb at the hands of the wolf."

From which one would naturally infer that the senator supposed the new banking system was an eleemosynary institution for the succor of the toiling masses—possibly a sort of glorified soup-kitchen; and he was afraid Jones might poison the soup.

We wonder how sick the country is of that kind of rhetoric! In the Senate it is still ladled out as though the demand were unlimited. Probably we disagree with Senator Burton politically rather oftener than we agree with him; yet we could name quite a senatorial collection of professed champions of the toiling masses that we would cheerfully swap for him.

Putting Tacks in the Chair

THE Department of Commerce is properly ambitious to promote foreign trade. Probably the appointment of more commercial attachés would be helpful. Probably, also, an equal amount of good may be accomplished at less expense by a large injection of courtesy and tact into our customs service. There is just enough insolence and nagging in that service to keep foreign exporters in a state of irritation; and foreign exporters and foreign importers belong to the same club. We claim and exercise a right of rummaging at will through the foreigners' books and letters.

Recently, for example, we demanded that a French bank exhibit its transactions with a certain patron during a period of eleven years, so that we might satisfy ourselves as to whether this patron, in exporting goods to the United States, had been evading customs duties. That is only one example out of many.

We may say that we do not care a rap whether any given Frenchman or German exports goods to the United States or not; but if he does export them he must meet every arbitrary condition we choose to impose. You may say you do not care a rap whether Jones comes to your house or not, and if he does come he shall sit in a chair with tacks in it. Of course you are within your rights; but the relations between yourself and Jones will not be cordial.

The Unemployed

SOME hundreds of thousands of men who were at work a year ago are out of employment now through no fault on their part. When the business pace mends again their labor will be needed. Meantime they subsist as they can—eating up their savings if they have any, or, if they have none, going into debt, which means mortgaging the wages they will receive when work begins.

To our thinking this is one of the biggest labor problems. Labor is bought as a commodity; but it is a perishable commodity. In a slack time the manufacturer will work up whatever other perishable commodities he has on hand in order to preserve them—or force them to sale, even at a sacrifice, in order to minimize his loss; but when the mill shuts down there is no salvage for the lost labor.

If a plant is to run only eleven months of the year, being closed one month for repairs or any other reason, profits for the eleven months must compensate for the idle month. Almost every year shows some unemployment. Every decade will show at least one long period of considerable unemployment.

This factor should always enter into wages, the basis of which should be not only reasonable cost of living during employment but compensation during unemployment.

For Militarists

REFERRING to that strike of British army officers last winter—when they feared they might be ordered to take coercive measures against Ulster and threatened to resign in a body unless the Government gave them assurances to the contrary—Lord Roberts, former head of the army, said in Parliament the other day:

> No good purpose would be served by ignoring the underlying facts. When these officers made the choice they did they showed to the whole world that a considerable part of the army would not undertake active operations against Ulster. That was the true significance of the Curragh episode. It is useless to invoke the authority of the Constitution, to raise fine points of law, or to threaten pains and penalties. Such things matter not one jot when men's consciences are roused, and I tell your lordships again now, as I told you in February, that if this demand be renewed the army will be brought to destruction.

This is quite as though General Wood—having retired, but still speaking with authority for the officers of the army—should serve notice that if the President ordered troops into a Colorado strike region the order would not be obeyed.

Nowhere did the political sagacity of the Fathers shine brighter than in their conviction that democracy and a big standing army would not work well together.

Dissatisfied Labor

WITNESSES before the Industrial Relations Commission go again and again over the same ground. Those representing labor say employers are unfair. Those representing employers say labor unions are unfair. Labor accuses the courts of subservience to capital. Capital implies that the courts are subservient to labor. All through the testimony the same inveterate hostility on both sides bristles out.

Wealth in the United States increases much faster than population. From 1870 to 1890 it more than doubled. From 1890 to 1910, no doubt, it more than doubled again. On the last date it was certainly fourfold what it had been on the first. Gross outturn of manufactories much more than doubled from 1870 to 1890 and more than doubled from 1890 to 1910. On the last date it was nearly fivefold what it had been on the first; but the average wage for each employee, as deducible from census reports, increased from 1870 to 1910 only forty cents a day.

There is the capital-and-labor difficulty in a nutshell. By ability and luck the employer may in a given case make an exceptional profit; but some fourteen million wage-earners in manufacturing and mechanical industries, transportation and mining find their incomes, practically speaking, rigidly limited.

You may say that, excluding all claims of capital, the product of mines and factories is not sufficient to give a thousand dollars a year to each wage-earner employed; but labor still points to its own humble fare and the lavish expenditures of employers. There is abounding national wealth. Divide it by a hundred million inhabitants and the share of each is only fifteen hundred dollars; but labor says: "Nobody else does divide by a hundred million. Why should we?"

The argument is faulty, but appealing. You may demonstrate arithmetically that so much a day, multiplied by fourteen millions, is all the industrial system yields; but desirous human nature will rub out the figures.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Who Hates Being a Congressman

MODES of expression vary quite as frequently as do expressions of modes. Some men do things one way and some do things another way.

Take talk: Senator Vardaman, for example, talks with his hair, and Senator Lewis talks with his whiskers and his spats conjointly. Senator Thomas talks with his wig in the wintertime and without it in the heated spell; and Senator Stone talks with his front teeth. Senator Bristow talks with his arms, legs, eyebrows and the index finger of the right hand; and Senator McCumber talks with his articulator.

It is so in other ways. You never can tell what angle a statesman will take in order to keep himself before the public. There are plenty of public men who answer every letter that comes to them, even to patent-medicine circulars; and Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, never answers any letter whatsoever. Some men avoid strife and others seek it. Some men put perfumery on their hands.

They differ—except about one thing: they all want publicity. Ordinarily they search for that desirable commodity with conventional methods. The professional statesman, politician and patriot usually is also a professional genial. He gladhands his constituents, tries to do things for them, endeavors to help his district to the pork, and exerts himself to prove his great and complete worth as a legislator, with the end in view of remaining on the pay roll.

He likes his job and says so. He loves his constituents and tells them of his love. He never fails to get them what he can. He holds his people and their desires as sacred, in order that his people may hold him and his desire, which is to keep his job, in equal regard. If the people cannot think up things for him to do he thinks up things to do for them, especially when election day approaches. He is their servant. He is their slave. He is eager to be of use.

Therefore, I invite your attention to a statesman who put the reverse English on this proposition—the only one of his kind in recent years. I refer to Representative John J. Whitacre, of Canton, Ohio. Here is a man who neither likes his job nor gives a hoot about what his people want—to hear him tell it. Here is a statesman who refuses utterly to comply with the regulations, to do the conventional thing, to play the great game of the people.

Here, also, is a statesman who has a long head on him, for is it not the truth that these various refusals have gained him more publicity than his compliance with the set standards would have done? It is the truth, brethren. It is all of that, and then some. The Honorable John J. Whitacre, choosing a new trend, has done exactly what he figured he would do. Instead of grand-standing in the old way he grand-standed in a new way. A smart man!

You know what pork is—legislative pork? In case you do not, let me explain that legislative pork is the stuff the boys get into the appropriation bills for home consumption—money for public buildings, for dredging waterless creeks, and all that sort of thing. It is the foundation of all statesmanship. It is the hope of all legislators. It is the source of political supremacy. It is loot.

Putting Over a Brand-New One

HENCE, when a politician attains Congress and becomes a statesman his sole concern is to get his share of the loot, in order that he may remain a statesman. In any event it is his accepted part to try to get loot, so that he may show the boys back home his heart is sincerely with them.

Not so with John J. Whitacre. When his constituents came to him and said:

"Whit, we need a few more public buildings out our way. There are quite a number of towns in the Grand Old Eighteenth, ranging in population from fifteen hundred up to twenty-five hundred, that have no Government structures. Get busy now and secure some of them for us. Dip in and grab us some of the pork."

Up rose John J. Whitacre; up he rose and, rising, said:

"Nix! Not on your aggregated lives! None of that stuff for me!"

Abashed, his constituents retreated. And thereupon the chambers of commerce in various places in the Eighteenth began to adopt resolutions condemning John J. Whitacre for his lack of public spirit and his utter disregard of the wants of the district, and censured him severely. Thereupon, also, the said John J. Whitacre secured more publicity, got his name in the papers more times, by about three hundred and forty per cent, than he would if he had introduced public buildings for every hamlet in the counties of Columbiana, Mahoning and Stark—population, by the 1910 census, 315,757, and containing a lot of towns, villages and hamlets. And John J. stuck to it.

Still, that did not last forever. John J. discovered after a time that his refusal to introduce public-building bills was old stuff. The papers dropped the subject and turned to the tango and *thés dansants*, and other live topics. Did that stop John J. Whitacre? Not at all. It did not cause him to hesitate.

Nomination time was approaching. John J. was expected to declare whether he desired a third term in Congress. He declared. He gave it as his opinion that being a member of the House of Representatives is no fit occupation for man or beast. No more of it for him, he said; and these are the words in which he announced this doctrine:

"No man who wants to be intellectually honest has any business in Congress. All I have done since I have been in Washington has been to sit round and try to look wise; and that is what any man has to do who is not willing to barter his convictions for political expediency. For instance, I got a letter to-day from a fraternal order asking me to vote for the immigration bill now pending.

"I am against the bill and I voted against it once; but if I wanted to play the game as it is played in Washington I should write a letter to the lodge telling my correspondent I would carefully consider the matter and keep on bluffing until it came to a show-down. After I had cast my vote against the bill I should hurry round and explain that certain matters arising at the last minute made my act necessary, and hand out a lot of stuff like that.

"I cannot stand for that kind of business," continued John J. emphatically, noting that all the reporters were present. "I thought there might be a chance for an honest, wide-awake, frank and open business man in Congress; but I was quickly disillusioned."

That is hot stuff! John J. not only landed on the front pages of the Ohio papers but he made quite a dent elsewhere. It worked very well. The papers had editorial articles about John J., and interviews with him in which he was requested to elaborate his views about the futility of political life in Washington.

Then, of course, being an honest, wide-awake, frank and open business man, he made preparations to get out of this bunko game of politics and to go back to his frank and open business and be frank and open. It was inconceivable that any man of the pronounced views of John J. Whitacre on politics, and the game of it, and the playing of the game, could linger for a minute in it. No more for John J. Whitacre! Honest and wide-awake and frank and open business for him! He loathed it all. It certainly is a disgusting occupation.

To that end we find John J. Whitacre putting politics behind him. He has quit. No more of it for him! On the other hand and on second thought, do we find John J. Whitacre out of politics? Let me see! Do not be hasty about this.

What, for example, is the name of that politician who contested the primaries with Jimmie Cox for the Democratic nomination for governor of Ohio? Whitacre, isn't it—or something like that? Oh, yes—John J. Whitacre, of Canton, at present a member of Congress, but never going back to Washington again. Out of politics, you know, in a national sense, but willing to find out whether there is any place for an honest, wide-awake, frank and open business man in state politics.

As I said, some men get their publicity one way and some get theirs another way. John J. Whitacre got his. No complaints—everybody satisfied.

The Old Rooster is at it Again

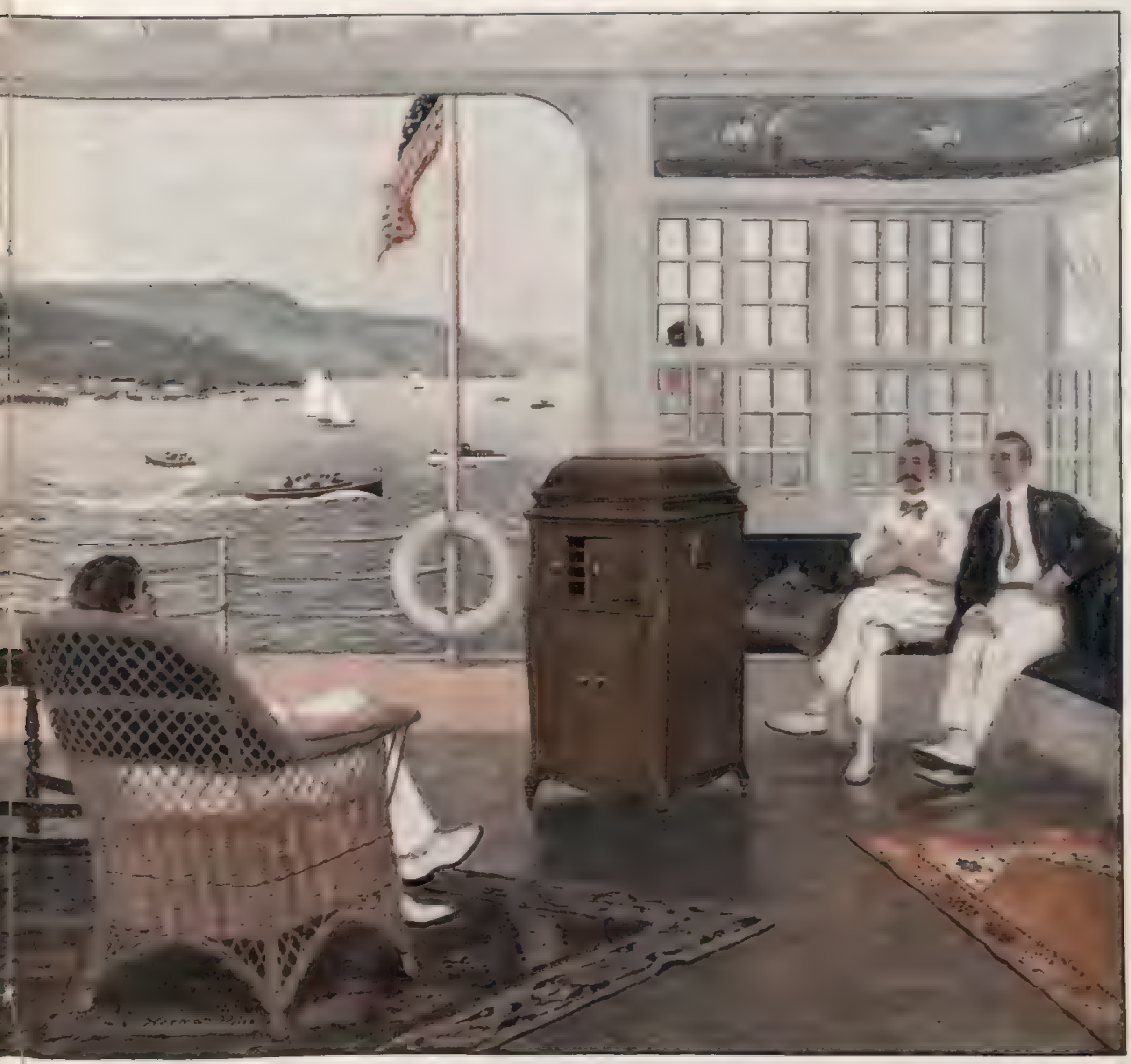
The Victrola is one of the "j

No matter where you spend your summer vacation you will find the Victrola a constant delight.

It is the life of the summer home, the club house, the hotel, the yacht, the camp—wherever people go in search of recreation.

It makes your summer outing so much more enjoyable to have a Victrola with you—to charm you with its versatile entertainmen whatever kind of music you are in t to furnish the best dance music th wish.

You can enjoy all this so easi Victors and Victrolas in great vari $10 to $200.



joys" of the summer vacation

nt, to play for you
the mood to hear,
hat anyone could

ily, for there are
iety of styles from

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100; 50 cents per 1000
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100, (can be repointed and used 8 times)

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

The Dealer Holds This Up
Because it Upholds Him
He Safely Recommends it because of This Trade Mark

Road Smoothers
Quickly applied to your Ford Car

¶ Even if the dealer did not know that on tens of thousands of Ford cars these Road Smoothers render the best and longest comfort, he would stake his reputation upon it just because it is a K-W. This mark of quality means reliability without a doubt, otherwise it would not be a K-W.

¶ Tell your dealer to put a set on your car today, then and only then, will you realize how K-W Road Smoothers smooth out the roughest roads.

¶ What you demand first is comfort. [illegible] the helical [illegible] side-motion links that prevent side [illegible] is from getting out of alignment.

¶ Next, you demand that this comfort be reliable and lasting. The reasons it is permanent are also K-W reasons—high grade heat-treated drop forgings electric smelted chrome vanadium steel springs [illegible] bronze bushings, and all thoroughly [illegible]

¶ [illegible] only [illegible] at one price.

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

If your dealer cannot supply you send direct on receipt of price. Write for booklet "Taking Out the Bumps."

THE K-W IGNITION Co.
[illegible] Chester Ave CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

SAFETY AT SEA

(Concluded from Page 13)

Carbonic-acid gas, however, is heavier than air and sinks at once; and, though fire extinguishers are scattered everywhere about the interior of steamships, it takes time and knowledge of the locality for a man to carry one to a lower cargo compartment where a fire may have started. Steam in large quantities is always at hand, and the pipe system—provided the man at central does not go to sleep, an inexpedient thing to do aboard ship—will put out any fire caused by any agency in any part of the vessel.

Another innovation already installed in some ships is forced ventilation—not through the familiar horn-shaped ventilators, but through a large house on the boat deck, with an open network front that makes it resemble a huge chicken coop. Powerful rotary fans suck in fresh, cool air and force it to every compartment in regulated quantities. Aside from its convenience to passengers it is an effective preventive to spontaneous combustion, though the blast might increase a fire already started.

Spontaneous combustion comes from the oxidizing of coal, cotton, jute and other substances in the presence of warmth. Huge pipes leading into the coal bunkers keep the coal from heating, while other pipes draw off the waste gases. Damp cotton and jute kept cool will not oxidize; they will simply rot.

Learning Lessons of Safety

It is strange that seamen, shipbuilders and naval constructors, able from their practical knowledge to design, construct and navigate so magnificent a piece of work as an ocean steamship, containing every adaptation of applied science, should be so deficient in imagination. Even sea-story writers excel them in this attribute. Shipbuilding, seamanship and navigation seem to be empirical sciences, which do not advance without an object lesson.

The Oklahoma, which was broken in two and sunk from a ground swell, showed the necessity of more longitudinal strength; and now the two-inch rivets on the top sides of the Aquitania and her sister mammoths are so close together that you can hardly flatten your hand between them.

The Bourgogne, rammed by a sailing ship, suggested the absolute necessity of compartments; but the Republic, the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland disasters were needed to teach us that they must be strong; and the Volturno, that they must be fireproof.

Ships must go on their way, even through fog and snow; but luck is no longer depended on to avoid contact with ice. And, though nothing has yet been devised to make it possible to see through the smudge, microphone sound detectors are being installed, ships slow down when in doubt, doodle-wit skippers are losing their tickets, and the Lane Routes have been shifted farther south in the iceberg season.

In the necessary collation of facts and data for this article the writer ran across a competent marine engineer named Jerome N. Wilson, who has imagination and some ideas, and who occasionally gives out these ideas for publication. Some of them are quoted below.

After the burning of the Volturno, referring to a former signed article concerning the part played by wireless in the saving of the Republic's people, Mr. Wilson wrote:

"Its success will probably lull the public into a doze of seeming security, out of which it will be wakened by some fearful disaster that may be made impossible if proper precautions are now taken. The Titanic wakened it.

"In the same article I set forth three propositions, namely:

"FIRST—The installation of a large number of powerful storage batteries, to be kept charged to full capacity from the ship's dynamos while things aboard are normal.

"SECOND—Testing of such batteries to be made a part of the inspection before beginning each trip.

"THIRD—The carrying of three operators, so that at no time shall the wireless receiver be away from a human ear."

These three suggestions have all been adopted in the construction of the lately launched big ships—the Vaterland, the Imperator, the Aquitania and the Britannic—the last not yet in commission; and the smaller craft are falling in line under the pressure of inspection and small passenger lists. Further on Mr. Wilson, regarding the lesson of the burning Volturno, offers six suggestions:

"FIRST—That no wood, cloth or draperies be permitted to enter into the construction of a passenger-carrying vessel which have not been fireproofed to a standard of resistance that shall be set by a government board.

"SECOND—That all 'thwartship—across the ship—bulkheads shall be built of double thickness, the space between the two layers of metal to contain asbestos sufficient to prevent combustive heat's being transferred from one hold to another.

"THIRD—That in each section of the ship formed by the bulkheads there shall be independently operated power engine pumps, convertible into hand pumps in emergencies.

"FOURTH—That the bulkheads referred to in paragraph two shall be carried at alternate intervals to a line above the sleeping quarters of the passengers.

"FIFTH—That aboard all passenger-carrying vessels there shall be stowed in available places in the superstructure sufficient quantities of reasonably noncombustible oil, to be used, with the proper apparatus, for calming the waters about the ship, so as to permit the living of rafts and lifeboats after launching.

"SIXTH—That the marine underwriters and life-insurance companies, through their agents or officials, shall inspect, independently of the various government inspectors, each ship prior to sailing, so far as their risks are concerned; and that they be given the right to abrogate contracts of insurance unless the proper safeguarding of passengers and property has been shown."

Most of these six suggestions have been adopted or are under consideration. That they will all become regulations before long is as sure as that people will want to travel and that public opinion is strong. Mr. Wilson has voiced the common sense of thousands of thinking men.

There is another theorist, not a thinker, whom this writer would like to meet before he goes to his last reward. This person wrote an article arguing that the interposition of a cork fender between the nose of the Storstad and the side of the Empress of Ireland would have taken up the momentum and prevented any damage to either craft.

The Seas Safer Than Cities

A cork fender contains little or no cork. It is a soft ball of junk—canvas and rope yarns—about two feet in diameter, covered by a netting of ratline stuff, hitched with what women call a buttonhole stitch. It is lowered by a lanyard or short length of rope over the side of a vessel when another is about to bump her. It is protective of paint and, if the craft in motion be a canal boat going not too fast, it might prevent straining of timbers; but when you imagine a sharp steel knife, backed by six or seven thousand tons' weight, coming with speed and momentum sufficient to cut halfway through a steel ship, you are apt to wonder what would happen to that cork fender and the man holding it! If not flattened out and cut in two the fender would surely be carried into the hole; and the man holding it would have to jump quickly.

Averaging all—big ships and little, old and new—passengers on board them are safer than in any large city. Life-insurance companies, basing their charges on the calculations of actuaries, demand a higher rate from a truck driver than from a marine engineer. The writer worked as a sailor for many years and only a few times felt that his life was in danger. Now he never crosses the street without risk of sudden death; while a ride in the germ-infested New York Subway holds more of menace than any gale that ever raged at sea.

Sailors fear only wet and cold and hard work; they catch cold and rheumatism. Wind and sea have been conquered. Fog and snow?—not yet. Ice can never be conquered, but it can be avoided; while the danger and death from collision is soon to be minimized. It can be confined to the very few people who happen to be in the way of the blind knife that cuts into a ship. Wireless telegraphy is now distinct and coherent for a radius of two thousand miles, and help for a stricken vessel is never more than twenty-four hours away.

Darkness alone is not and never has been a danger to navigation. Masthead and side lights are well understood, sending and taking their messages plainly to the minds of seamen. Derelicts, an age-long menace to noncompartment craft, are no longer feared by double-bottomed liners. They are ridden down, and sometimes broken up, with little damage to their assailants.

Waterspouts, a time-honored pet of the sea-story writers, are shattered into a harmless downpour of salt rain by contact with a steamer of ordinary size. Even a sailing ship, well built, well found and well handled, has nothing to fear from the wildest storm that ever raged; and it is axiomatic among seamen that no hurricane can blow away a new main spencer—a triangular storm sail bent to the mainmast of a sailing ship. It is old canvas that blows away—badly handled old ships that leak and go down. Forethought in repair and in maintenance would keep them all afloat until condemned.

How much safer is the double-hulled, compartmented liner, propelled by steam instead of wind? So safe is she, in fact, that every peril of the sea which can threaten her may be met by bulkheads.

And this is the answer to those who question safety at sea and fear to embark upon it: Bulkheads—water-tight bulkheads, fireproof bulkheads, smokeproof bulkheads, and foolproof bulkheads—the doors of which will close automatically in the presence of water and heat.

Blood Will Tell

ALL kinds of human ills are now being blamed on a queer habit of the blood called anaphylaxis. If lobster or eggs, clams or milk, oysters or strawberries, for instance, always make you sick when you eat even a small quantity, blame it on anaphylaxis.

Good old-fashioned hives is often anaphylaxis; but it is only one of its simplest forms. Evidence is brought forward by some investigators to show that hay fever is entitled to the same name. The rare cases when injection of some antitoxin or serum has been followed by a sudden dangerous collapse are all blamed on it. Though a cure for it has not yet been discovered, doctors are rapidly learning when to fear it and how to avoid it.

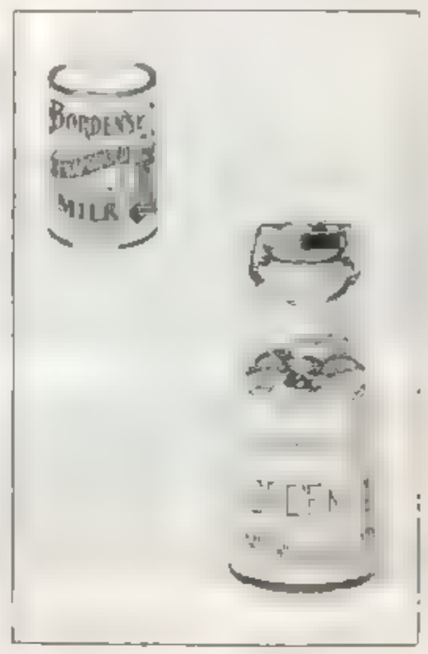
Anaphylaxis, in simple terms, is an extreme sensitiveness of the blood to some particular food or substance similar to food. It is just the opposite of immunity. The body may become immune to measles or yellow fever or smallpox. The opposite effect is an increasing sensitiveness. Oddest of all is the absolute accuracy with which the body detects the dangerous substance once it has become sensitive. The passage of years makes little difference.

Causing anaphylaxis by injecting food or similar matter directly into the blood is sometimes a serious matter. The blood will often become so sensitive that even a microscopic bit of the dangerous food will cause a flareback. From this fact, for instance, it is now possible to determine whether a particle of dried blood on a coat came from a human being or from a dumb animal.

A little blood from a person is injected into a guinea pig, and other guinea pigs are treated with blood from various animals; after two weeks a solution of the questioned blood is injected into each guinea pig. If it is human blood the guinea pig originally injected with human blood will become sufficiently sick to be noticeable, while all the others will be normal.

The use of serums to cure disease is rapidly increasing, but the doctors are now endeavoring to prevent anaphylaxis following the use of a serum. Many cases are now known where a man used an injection of serum years ago for some disease, and then subsequently had another serum injected, resulting in a sudden and dangerous illness. Investigation showed that both serums were from the same type of animal—both being horse serums, for instance. Therefore, if a person has once used horse serum any injection in the future should be given with precautions against anaphylaxis.

Professor Charles Richet, of Paris, has been the leader in the study of this effect, and during the past year has received numerous honors on account of his discoveries. He is engaged now, among other lines, in hunting out ways to avoid or prevent this kind of sickness.



How the name "Borden" guarantees the purity of milk

The Borden Company receives every year 1,250,000,000 pounds of milk supplied by 250,000 cows, delivered from 12,000 dairy farms.

This milk is inspected, cooled, pasteurized, condensed, evaporated and otherwise cared for in 150 different plants, located in 15 states and provinces.

Borden's fresh milk is delivered every morning over the two largest milk routes in the world—New York and Chicago. Yesterday's milking is on today's breakfast tables.

Borden's Condensed Milk and Evaporated Milk are sold in every town and by practically every grocer in North America.

Upon the right handling of milk the first few hours after milking depends its purity, just as on the right feeding and care of the cow depends the quality. The washing of the cow, the sterilizing of the hands of the milker, protection from the air, the quickness of the cooling, all these steps make Borden's

MILK

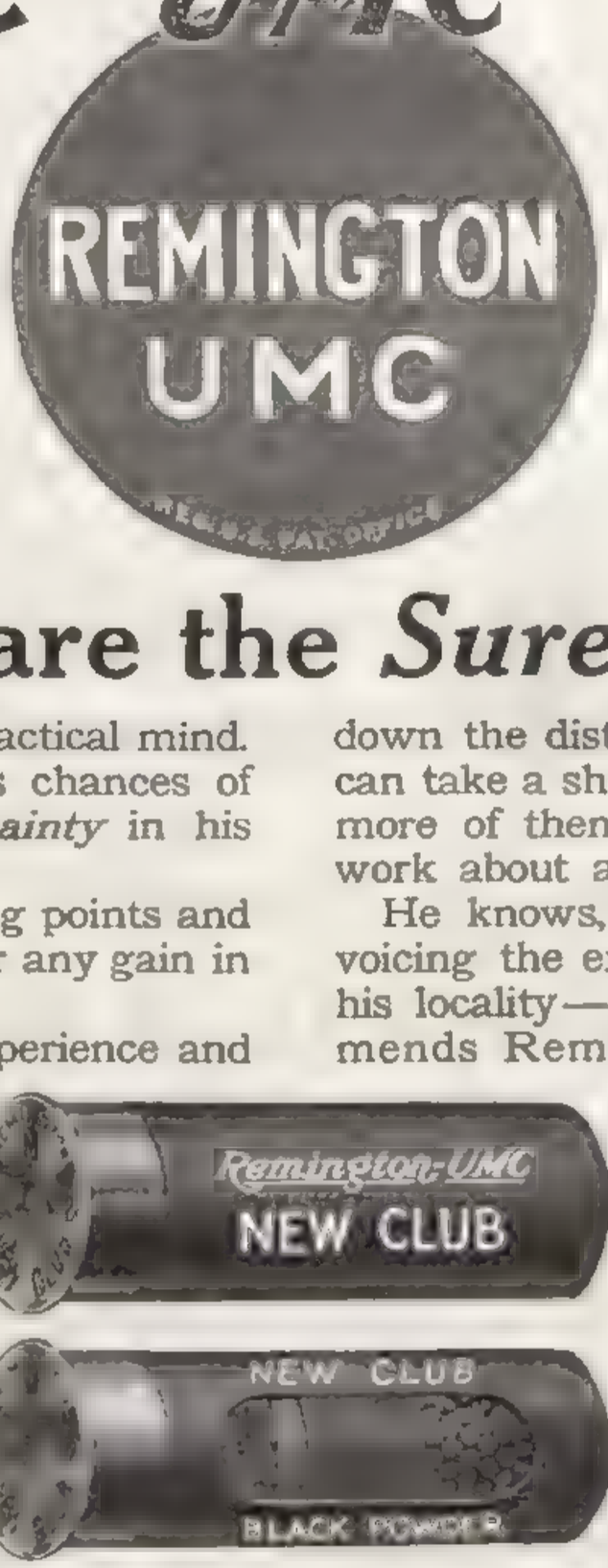
in all its forms – fresh, condensed, evaporated, malted, cultured — a symbol for purity and quality.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

NEW YORK

Remington UMC

The Steel-Lined Speed Shells



The Steel-Lined Speed Shells

These are the *Sure* Shells

YOUR sportsman has a practical mind. He is willing to take his chances of sport—but he likes *certainty* in his *shells.*

He is skeptical of mere talking points and chemical theories, but strong for any gain in actual shooting quality.

He has learned to respect experience and the great body of opinion in the shooting world. And he shows immediate interest when his sporting-goods dealer says, "Remington-UMC *Arrow* and *Nitro-Club* steel-lined speed-shells are the fastest shells in the world."

He knows what a *fast shell* means—that it cuts down the distance he has to lead—that he can take a shorter lead on fast birds and get more of them—that it reduces the guess work about angles.

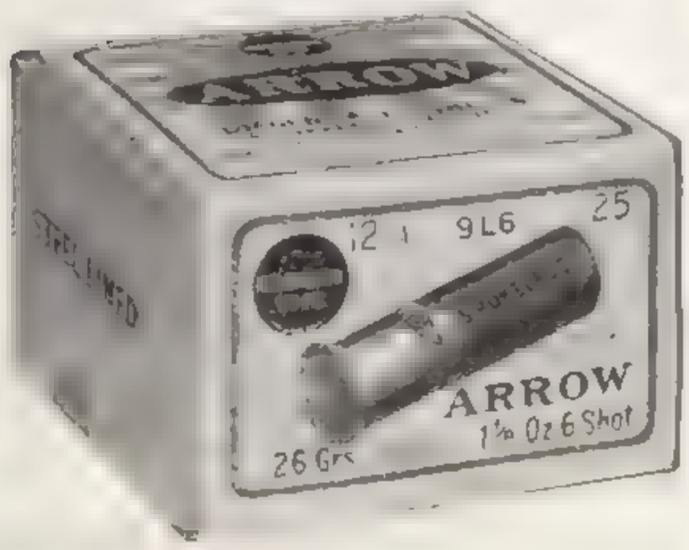
He knows, moreover, that the dealer is voicing the experiences of the sportsmen or his locality—the same as when he recommends Remington *New Club,* "the old reliable black powder shells" for all-around field shooting.

So many of these dealers (*eighty thousand* of them in fact, all over America) are now featuring Remington-UMC Ammunition that the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC* has come to be the unfailing Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

Nitro Club Steel-Lined Shot Shells
(Smokeless)
Made in 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.

New Club Shot Shells
(Black Powder)
Made in 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20, 24, and 28 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular black powders.

Arrow Steel-Lined Shot Shells
(Smokeless)
Made in 8, 10, 12, 16, and 20 gauge in standard loads—all proven and popular smokeless powders.



Remington Arms—Union Metallic Cartridge Company

London, England — 299 Broadway, New York — Windsor, Ontario

THE AMACHURE GRAFTER

(Continued from Page 11)

The Government is coöperating with us. We want you on account of your influence about Rosario. The assessments are low ——"

"While I like to help Rosario," said Don Juan, "I can't stand much assessment. It is an open secret, I presume, that the ranch makes me no money, and I have scarcely one acre of grapes left ——"

"That's the beauty of it for you," smiled Hickman. "The assessments will be levied on the acreage of vines. As you have practically no acreage left, you will have practically no assessments. What we want is your name and influence. If you feel that you can coöperate we'd like to make you one of our honorary vice-presidents." Carmody had instructed him to make his remarks brief, lest he give himself away; so at this point Hickman flopped the portfolio on the table.

"I have only to-day to see several people in New York," said he. "I must go to Washington at midnight. Here is a set of papers that will explain better than I can. If I leave them with you and return directly after lunch can you read them in the meantime? Then you can give me your decision."

With some hesitation Don Juan glanced at his beloved notes.

"It is a good deal to ask a busy man, I know," continued Hickman, "but it would be a great service to the people of Rosario."

"For the people of Rosario I would do almost anything," replied Don Juan. "Yes, if you will return at half past two I shall have looked over the papers in the meantime."

Hickman opened the portfolio.

"It's lucky I brought this along," he said; "it's very convenient. I cleaned my private letters out of it only this morning." Had Don Juan been observant he might have noticed a little catch in Hickman's voice. This was the supreme moment of the operation. Also Hickman's fingers trembled slightly as he ran over the edges of the papers.

"It's all right," he said; "I got out my stuff, I think, and the phylloxera papers are all there. Thank you, Mr. Singleton two-thirty you said—good-by until then."

At the door Hickman threw a backward glance. Don Juan had drawn the portfolio over toward himself and was opening the catch.

V

CARMODY paced up and down the lobby of the Hotel Hamblen, smoking black cigars end to end and watching the minute hand of the clock creep on toward the hour of three. The swinging door revolved; he was aware of Hickman's exultant grin before Hickman himself emerged, slapping the portfolio against his leg. Carmody cast a swift glance up and down the lobby to see whether he was observed; then he hastened, almost on the run, to meet his accomplice.

"Did he ——" began Carmody in a stage whisper.

"Sure!" replied Hickman in the same tone. "I stopped in the drugstore at the corner to look the bait over. Your little stickers were busted—he's read that letter!"

Carmody's face broke into its most genial, toothful smile. He glanced round the lobby. To his right stood a settee behind a potted palm. He drew Hickman into this recess and took another observation on the lobby before he asked:

"Did he act like it had jolted him?"

"Can't tell—old Spanish dope. Didn't smile any. Said he'd fall for the phylloxera proposition."

"No, I guess he didn't smile any. Had something else on his mind—something very serious on his mind. Yes, indeed, he's counting the minutes until I get there this evening with five thousand dollars in my pocket—cash! You bet he's having fits for fear I won't come!"

Hickman sat as one who has lost all interest in the business at hand. His eyes had grown unnaturally bright; his lips, still moist, had lost their looseness; they were firmly set now. And at this moment he rose nervously.

"Say, when will you want me again?" he asked.

Carmody, with a sudden change of expression, reached up, grasped his assistant by the shoulders and drew him down close.

"You shrump!" he said. "You're at it again! It's on your breath!"

"Just one was all!" pleaded Hickman.

Carmody ripped out a string of complicated oaths, descriptive of Hickman's ancestry, prospects and character.

"I've got a notion to chuck you out, lock, stock and barrel," he said. "Get drunk on me! Take chances with my money ——"

Hickman's preternaturally bright eyes cast a hard gleam on Carmody.

"Hell you will!" he said. "I can spill all your beans for you—maybe I will, anyhow!"

For ten seconds Carmody stood glaring into Hickman's eyes. Hickman glared defiantly back.

"Say, I can keep this up all day!" said Hickman. And Carmody wilted. His voice took on a wheedling tone.

"For the love of Mike, Charlie," he said, "keep off the stuff for just another day! Then get paralyzed. For the love of Mike, stay with me until this is over. Try it on beer. Let me go with you—for the love of Mike, stick to beer!"

"All right!" said Hickman; "beer goes; old-fashioned beer!" He turned toward the bar, and he was smiling cunningly and maliciously.

VI

IT WAS the touch-off, Carmody reflected as he rang the bell of Don Juan's flat in Greenwich Village now or never. By morning that letter from California would have arrived; he expected before its arrival to have a sixty-day option on the Ulistac tract. At this thought he slipped an exploring hand to his inner coat pocket, where five thousand dollars in currency bulged and crackled. Trouble would follow, of course; Don Juan would make the heavens ring. But what could he do? The Blackburn letter—the bait—was already destroyed. None had seen it except Don Juan and the conspirators. There would be no witnesses. That morrow would take care of itself. His policy toward Don Juan was already settled in his mind. Rush him; take him by assault.

Hickman's fall from grace was only a minor perplexity. About Hickman's present occupation and future course of procedure Carmody had no illusions. Hickman, of course, had already sent for a bottle of whisky and settled down in his hotel room to start the second and violent stage of his periodical debauch. He always began that way. Then would begin some of those eccentric proceedings that always marked Hickman's sprees. Carmody had no doubt, however, of his own ability to handle the situation—by physical force if necessary. And Hickman's desertion under fire would be a good excuse for cutting down that one-eighth share.

Don Juan himself opened the door. If his deportment seemed more grave than usual he retained his air of quiet courtesy.

"He's sure got a front to keep his face after such a jolt as that!" thought Carmody.

Carmody wasted little time in preliminaries. He was no sooner seated than he began:

"I hope you see your way clear to come in with us, Mr. Singleton. I've heard from the people on the other side of the valley. They're ready to listen to money. I've got to know to-night, as I told you."

"I am sorry to cause you all this trouble," replied Don Juan simply, "but I haven't changed my mind. I cannot sell the Ulistac tract."

"Can't sell?" Carmody's surprise jerked this exclamation from him before he recovered himself and added:

"At our price perhaps you mean?"

"I am a poor bargainer, Mr. Carmody," replied Don Juan, "and I am not, I assure you, holding out for better terms. I cannot sell at any price."

Carmody, under the mask of his smile, was thinking fast. That five thousand dollars in currency—he had brought it along for just such an emergency. The sight of ready, actual money, he knew by long experience, frequently went to the heads of farmers, Indians, college professors and other members of the underpaid classes. He reached abruptly toward his breast pocket and brought out his roll.

"Mr. Singleton," he said, "I'm going to make you our final offer. We stick to our terms, but I'll pay you, here in cash, five thousand dollars for that sixty-day option. I don't ask you to trust our certified check—cold cash!" He spread out fan-shape on the desk his sheaf of hundred-dollar notes

Don Juan scarcely glanced at the money.

"You need not prove your sincerity," he said. "I have never doubted that. The only thing which made me listen to you in the beginning was my fear lest I hold back the prosperity of my neighbors in Rosario. Those people on the other side of the valley will secure that, and I shall keep the Ulistac hacienda as it is and always was."

Carmody fingered the bills as he thought out his next mode of attack. Yes, now was the time to be bold.

"Your position is a great credit to you, Mr. Singleton," he said, "and seeing that I can get those people on the other side of the valley I ain't making any special effort to close with you. All I've got to say is this: There are times when a man needs ready money, and needs it bad. If you ever see such a time you may wish you'd done business with me. If we go up the other side of the valley the Ulistac tract won't be worth any more on the market—or for a mortgage—than it has been for twenty years."

"Anything may happen to a man, of course," replied Don Juan gravely and perhaps a little impatiently; "I am not saying but that something may happen to me. However, I have no present or future needs beyond my salary."

It seemed to the bewildered Mr. Carmody that this thing had reached an *impasse*. Had Don Juan other resources, of which he knew nothing? Thinking rapidly again he determined on that bold bluff by which he had closed so many deals in the past. He rose, scooped up the money, folded it deliberately and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Then I must bid you good-night," he said. "I can't waste time—business is business." And he started toward the door. He had no intention of letting that door close on him. If Don Juan failed to call him back, he knew a dozen devices for renewing the negotiations.

He walked four steps, and five; Don Juan did not follow. He walked to the very threshold of the living room; Don Juan said not a word. Then just as he was about to turn, the doorbell rang.

"Some luck is with me, anyway," thought Carmody.

Don Juan, excusing himself, hurried past into the hall. Carmody stepped to a point where he could watch that outer door. And what he saw and heard killed his smile—sent a hot flush across his face.

It was a postman, and he was saying:

"Special delivery letter for Mr. Jew-an Singleton."

As though he were simply continuing his advance toward the door, Carmody stepped to a point where he could look over Don Juan's shoulder. Don Juan was signing the postman's book; the letter lay on its outspread pages. And the legend in the corner, written in an unformed but perfectly legible hand, ran:

From,
JOSÉ T. VENTURA,
Rosario, Cal.

Through Carmody's mind coursed all the profane phrases he knew:

"——fool! Never thought of his sending it special delivery!" went Mr. Carmody's mind.

For all his size and appearance Carmody was no hero of crooked business. Under the exterior of a well-fed, well-curried lion he hid the soul of a weasel. As he stood there, staring blankly, a dozen impulses shot through his mind. He would tear the letter away from the Don. But what good would that do? He would try to get it away, unopened, by fraud and chicanery. But Don Juan, with a perfunctory "excuse me," laid his finger to the flap.

And this motion, so slight, so insignificant, gave the weasel that was the real Carmody an overwhelming impulse toward flight. In two minutes Don Juan would understand. He must escape, he must get to the hotel, he must see that all evidence was destroyed, he must look out for Hickman. With a "good night" that it took all his powers to make steady, he plunged through the door and down the stairs.

VII

AS CARMODY, his balance somewhat restored, burst into his hotel room he was aware of Hickman glaring at him with a wet and sinister eye. On the table sat a half empty bottle of rye whisky, and Hickman was holding a glass.

Velvet Joe

The Genial Kentucky Philosopher has a message for the readers of the *Post*.

"AHOUN' dawg's happiest when he's chasin' a rabbit, 'cause then he ain't got time to worry about his fleas.

"A man is happiest when he's chasin' a ideal, an' the business that keeps *its* ideal always on the jump is the business that will grow.

"That's how Liggett & Myers got to be the biggest tobacco manufacturer in the world—by chasin' a ideal like this: *"'Whatever brand appears under our name must be the finest that can be put out for the money'.*

"VELVET is one of Liggett & Myers ideals.

"Nature must have started out to make a ideal pipe smoke when she made Kentucky's Burley.

"What nature leaves off on Burley, work on VELVET begins—cultivatin', pickin', an' choosin', to get the best an' nchest leaves.

"Then comes the curin' that lasts mo' than two years an' puts that fine, mellow, aged-in-the-wood smoothness into VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

"Mild, slow-burnin' VELVET will make yo' pipe all that a pipe ought to be—a friend in need an' a friend indeed."

Velvet Joe

½ Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

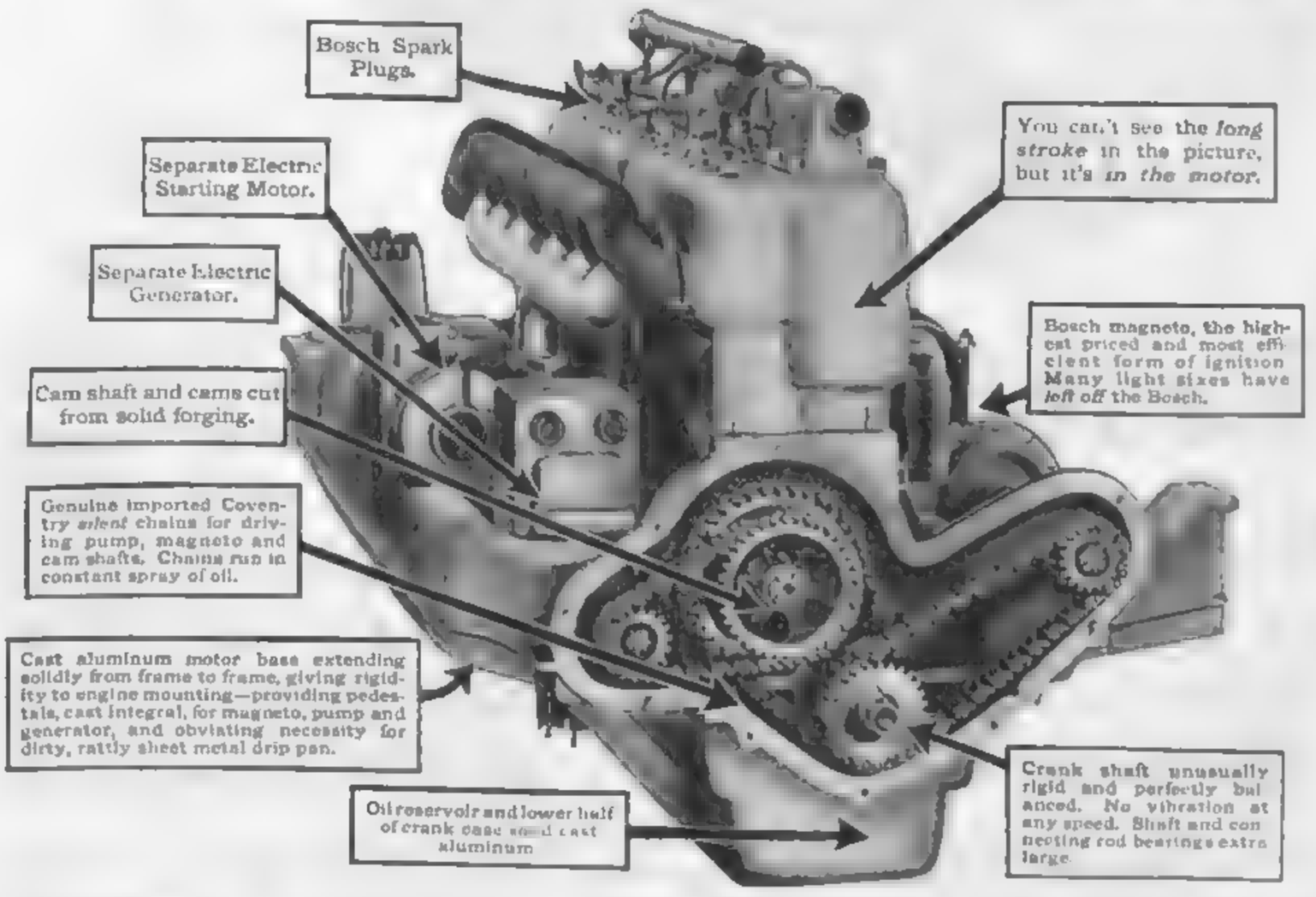
Copyright 1914

Its Marvelous Motor Makes the

CHANDLER $1595

LIGHT-WEIGHT SIX

A Really Great Automobile


Bosch Spark Plugs.
Separate Electric Starting Motor.
Separate Electric Generator.
Cam shaft and cams cut from solid forging.
Genuine imported Coventry *silent* chains for driving pump, magneto and cam shafts. Chains run in constant spray of oil.
Cast aluminum motor base extending solidly from frame to frame, giving rigidity to engine mounting—providing pedestals, cast integral, for magneto, pump and generator, and obviating necessity for dirty, rattly sheet metal drip pan.
Oil reservoir and lower half of crank case cast aluminum
You can't see the *long stroke* in the picture, but it's *in the motor.*
Bosch magneto, the highest priced and most efficient form of ignition. Many light sixes have *left off* the Bosch.
Crank shaft unusually rigid and perfectly balanced. No vibration at any speed. Shaft and connecting rod bearings extra large.

Other Chandler Motor Features:

Oiling system completely contained within the motor. No outside piping. Oil pumped from main reservoir into reservoirs above all main bearings, into chain compartment and thence into every working part. Individual oil trough under each connecting rod. Fly wheel completely enclosed. Instant accessibility of all parts. Cylinders and water heads finished in pearl gray baked enamel with aluminum and nickel fittings.

The Chandler weighs only 2885 lbs., fully equipped. It runs 16 miles or more per gallon of gasoline, 700 miles per gallon of oil, and 7000 miles per set of tires. Speed, 3 to 55 miles per hour on high. Climbs every famous demonstrating hill in America on high. Possesses every high-grade feature found on high-priced sixes.

MAYBE you have had in mind two or three cars, some one of which you planned to buy this summer.

Now what was it that led you to set aside for later decision these two or three cars? Was it the large number of them you see on the street? Was it the story of tremendous production? Was it the shape of the hood and the lines of the body? Was it the upholstery and finish?

The Chandler has *all* these qualities. There is no car more graceful, more beautiful in design. None at anything like its price that is more handsomely upholstered and finished. But, *beyond these* qualities, it has a *marvelous* motor that you cannot get in any other car.

We are safe in assuming you want a six-cylinder car, for nearly everybody paying more than $1200 wants a Six. We are safe in assuming you want a *light* six, for hardly anybody wants the expense of carrying around a lot of unnecessary weight.

Now then, figuring that these two points express your attitude, why not base your principal consideration on the *motor*, the heart and life of the car?

What makes a car a source of real pride, or perhaps of annoyance? The motor! Consider the *motor* first, then, in choosing your car.

Consider the *Chandler* motor. Chandler owners all say it is a really marvelous motor. Chandler dealers all say the same. Engineering authorities say the same.

And—this is important—it is the *exclusive* Chandler design and Chandler make. It is not a common stock design motor found in *different* makes of cars. You cannot get it in any other car.

We have been building six-cylinder cars and six-cylinder *motors* for eight years. We know six-cylinder construction. Isn't it only reasonable that knowing how to build six-cylinder *motors*, we should also know how to build the *rest* of our car equally well?

The answer is found in this: We have built Chandler reputation and success to a point demanding annual production of *thousands* of cars, and not a single mechanical weakness has developed in this car. Not a word but of praise has been heard of the comfort and *roadability* of the Chandler, and the beauty of its design and finish.

The Chandler pioneered the way in the light six field. It proved that a high-grade six of moderate size could be built to sell for less than $2000.

A whole host of light sixes followed. More are following now. And still they come.

But what of the *motors?* How many are the builders' exclusive design?

The Chandler has made good everywhere. And because, first of all, under the hood there is a marvelous motor. It's the motor that makes the Chandler a really great automobile.

The profit-sharing price for the new 1915 models seems almost impossible but it's true. Touring car or roadster $1595. For Fall delivery handsome limousine, sedan, coupé and cabriolet.

There is a Chandler dealer in every principal city and many smaller cities and towns. Get in touch with the one nearest to you now. Study the exclusive Chandler motor, give the car a genuine test, find out what other owners say of it. *Then* select your car. If you don't know your Chandler dealer write us at once for catalog and booklets, and we will try to arrange for you a thorough demonstration.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 508-538 E. 131st Street, Cleveland, Ohio

New York City Office, 245 West 55th Street—Cable Address, Chanmotor

Think What This Tire Has Stood

Four millions have been tested on every sort of road. Perhaps 400,000 men have passed opinions on it. For 15 years it has faced comparison with the best tires built. And it won over all of them. Today, no other tire in the world commands such a sale as the Goodyear.

Costliest to Build

This — the No-Rim-Cut — is a costly tire to build.

Its four chief features are found in no other tire. One of them costs us $450,000 per year.

Scores of experts have worked for years in our laboratory, seeking ways to better this tire. Their work has cost $100,000 yearly.

Cost has never been considered in the building of this tire.

So No-Rim-Cut tires — when our output was smaller — cost one-fifth more than others. Every rival undersold us. Yet, despite that fact, mileage records won this tire the topmost place in Tiredom.

Half Former Prices

Now this same tire — perfected to the last degree — costs half what it used to cost.

That's partly due to lower cost of rubber. It is mainly due to modern methods, new efficiency and mammoth output.

Overhead cost has dropped 24 per cent — labor cost 25 per cent. And our margin of profit was last year pared to 6½ per cent.

Today this tire excels its rivals just as far as ever. Yet this high-cost tire now sells for less than nearly every standard make.

16 Higher Prices

Sixteen makes cost more — up to one-third more. Three tires of some makes out-cost four of Goodyears.

The price of some makes buys a half-inch wider Goodyear — a tire which will render greatly increased service, and which fits the same rim as the smaller.

Yet better tires than Goodyears never have been built. And not another tire embodies one of these great features:

No-Rim-Cut Savings

These tires alone end rim-cutting in our faultless way. This ruin is wiped out completely.

These tires alone get our "On-Air" cure. This exclusive cure, under actual road conditions, saves the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

These tires alone have hundreds of large rubber rivets formed in them to combat tread separation.

These tires alone have our All-Weather tread. It is tough and double-thick. It is flat, smooth and regular, so it runs like a plain tread. It grasps wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips. No other anti-skid can compare with it.

Bear these things in mind.

The same efficiency which developed these tires is bent now on lowering cost. And that's just as important as saving rim-cuts and blow-outs.

Get this new saving and you get the others with it. Forfeit it and you forfeit all the rest.

Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

GOODYEAR
AKRON
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Think What This Tire Has Stood

Four millions have been tested on every sort of road. Perhaps 400,000 men have passed opinions on it. For 15 years it has faced comparison with the best tires built. And it won over all of them. Today, no other tire in the world commands such a sale as the Goodyear.

Costliest to Build

This—the No-Rim-Cut—is a costly tire to build.

Its four chief features are found in no other tire. One of them costs us $450,000 per year.

Scores of experts have worked for years in our laboratory, seeking ways to better this tire. Their work has cost $100,000 yearly.

Cost has never been considered in the building of this tire.

So No-Rim-Cut tires—when our output was smaller—cost one-fifth more than others. Every rival undersold us. Yet, despite that fact, mileage records won this tire the topmost place in Tiredom.

Half Former Prices

Now this same tire—perfected to the last degree—costs half what it used to cost.

That's partly due to lower cost of rubber. It is mainly due to modern methods, new efficiency and mammoth output.

Overhead cost has dropped 24 per cent—labor cost 25 per cent. And our margin of profit was last year pared to 6½ per cent.

Today this tire excels its rivals just as far as ever. Yet this high-cost tire now sells for less than nearly every standard make.

16 Higher Prices

Sixteen makes cost more—up to one-third more. Three tires of some makes out-cost four of Goodyears.

The price of some makes buys a half-inch wider Goodyear—a tire which will render greatly increased service, and which fits the same rim as the smaller.

Yet better tires than Goodyears never have been built. And not another tire embodies one of these great features:

No-Rim-Cut Savings

These tires alone end rim-cutting in our faultless way. This ruin is wiped out completely.

These tires alone get our "On-Air" cure. This exclusive cure, under actual road conditions, saves the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

These tires alone have hundreds of large rubber rivets formed in them to combat tread separation.

These tires alone have our All-Weather tread. It is tough and double-thick. It is flat, smooth and regular, so it runs like a plain tread. It grasps wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips. No other anti-skid can compare with it.

Bear these things in mind.

The same efficiency which developed these tires is bent now on lowering cost. And that's just as important as saving rim-cuts and blow-outs.

Get this new saving and you get the others with it. Forfeit it and you forfeit all the rest.

Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

MORE GOVERNMENT WIRES

Continued from Page 15)

paternal care for its servants, had provided for them. He did not hesitate to show his displeasure, proceeding at once to apply the principle of the old Greek tyrant by cutting off the heads, figuratively speaking, of those who stood above the crowd."

By 1898 the association had fourteen thousand members. There was then a revision of wages for German and Prussian government employees; but members of the association were not included in the increase. The latter turned to political agitation so successfully that, in passing the postal budget, the Reichstag included an increase of pay for them.

"This success on the part of the organized employees was enough to convince their chief that matters could not be allowed to go further if he would retain his mastery over the service." He sent for the leaders of the association and "demanded that it should strike from its constitution that part of the statement of its objects which was inconsistent with an unqualified trust in him as their sole representative in matters concerning their terms of employment; and that it should appoint a committee which should be responsible for all statements published in their organ. The union did as it was bidden."

A little later an unofficial journal, supported by postal and telephone employees, began an agitation for higher pay. "All under officials who were known to be subscribers to the sheet or supporters of it were warned to discontinue their subscriptions. A number of employees were dismissed for failure to heed these admonitions. The circulation of the sheet suffered a rapid decline." And, to this day, nothing like a labor union among the employees is permitted.

Undoubtedly the iron hand with which Germany rules public-utility employees has much to do with her success in that field. As to telephones, Germany had the further advantage of starting in the business at the very beginning and consistently growing up with it.

Elsewhere in Europe governments rather drifted along, trying private ownership, public ownership, or mixtures of private and public ownership—the latter usually working least satisfactorily of all.

Everywhere, however, the fact that the government already owned the telegraph was a prime motive in including public ownership of the telephone; for there is no question that in any country telephone and telegraph ought to form a single system under one management. Advocates of government ownership, in fact, emphasize that point.

No European government has had to deal with such a situation as exists in the United States—namely, a vast, highly developed system of electrical communication exclusively under private ownership. There is no reason to assume that any European government, having such a situation to deal with, would decide in favor of government ownership.

The Railways of Italy

The same observation applies equally, of course, to government ownership of railroads. In Italy, for example, the kingdom of Naples granted concessions to private companies for building and operating some short tourist lines; then built a short line on its own account for military purposes.

Meantime Austria was building a road from Milan to Venice, and the states of Piedmont and Rome were granting concessions to private companies; so when Italy was unified it had about two thousand miles of rail -some state-owned, some privately owned. The new united kingdom granted concessions to private companies. Some of them failed. Then the government took over their uncompleted work.

At length, in order to get the railroad tangle into something like order, four private companies were formed, on geographical lines, to take over all the roads—including those of the old private companies and those owned by the state. One reason why the state relinquished its roads was that it needed cash.

Presently two of the four new companies got into deep financial difficulties and the state was obliged to help them out—not once but several times. This brought it back into the railroad field and it kept getting in deeper.

In 1876, therefore, the kingdom decided to buy the railroads, including those lines it had sold to private owners eleven years before; but, three years later, it leased part of the lines to a private company. Meantime it was granting aid for the construction of supplementary or feeder lines, which were built by private owners. The expenses of many of these feeder lines exceeded their receipts. By the beginning of this century the railroad situation was in a worse tangle than ever.

Then, in 1902, came a big railroad strike. The government had to step in to terminate the strike and to assume part of the burden involved in concessions granted to the men; so, three years later, it took back the lines it had leased to private companies and made arrangements for taking over the supplementary or feeder lines. In fine, they fell into government ownership after staggering on the brink for many years. The state now owns eight thousand eight hundred miles of rail out of a total mileage in the kingdom of ten thousand four hundred, the total mileage of the state-owned system being not quite so great as that of Kansas.

High Charges, Big Deficits

The interest charge borne by the government on account of bonds issued for the acquisition and construction of railroads comes to nearly fifty million dollars a year, while the net earnings of the railroads are little over twenty million, leaving a deficit of from twenty-five to thirty million dollars annually.

This deficit cannot be attributed to unreasonably low charges. The passenger schedule is a somewhat complicated affair, the rate a mile gradually decreasing with the length of the haul and there being six sets of normal charges—that is, first-class, second-class and third-class fares for fast trains; and first, second and third for slow trains.

For a hundred and fifty kilometers—or about ninety-three miles—the first-class fast-train rate is a little over four cents a mile. This puts you in a compartment having places for six passengers, where you will be happy or miserable in proportion as the compartment is filled to its capacity or half empty; and as to that you must take your chances.

The second-class fast-train fare for the same distance is practically three cents a mile. This gives you a seat in a compartment about the size of the first-class, but with places for eight passengers, so that if it is full you will be a little more crowded; but, as a matter of practical experience, there is little to choose between the two classes—your comfort either way is a matter of luck. Many of the second-class compartments are built in pairs, with the partition extending but little higher than the backs of the seats—virtually two compartments thrown into one. This arrangement gives more air and light and is rather pleasanter than first-class.

Whichever class you choose, however, be warned against the porter. You are at Florence, say, waiting for a train to Pisa. Many others are waiting also, for each place in Italy seems to swarm with tourists a little more than the last did. The passengers stand along the platform and the station porters stand with them. The train pulls in; people pour out of it; and immediately the waiting passengers, valiantly led by the porters, charge it pellmell. There is a far-flung football scrimmage all along the line of coaches.

It seems to be a kind of game among the porters to see which can get in first. Seven passengers pile into one compartment, while another, two doors farther on, may have but one passenger. If you can get your porter by the throat and hold him back until the mêlée is over you will save your toes and ribs, and probably find a more comfortable place; but there is no use in telling him to wait. When he sees the train a kind of berserk rage possesses him. He will charge it, head down, unless you hold him by main force.

And never look at an Italian porter unless you are prepared to tip him. The hunger for tips in that lovely country is amazing. To prevent international complications I had to tip six men at Florence in connection with getting a trunk checked. One man saw the trunk first, the second put it on the scales, the third weighed it, the fourth saw

"Tempting"

Yes, decidedly tempting, any way you look at it. A delicious foretaste—as you might say—of pleasing domesticity, exemplified in a delicious foretaste of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Could there be a happier suggestion of prospective home-comfort and good cheer?

Fragrant, appetizing, satisfying; with a combined richness and delicacy which bespeaks the utmost care in its preparation; yet all achieved without household labor or concern.

Experienced housewife though you may be, isn't there yet a useful hint for *you* in the artful artlessness of this dainty maid?

Think it over—*today*.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HAVOLINE OIL

For that long run—
Carry a can in your Car
"It makes a difference"

in the efficiency of your engine, by decreasing its frictional loss and enabling it to develop maximum power. In this manner it enhances the general serviceability and endurance of the motor and greatly lessens upkeep costs.

It forms a lubricating "cushion" of equal thickness between the moving metals—thus preserving them against the rigid endurance test of the long run. Here's why this "cushion" retains its life and serviceability:

Havoline Oil is made only from *one uniform base crude* of tested quality.

It is manufactured by our "special process" which leaves the *individual molecules unscathed*, retaining the "rubber-ball" springiness of the oil. Nevertheless it is entirely freed from floating carbon and impurities.

Buy the Oil in the Blue Can. 2 Five-Gallon Cans to the Case.

Tell us your make and we'll tell you your grade.

Ask your garageman or write us direct for testimonials of *Havoline* users who own your make of car. Write for the "Lubrican," our booklet on lubrication.

INDIAN REFINING CO. *Dept. "A"* **New York**

THIS MAN made enough money to pay for a college education and to start an independent business. His name is C. J. Bachoritch. He lives in Nebraska. Here is his own story:

"I wanted a college education and was willing to work for it. The Curtis proposition appealed to me, so I secured appointment as the subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

"During my first summer I netted $600.00—ample for my college expenses. The next season was much easier. Practically all of my old subscribers renewed readily. New orders were plentiful. Each summer I increased my business and made more than enough to insure the continuance of my college work during the following year. The work was easy and interesting, as I covered quite a little territory, saw a lot of people; and it was healthy because I was out in the open.

"I graduated at the end of four pleasant years, then put in four months of soliciting, earning close to $1500.00. This, added to my savings from previous years, gave me enough capital to start in the Real Estate business for myself. I owe to the Curtis proposition the fact that I am well started in the business world today. My brother has my subscription business now and he is putting himself through college."

Mr. Bachoritch is one of the many examples of self-reliant, aggressive American young men and women who are being helped to success by this Company. The same opportunity awaits you. A post card will bring full particulars.

Educational Division, Box 581

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

it weighed, the fifth pasted on the label, and the sixth advised all the others to hurry up and strike me for a bit of money before I could get to the train; but—except the chief brigand—a nickel amply satisfied them, so it was not worth a quarrel.

Third-class fare on the fast trains comes to a trifle under two cents a mile. That means a wooden bench. On the slow trains, for that distance, third-class fare is only a little over a cent and a half a mile, which makes cheap traveling; but walking is still cheaper, almost as fast, and far more comfortable.

There are special rates for journalists and for soldiers; and, as in France, you may buy a license, which entitles you to railroad transportation at half fare. However, these special rates, of course, apply only to a small part of the total business.

When it comes to freight rates I must give it up. Logan G. McPherson, who has given long study to such matters, reports:

"In Italy the different régimes under which the railroads have been conducted have given to the freight tariffs a complexity with the intricacies of which few, even of the railroad officials, are familiar."

There is the same lack of uniformity, however, that we find in this country, in England, in Germany, and practically everywhere else, whether the roads are state-owned or privately owned. In Italy, for example, very low rates have been made on wine, fruit and vegetables for export to the more northerly countries of Europe; while for other shipments of like bulk, weight and distance the rates are comparatively high.

The state-owned Italian railroads grant rebates that favor big shippers, very much as our railroads used to do, except that they are not secret. For every hundred carloads a shipper consigns in the course of a year he gets half of one per cent off, an arrangement that would give our packers and Steel Trust very fat reductions in transportation charges.

Within a year or two Italy has been improving her railroad plant and service. The roadbed from Rome to Pisa, for example, is now about as good as you will find on a line of equal importance in the United States, though the rails, of course, are much lighter than we use—probably sixty or seventy pounds to the yard. The kingdom has about thirty-five million inhabitants in an area about as large as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, which have considerably more than double the railroad mileage with little over half the Italian population.

It is true that the needs of the Italian population are simple and its consumption low; also, that each community is sufficient to itself in a much greater degree than in the United States. This may account for the fact that Italian railroads have never been profitable, whether under private or public ownership. Yet I should like to see what such railroad management as we have in this country might do to that deficit.

The last rail journey I took in Europe was over a state-owned line and in what was supposed to be a crack train. The only chance I got to smoke in five hours was by standing in the corridor, and I ate a bad luncheon out of a pasteboard box. In New York, when I settled down in a train that was pulling out for Chicago, I recalled various European acquaintances with whom I had discussed government ownership and who were mostly in favor of it, and I thought: "What a pleasure it would be to bring them over here and show them what real railroad service is like!"

Food in Flour Form

POWDERED eggs and powdered milk are being made by an apparatus that was really invented to stop the smoke nuisance in the great smelters of the West and the dust nuisance in cement mills.

The inventor, Dr. F. G. Cottrell, developed a system of using electric currents—shooting through the chimney gases, for instance—to make the tiny particles of matter settle to the bottom instead of sailing off as smoke; and when the idea proved to be successful he provided that all the profits of the patents should go into scientific research for industrial purposes.

Lately his process is being applied to many industries, the powdering of eggs being the latest. The eggs are sprayed in a big chamber and the electricity, shooting through, causes the little particles of egg to fall on the floor as dust. The powdering of other foods is being undertaken also; so that almost all foods may be obtainable one of these days as a dry flour.

to end Corns

Paring a corn only brings brief relief. And there is danger in it.

The way to end corns is with **Blue-jay.** It relieves the pain instantly. Then it loosens the corn and generally in 48 hours the entire corn comes out.

Blue-jay is applied in a moment. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Leave it on for two days until it gently undermines the corn. Then you can remove the corn. There will be no pain or trouble.

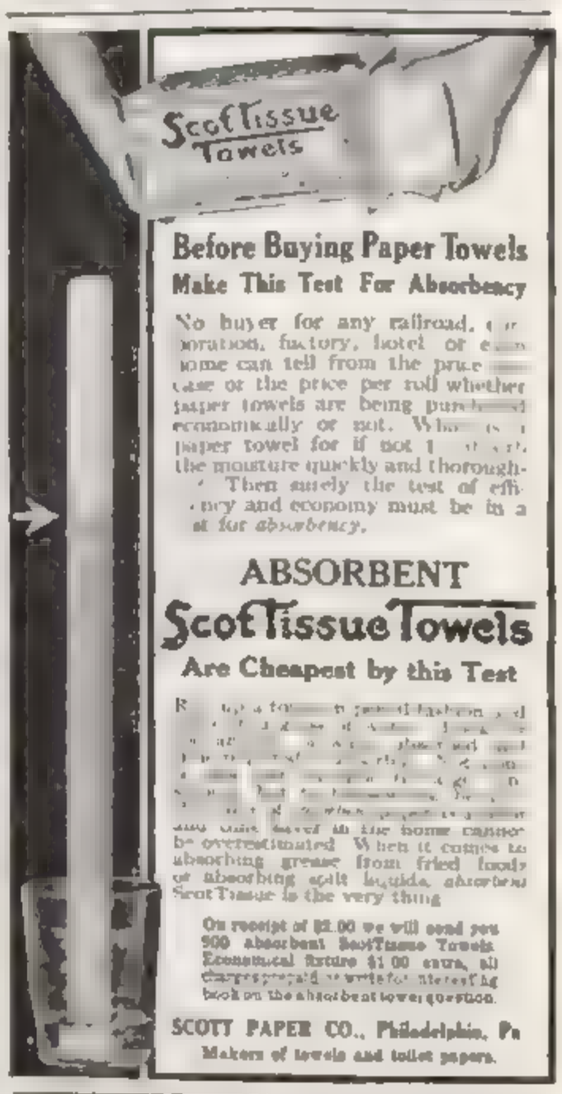
Blue-jay has ended sixty millions of corns. Millions of corns are now ended in this way.

There is nothing else like it. And no man who has used **Blue-jay** will even suggest any other way for dealing with corns.

Blue-jay
For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies



Before Buying Paper Towels
Make This Test For Absorbency

No buyer for any railroad, corporation, factory, hotel or e[illegible] home can tell from the price per case or the price per roll whether paper towels are being purchased economically or not. What is a paper towel for if not [illegible] the moisture quickly and thoroughly? Then surely the test of efficiency and economy must be in a towel for *absorbency*.

ABSORBENT
Scot Tissue Towels
Are Cheapest by this Test

[illegible] and this saved in the home cannot be overestimated. When it comes to absorbing grease from fried foods or absorbing spilt liquids, absorbent Scot Tissue is the very thing.

On receipt of $2.00 we will send you 500 absorbent Scot Tissue Towels. Economical fixture $1.00 extra, all charges prepaid. Or write for interesting book on the absorbent towel question.

SCOTT PAPER CO., Philadelphia, Pa
Makers of towels and toilet papers.

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE

A strictly high-grade school with **Board, Room and Tuition only $200 per year.** Large endowment makes this possible. Academic, Music, Shorthand, Art, Oratory, Manual Training Courses.

E. W. HAMBLIN, PRIN., Austinburg, Ohio.

The result of 22 years' successful experience in building motor cars

HAYNES
AMERICA'S FIRST CAR

America's Greatest "Light Six" $1485

A "Light Six" That's Different

—that has been carefully, painstakingly designed on sound engineering principles.
—that is complete in every respect, having every feature of the highest priced cars.
—that has more than one horsepower to every 55 pounds of weight.
—that will throttle down to one mile an hour on high gear.
—that has speed enough to touch the mile-a-minute mark.
—that will travel from 22 to 25 miles on one gallon of gasoline.
—that has been accurately built and expensively finished.
—that will maintain the reputation of its predecessors. Such is

THE HAYNES

America's Greatest "Light Six"

Specifications in Brief

Unit power plant, 3-point suspension, 6-cylinder en-bloc motor, actually developing 55 brake horsepower. 121-inch wheelbase
Left-hand drive, center control
Weight, completely equipped, 2950 lbs., giving more than one horsepower to every 55 lbs. of weight
Leece-Neville separate unit starting and lighting system. Ignition from storage battery through Remy distributor and coil
Economical Rayfield carburetor
Vacuum gasoline system with gas tank at rear of chassis. Splash and force feed lubrication
Forced water circulation
Clutch, three-plate dry disc type lined with Raybestos
Transmission, selective sliding gear type, three speeds forward, one reverse
Haynes *full floating* rear axle
Exclusive arch frame construction
Low center of gravity and long sweeping body lines
34 x 4" tires, Firestone demountable rims
Motor driven tire pump
Stewart-Warner Speedometer
Improved one-man top, Collins curtains
Clear and rain-vision ventilating windshield
Tire carrier at rear of chassis
Clear running boards
Electric horn under hood.

In addition we build Model 31, "Big Six" with 65 brake horsepower and 130-inch wheelbase—$2250; Model 32 Haynes "Four" with 48 brake horsepower and 118-inch wheelbase—$1660.

Dealers: Write at once for information concerning territory still unoccupied.

Write for catalog today. Coupon herewith for your convenience. Use it.

The Haynes Automobile Company

40 South Main Street **Kokomo, Indiana**

The Haynes Automobile Company
40 S. Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Please send me your 1915 catalog with full information in regard to America's Greatest "Light Six."

Name _____

Address _____

I expect to buy a car about _____

The Finished Six

Here we've fulfilled—after four years of effort—all that we hoped for in Sixes. In big things and little—down to the last detail—it completely meets our conception of the ideal Six

This HUDSON Six-40 was begun four years ago. Howard E. Coffin, the great HUDSON designer, aimed to make it the perfect Six. All the 48 HUDSON engineers have given their best to it.

It came out last year. The first month's output was sold before men saw it. The season's output was 3,000 cars oversold.

We knew then that we had what men wanted. So all last year we worked on final touches. We added 31 refinements. And we trebled our output for this year, to cope with the car's popularity.

Size and Power

This size—123-inch wheelbase—seems exactly right. There are seats and ample room for seven.

The motor shows 47 horsepower. No requirement calls for more than that in a car of this size and weight.

Costly experience is leading motorists away from excesses in these things.

Lightness—Economy

The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. Built in old ways, a car like this weighed around 4,000. Better materials and better designing have accomplished all this saving. And the car is stauncher than the old-time heavy cars.

This lightness, plus a new-type motor, have reduced operative cost about 30 per cent. To many, that's the best thing we have done.

Beauty and Comfort

Here also is the modern ideal of a handsome car. Every detail shows the artists' touch. Wide seats, high backs, deep cushions. All the new-day conveniences. All the common equipment and much that's rare or exclusive.

Last year's model seemed to offer every possible attraction, but 31 new ones are added in this 1915 model.

HUDSON
Six-40
$1,550 This Year

The Hoped-for Price

And this year—through trebled output—we've reached the hoped-for price. At $1,550 we are giving the best we know.

Today that price buys the finest type HUDSON ever built. It buys Howard E. Coffin's latest masterpiece. It buys what you will consider as the finest example of the modern type quality car.

Men Will Never Go Back

Note that new-model cars, so far as they can, are adopting these HUDSON standards. Light Sixes are the vogue. The trend is toward modesty in size, toward lower prices and the ending of over-tax.

The HUDSON Six-40 accords with all the time's tendencies. It is not unique. It is simply in advance of others.

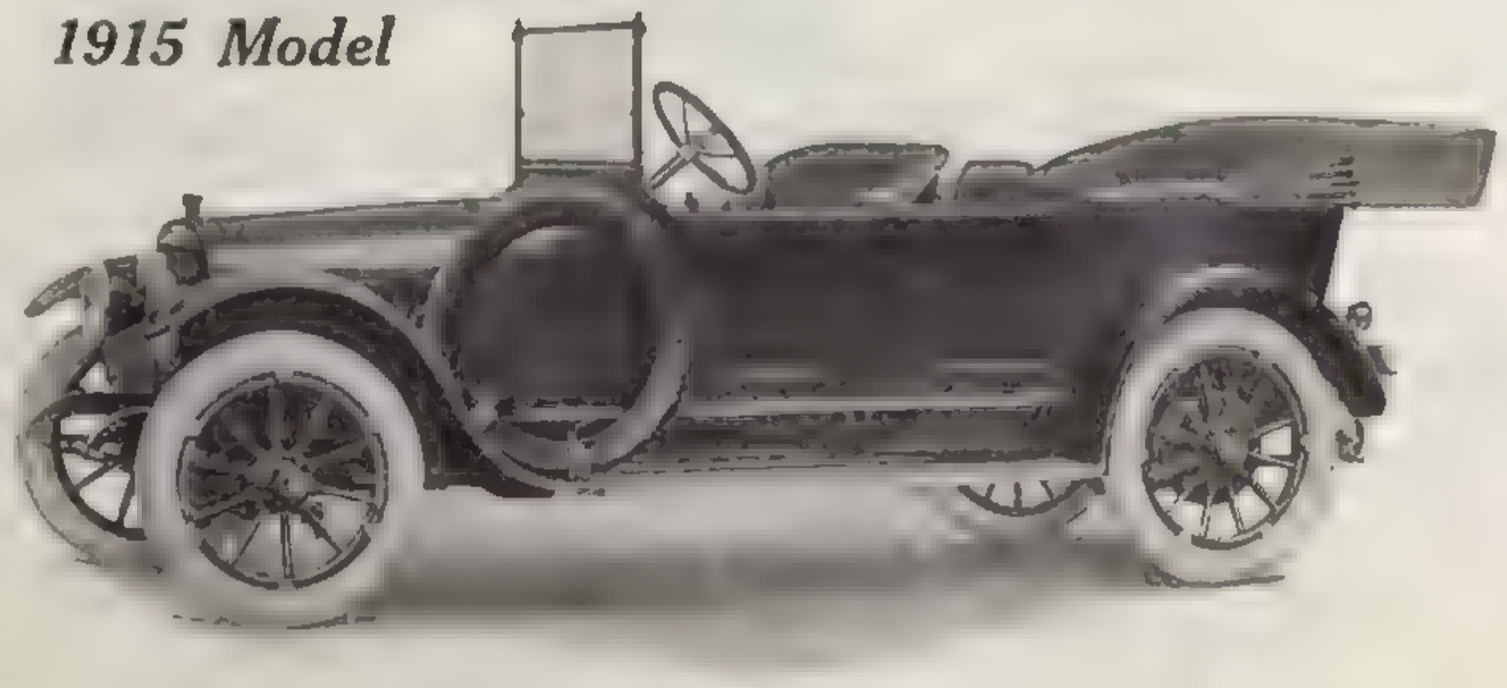
And men will never go back to the old-time excesses. This type is the coming car.

Hudson dealers are everywhere. So see this year's new features. Catalog on request.

Attractions

A perfect streamline body.
Seats and room for seven.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Gasoline tank in dash. Tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified starting, lighting and ignition system.
Wires in metal conduits.
Locked ignition and lights.
New-form speedometer drive.
Automatic spark advance.
New-method carburation.
Horn button in wheel.
Trunk rack on back.

1915 Model



Phaeton—or Standard Roadster—$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8121 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

'15

INTRICATE ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 8)

him if he gets the nomination, a good many Republicans will vote for him.

Naturally, after twenty-five years of political and business combat, there will be nothing negative about the fight to elect him or the fight to defeat him. It will be biff and bang all the way! And when Mr. Bryan biffs him he will bang Mr. Bryan; and thus a pleasant time is promised to all who stick round.

At the time I was in Illinois there were seven candidates against Sullivan in the elimination contest of the primaries. There is Stringer, now in Congress as representative at large and serving his first term. Stringer lives down state—where it is claimed the next senator should live, inasmuch as Senator Lewis honors Chicago with his residence—and has been a member of the Illinois Assembly, a state senator, a candidate for governor, and presiding judge of the Illinois Court of Claims. He was defeated by Lorimer for the United States Senate in 1908, after he had won in the Democratic primaries in the election that eventually resulted in the unseating of Lorimer.

He hopes to have the anti-Sullivan forces unite on him, and his hope may come true to some extent.

The other candidates are Carl S. Vrooman, who is said to be an author and who has now withdrawn; Harry Woods, who is the present Secretary of State of Illinois; Kent Kellar, who is a state senator; James McShane, a lawyer of Chicago, who has a reputation for successfully fighting corporations, especially in personal liability cases; Barrett O'Hara, who is the present lieutenant-governor; and Frank J. Comerford. Stringer and McShane are the most formidable of the candidates.

There is little or no opposition to the nomination of Senator Sherman. He was the Republican outcome of the long deadlock in 1913. He drew the short term, while Lewis took the long one. Little or no opposition to the nomination, I said. What may happen after he is nominated is entirely another matter. The Republican Party in Illinois was badly shattered in the campaign of 1912. The chief factor in the Old Guard portion of it is Charles S. Deneen, a former governor and somewhat of a politician. Apparently Deneen favors Sherman; but it is said—and this may be unjust to Mr. Deneen—that his favor extends only to the ninth of September.

Wise-Old-Bird Oratory

From that time on, it is claimed, Deneen and his friends will use their own judgment; and, of course, in so delicate and personal a matter it is not likely there will be anything tangible as to what that judgment will be until after the returns of the general election are in.

As much as anybody can be boss of the rattled remnant of the Old Guard Republicans, Mr. Deneen is boss. At the present time he is practicing law in Chicago and not doing much politically in a public way. And even the remnants are not all his to boss; for, soon after the election of 1912, a lawyer named E. J. Brundage organized a movement to bring harmony among the warring brothers by the simple expedient of eliminating all the bosses on a get-together platform. It was a harmony propaganda for 1916, and whatever may come out of it will be built about Mr. Brundage.

This faction has no antipathy for Sherman, so far as is discernible; but its antipathy to the old-line bosses is marked. The plan is not to join the Progressives, but to have the Progressives join them on a fifty-fifty basis, all to be forgiven and forgotten after certain eliminations are made.

The Honorable William E. Mason, who was a senator once on a time, is said to have longings to go back; but it is expected that time will assuage these. Mason was beaten in 1912 by Stringer, by more than a hundred thousand votes, for representative at large, which does not give his friends much hope that he can do anything against Sherman this time if he makes the race.

Sherman is a statesman of the Wise Rube sort. He is as professionally plain-people as you can imagine, and is supposed to be packed to the ears with homely philosophy. He has also been celebrated for his Abe Lincoln characteristics, few of which he brought to Washington with him. He was heralded as a remarkable orator of the old-fashioned, perfectly-natural, ain't-he-a-wise-old-bird type.

He had a large reputation for his rural epigrams, but he seems to have left them mostly back in Sangamon County. He was brought into the legislature at Springfield on a stretcher once, when he was a member of that distinguished body, for the purpose of recording his vote on a bill. This was either heroic or prudent—I forget which. He is a straight-cut, standpat, old-line Republican, and is strong in the state. His nomination seems well assured.

The Pre-Election Ballyhoo

Then come the Progressives, who, in 1912, collected 386,478 votes for Colonel Roosevelt, or 33.72 per cent of the total vote, of which Taft received 253,613, or 22.13 per cent, and Wilson 405,048, or 35.34 per cent. There has been the same claim in Illinois as elsewhere—that the Progressives are deserting and going back to the old party; but the leaders will not admit it, and there can be but little proof either way until after the elections. The primaries will not be a conclusive test, either in Illinois or elsewhere. The Illinois Progressives elected Hinebaugh, a Progressive, to Congress; and Copley, of the Eleventh District, puts himself down as a Progressive Republican.

There has been a great deal of organization work done in the various counties of the state and some active men are in charge. It is the intention of the Progressives, as I understand it, to put up full tickets in every county and district, and to make the fight on the same basis as in 1912. State and county headquarters are maintained in Chicago and county headquarters elsewhere, and the work seems to be energetic.

The Progressive candidate will be Raymond Robins, who is chairman of the Progressive State Committee, but who broke down under the work of organization and went South to recuperate. Robins is a highly educated, intense, energetic man who has devoted a good deal of his life to settlement work. He is one of the best public speakers in Illinois.

And there you have all the component parts of the little senatorial affair now in progress in Illinois; and it has until September ninth to go. Taking these as the predominating portions, do not overlook the facts that there are twenty-seven representatives in Congress to be elected, and great numbers of city and county officials, to say nothing of a legislature.

Inasmuch as there probably will be Democratic, Republican and Progressive nominations for each office, and as the hullabaloo leading up to the primaries will be as great as the ballyhoo before the elections, and as those Illinoisians are likely to operate politically on the theory that you can do anything once, there are ample opportunities for the expected, the unexpected, the obvious, the hidden, the aboveboard, the subterranean, the aërial and the XX—which is the sign of the double cross.

One can construct almost anything out of the Illinois situation. It may be possible that the hatred of Mr. Hearst for Mr. Bryan will be softened by a contemplation of the hatred of Mr. Bryan for Mr. Sullivan, and that Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan will join hands for the nonce and valorously campaign together for the purpose of eliminating the common foe.

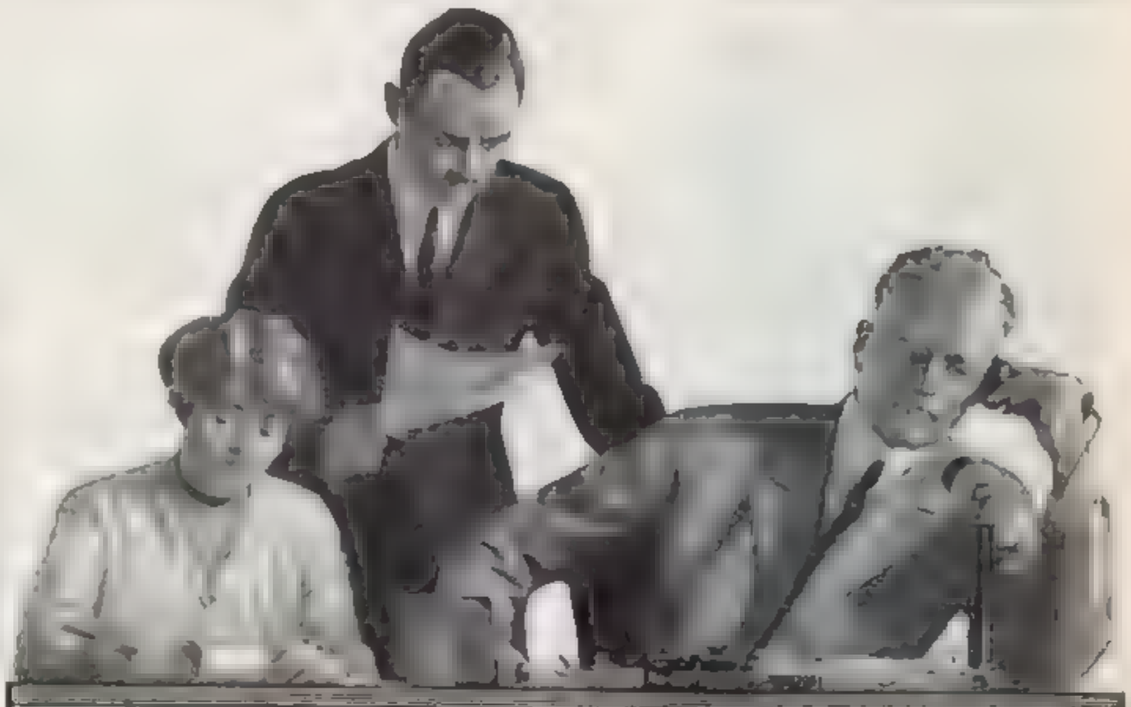
Again, it may be that Mr. Harrison, having in mind the days to come when he possibly may want to run for mayor again, shall contemplate the fact that Mr. Sullivan has a large and influential organization in Chicago, where his votes must arise; and, so contemplating, he may step aside from Hearst and do what is seemly for himself—such as helping the Sullivan campaign a bit or, in any event, not retarding it.

Then we may observe Mr. Hearst, intent on his vengeance on Bryan, sidling up to Sullivan—not because he loves Sullivan more, but because he loves Bryan less. And always must Hamilton Lewis—formerly James—be considered. He himself, aspiring to Democratic leadership in the state, cannot, of course, permit the further exaltation of the Democratic leader; and this may force him into partnership with those he considers his followers now—force him to admit to coleadership those he aptly terms his vassals at the moment.

And there is Dunne, the governor—what of Dunne? Shall Dunne align himself with

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



One Large Dish of Quaker Oats

Supplies a Half-Day's Energy

Nearly everyone knows that in some way Quaker Oats is a wonderful vim-producer. It is the energy food of the ages, supplied in delicious form.

Science measures this power in calories. And it finds that one large dish of Quaker supplies the hardest worker a half-day's need. It gives one twice the energy of some very hearty foods.

Then Quaker Oats is peculiarly rich in phosphorus and lecithin—the components of brains and nerves. So students and brain workers particularly need it.

Millions of people—grown-ups and children—start the day on Quaker. But most of them don't get enough of it. At least once a day, every worker should get Quaker in abundance. Every spoonful becomes a source of vitality.

Quaker Oats

With Exquisite Taste and Aroma

Quaker Oats is distinctive because of its flavor. We pick out for it just the big, plump grains—just the choicest one-third of choice oats. For hours they are treated by dry heat and steam, and then flaked.

All the puny, starved grains are discarded. So you get large, luscious flakes, with a flavor and aroma which little grains don't have.

That flavor is worth getting. It comes to you without extra price whenever you order Quaker.

Note the large white flakes. Cook them and note how delicious is this dish. It is the favorite breakfast in a hundred nations because it tastes so good.

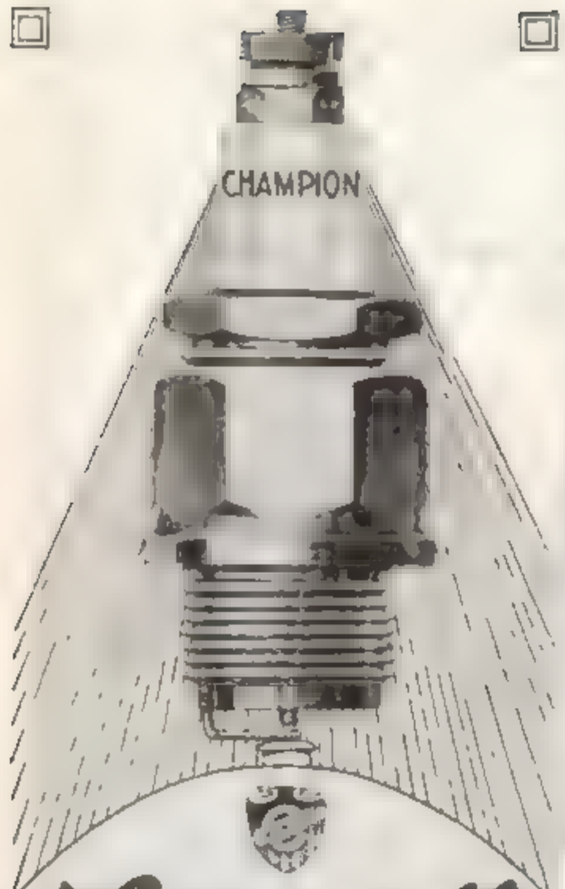
In no other food that you serve on your table is quality so important.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

10c and 25c per package
Except in the Far West and South

668



Maxwell
Cars are factory equipped with
Champion
Spark Plugs

All Maxwells that leave the factory have their full equipments of Champion Plugs. And this is true of all Fords, Studebakers, Metz, and all the cars turned out by 51 other foremost makers.

These manufacturers are willing to trust their reputations and the efficiency of their motors *only* to Champion Spark Plugs.

There is a Champion Plug for every gasoline engine. Get the type required from your dealer.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
World's Largest Makers of Spark Plugs
R. A. Stranahan, Pres. F. D. Stranahan, Treas.
122 AVONDALE AVENUE, TOLEDO, OHIO

YALE

If your padlock bears the name YALE don't lose your key—or you can't get in

A Yale Padlock cannot be forced or picked. One man wrote us that two hours' steady pounding by two men, one with a seven-pound hammer and one with a three-pound hammer, wouldn't open his—after he lost his key.

Perhaps you, too, would appreciate Yale security and reliability in the locks *you* buy. You will get it if they bear the name Yale.

Send for a copy of our "Book about Padlocks."

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Makers of YALE Products
Builders' Hardware.
9 East 40th St., New York City
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
Stamford, Conn., St Catharines, Ont.

Hearst or Harrison? Or shall he stand firm with Bryan? Shall Hearst and Harrison part? Shall they all join hands against Sullivan? Shall the future be disregarded or conserved? Shall any ask: Why does a Nebraskan come into Illinois when the chief tenet of the Democratic Party is state rights?

Officially, of course, and publicly, Dunne and Lewis and Harrison have formed a combination and have indorsed Stringer, urging all Democrats to vote for him. Meantime, Mr. Bryan is having weekly eruptions about Sullivan in his paper, but it has been announced from Washington that what Mr. Bryan is doing is entirely a personal matter with Mr. Bryan, and that the Administration is neutral, or, at least, taking no Administration part against Sullivan. This caused Vrooman to withdraw, scathingly, and it is said he will now be for the Progressive nominee.

Officially and publicly, I said, this Dunne-Lewis-Harrison combination was made. What it all means privately is left to the conjecture of those who have time for speculative reflection.

And what will Sullivan be doing all these whiles? Is he the sort of man to stand idly by and allow others to try to kill him off without making a try at some slaughter in his own behalf? And where are all the minor ones who want county and city offices, now and in the future, going to get off? What profits it them that the leaders are at odds or evens, as the case may be, when Sullivan has a lot of votes and a long and prehensile memory?

Likewise, consider Deneen, who has politics to play—Deneen, whose friends once held him to be fit presidential timber. Is it obligatory on a Deneen to go to bat twice for a Sherman? I do not know. Ask Deneen.

Undoubtedly there will be adequate solutions for all these problems in November. To casual observers it may seem that the solutions will come at the primaries in September. That is the superficial view. The primaries will be mere preliminaries—essential, no doubt, but not attended by more significance than may attach to the elimination of various individuals.

The real Illinois politics will occur between primary day, which is September ninth, and election day, which is November third. In that space of time much that has been left undone during the primary campaigns will be done—and much that has been done will be undone. If I were compiling a political almanac for use in Illinois I should put this legend after each date from September tenth to November third: About this time look out for ructions, revenge, reprisals and retribution.

LOCKED DOORS

Continued from Page 7

that; but now I'm not going to insult you by asking you to give it up. But I'm going to see that you are protected. There will be some one across the street every night as long as you are in the house."

"Have you any theory?" I asked him. He is not strong for theories generally. He is very practical. "That is, do you think the other nurse was right and there is some sort of crime being concealed?"

"Well, think about it," he prompted me. "If a murder has been committed, what are they afraid of? The police? Then why a trained nurse and all this caution about the children? A ghost? Would they lift the carpets so they could hear the specter tramping about?"

"If there is no crime, but something—a lunatic perhaps?" I asked.

"Possibly. But then why this secrecy and keeping out the police? It is, of course, possible that your respected employers have both gone off mentally, and the whole thing is a nightmare delusion. On my word it sounds like it. But it's too much for credulity to believe they've both gone crazy with the same form of delusion."

"Perhaps I'm the lunatic," I said despairingly. "When you reduce it like that to an absurdity I wonder if I didn't imagine it all, the lights burning everywhere and the carpets up, and Mrs. Reed staring down the staircase, and I locked in a room and hanging on by my nails to peer out through a closet transom."

"Perhaps. But how about the deadly sane young woman who preceded you? She had no imagination. Now about Reed and his wife—how do they strike you? They get along all right and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"They are nice people," I said emphatically. "He's a gentleman and they're devoted. He just looks like a big boy who's got into an awful mess and doesn't know how to get out. And she's backing him up. She's a dear."

"Humph!" said Mr. Patton. "Don't suppress any evidence because she's a dear and he's a handsome big boy!"

"I didn't say he was handsome," I snapped.

"Did you ever see a ghost or think you saw one?" he inquired suddenly.

"No, but one of my aunts has. Hers always carry their heads. She asked one a question once and the head nodded."

"Then you believe in things of that sort?"

"Not a particle—but I'm afraid of them."

He smiled, and shortly after that I went back to the house. I think he was sorry about the ghost question, for he explained that he had been trying me out, and that I locked well in my cloak and bonnet.

"I'm afraid of your chin generally," he said, "but the white lawn ties have a softening effect. In view of the ties I have almost the courage ——"

"Yes?"

"I think not, after all," he decided. "The chin is there, ties or no ties. Good-night, and—for heaven's sake don't run any unnecessary risks."

The change from his facetious tone to earnestness was so unexpected that I was still standing there on the pavement when he plunged into the darkness of the square and disappeared.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Financier

THE rain falls rough on the roof;
The team jolts by on the road—
Where are you going, World?
And what have you got in your load?

Packets of joy and grief;
Barrels of coin and chaff
Where are you going, World?
And why does your Driver laugh?

Hearts that are false and foul,
Hidden in crates of guile—
Where are you going, World?
And why does your Driver smile?

Bales of hypocrisy, crime;
Lies tied up like the truth—
Where are you going, World?
Did your Driver speak, forsooth?

Was it the rain in gusts,
Or did your Driver speak?
Where are you going, World?
Hark! How your axles creak!

Sounds like a roar of mirth
Over a monstrous joke
Where are you going, World,
With Life and Death for a yoke?

Here in my load I've got
All the sins of the race—
Where are you going, World?
To plant them in furrows of space.

What shall you reap from wrong?
What shall you win from the clod?
Where are you going, World?
The ultimate truth of God.

Why does the Teamster laugh?
Laughs at a Financier.
Where are you going, World?
Feigns to be rolling my Sphere;

Going to mingle his dust
Into the chasm of force.
Where are you going, World?
Over my bidden course.

—*Harrison S. Morris.*

"In 'Whip' I have completed the work begun by my father seventy years ago."

I found Mr. M. C. Patterson, president of the Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc., in his factory, sleeves rolled up—the busiest man in sight. He was blending "Whip" Tobacco. To safeguard the secret of its blend, I thought. But this was the wrong assumption.

Mr. Patterson blends "Whip" himself because he can't teach anyone else to blend it to his liking.

What Mr. Patterson has learned from his father, who made fine smoking tobaccos all his life, and what he has learned from his own 30 years' experience in making smoking tobaccos, cannot be imparted to others.

Mr. Patterson says: "In 'Whip' I have completed the work begun by my father 70 years ago. We have always sought for a satisfying, fragrant blend that would at the same time be mild and soothing. There's not a bite in a carload of 'Whip.'

"'Whip' is so good that I could sell it at double the price once I could get smokers to smoke a pipeful. But I'd rather sell 'Whip' by millions of cans at a small profit than sell less at a big profit. I ask only five cents an ounce for 'Whip,' ten cents for two ounces."

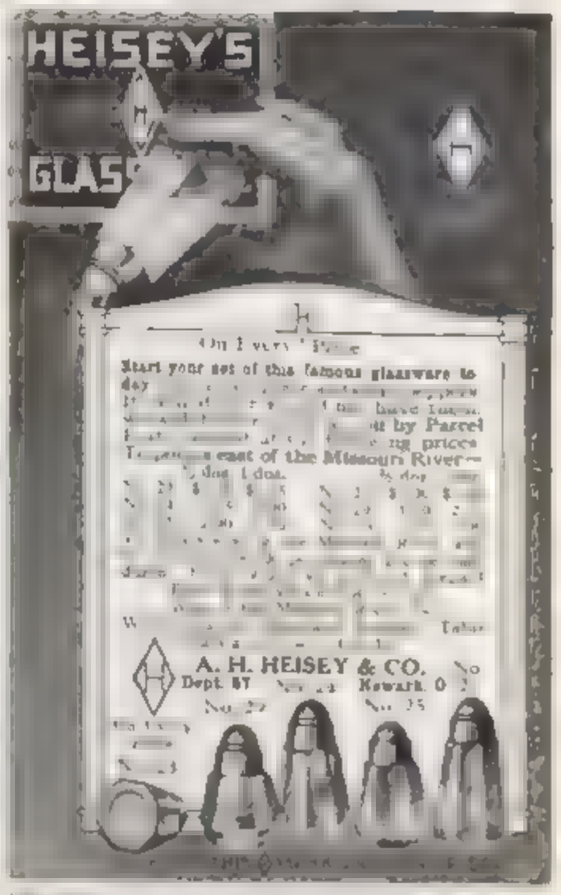
"Whip" is put up in one-ounce tins at 5c., two-ounce tins at 10c.; also in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors.

OUNCE TIN FREE

Mr. Patterson is proud of "Whip." And to prove his good faith, he will gladly send you a one-ounce can free if you will write him a postal.

Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

[illegible] makers of Queen —the big 2½ oz. 10c. tin [illegible] "Whip" and, we believe, [illegible] 2 oz. 10c. Tobaccos



FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL. ALL SIZES
We give you the best [illegible] possible for your [illegible]
COLE & CO. Asbury Park, N. J.

Without penalizing your bank account you can now drive a car of distinctive class

Here is a car that will never be built by the thousands—because it is a special class car for special class men. During the next twelve months we will build and sell 1200 Moline-Knight cars—four cars for each working day—no more, no less—and each car built and finished right.

1200 Moline-Knights for 1200 men of means

This magnificent Moline-Knight sells for $2500—but if you are one of the 1200 men of means to whom we appeal the price will mean nothing, because you know from experience that price does not always determine actual value.

To the man who loves his motor car as a man who loves a good horse—the man who knows there can be spirit in a piece of machinery and friendship in luxurious finish and equipment—if you are such a man, we offer the Moline-Knight as a car of capability and refinement.

The Moline-Knight is guaranteed 50 H. P., 128-inch wheelbase, four speed transmission, spiral gear rear axle, 36 x 4½ inch Goodrich or Firestone Tires, Bosch plugs and ignition, Wagner electric starting, left hand drive, center control, Power tire pump, and other conveniences.

Quality, durability, luxuriousness—not quantity—are the predominating requisites in building Moline-Knight cars.

MOLINE KNIGHT

For those who demand luxurious comfort

The 60-inch semi-elliptic rear springs with Truffault-Hartford shock absorbers insure comfortable riding.

The seats are wide, deep and comfortable—and the distinctive streamline body marks the Moline-Knight as a car of class.

You will appreciate the instantaneous getaway and the smooth even pull of the powerful Moline-Knight engine. The power actually increases with use.

It is the "no-waste and up-keep-reduced-to-the-minimum car"—no carbon—no valves to clog or grind—less consumption of fuel per horsepower—simpler parts, fewer parts, less to get out of order—economy.

The Moline-Knight gives you a smooth even pull with quick acceleration, without laboring—just a velvety feeling of steady resistless power.

Power—Endurance Economy—Quality

In the Moline-Knight you will get the same motor that ran 337 hours without a stop or adjustment on the testing block of the Automobile Club of America, New York. During this test it made a remarkable record for power, economy and endurance. (Send for Official A. C. A. Report.)

We have compiled illustrated booklets containing specifications and just the information you want in condensed form. Write us that you are interested and we will send you these booklets by return mail.

Dealers We will require a limited number of additional dealers to help us market our 1200 Moline-Knight cars—high grade men who have been selling high priced cars. Write at once for advance information regarding Roadster, Sedan and Limousine to be added to the Moline-Knight line.

Moline Automobile Company
East Moline, Ill.

"Bid Low—and Put Novo on the Payroll"

How a contractor made money on a closely figured job by knowing the difference between *Labor* and *Power*

THIS contractor had a little red book in which he jotted down a thought now and then. Here are some of those thoughts:

"The pyramids were built by labor, but it took so many years that the men who placed the cap stone didn't know what the thing was started for."

"Power is a pace maker for labor."

"Power never shirks—it doesn't have to be driven—it drives."

"A job is profitable in proportion as power displaces labor."

This contractor made money on his low bid by using Power—Novo Power—wherever his engineer could figure out a way.

He did his trench pumping with a portable Novo suction pump outfit that did more work than six men and cost less than one.

Instead of wheel-barrowing his concrete up inclines, he rigged up a Novo hoist; two rings slipped over the handles of the barrow and a hook caught the wheel and up she went to the right level. That cut down the labor cost by eight men.

He had to bring his water from a distance, so instead of carting it he installed a Novo pump, which did the work of four horses and two men.

He did his trench filling by hitching a Novo hoist to a scraper, with one man to guide the latter.

A Novo ran his concrete mixer.

He used a No. 4 Novo Portable Saw rig to make his concrete forms.

When the job was done and he had banked his profits, he wrote in the little red book:

"Bid Low—and put Novo on the payroll."

NOVO REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ENGINES and OUTFITS

Novos better than steam

His selection of Novo Engines was the result of experience. First he used steam. But steam meant a licensed engineer and fireman. It wasn't sufficiently portable and elastic. He had to keep several types of boilers to conform with different state and city ordinances.

Then he tried cheaper gas engines. The experience was painful—and costly. The gruelling work of a contractor shows up a poorly designed and meanly built engine very quickly.

Novo Engine finally solved his problem of ample, absolutely reliable power under hardest conditions—in rain and freezing weather.

The Novo works from whistle to whistle.

It works the way it's built—on honor.

A big proportion of gas engines on construction work are Novos.

Novo costs more, just as a sound, willing horse costs more than a spavined, wind broken wreck of a horse.

It costs more because we have crowded into a Novo Engine every dollar of value we can. If there was any way to make a Novo better, we would do it if it doubled the cost.

That's the only kind of engine that will stand up on construction work.

Send for Novo Book

There's a lot more to be said about Novo Engines and it's all said in our book "Reliable Power."

This book lists many labor saving Novo Outfits and discusses Novo Power in a way that is convincing. It contains power suggestions that will be worth money to any contractor.

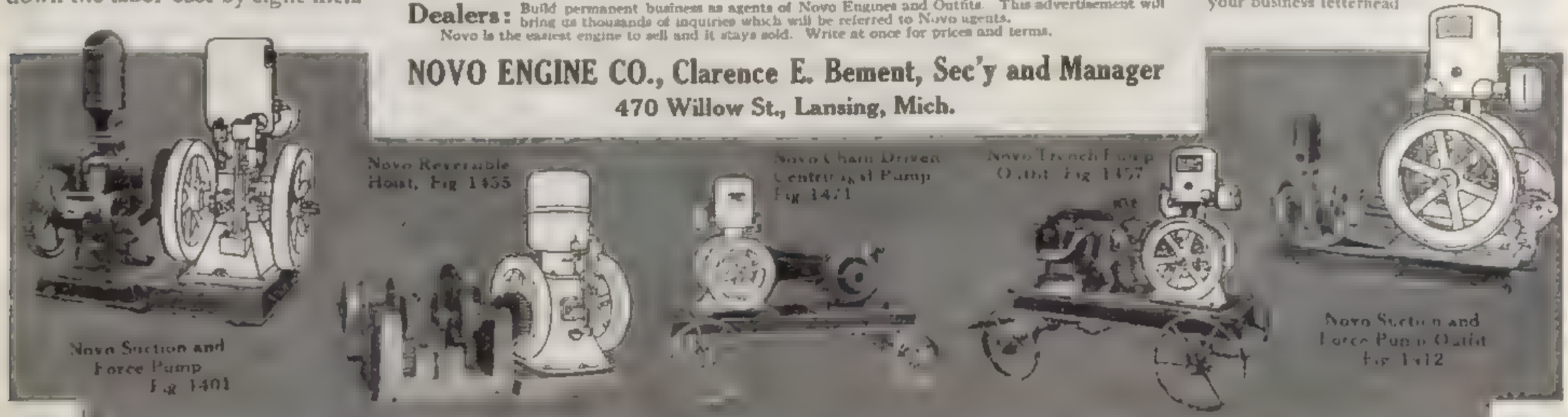
Novo Book—"Reliable Power"

We will send "Reliable Power," free, to any one who is interested. Please write on your business letterhead

Novo Engines can be furnished for operating on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol, or distillate

Dealers: Build permanent business as agents of Novo Engines and Outfits. This advertisement will bring us thousands of inquiries which will be referred to Novo agents. Novo is the easiest engine to sell and it stays sold. Write at once for prices and terms.

NOVO ENGINE CO., Clarence E. Bement, Sec'y and Manager
470 Willow St., Lansing, Mich.


Novo Suction and Force Pump Fig 1401
Novo Reversible Hoist, Fig 1455
Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pump Fig 1471
Novo Trench Pump Outfit Fig 1457
Novo Suction and Force Pump Outfit Fig 1412

Five of the Seventy-five Varieties of Novo Outfits

AN HOUR OF LEISURE

(Continued from Page 21)

Major? You don't know! For all you care the poor old man is probably lying sick and alone, without a penny to his name, and no one but that ninny Hopkinson to care for him. What cursed fate ever brought the Major into your hands? You and your damnable syndicate of made-to-order doubles!"

"It would have been all right," muttered Hartmann dully, "had it not been for that red-headed boy. If he had not stumbled in upon us and given word to the police ——"

"If it hadn't been for Grimsy," cried Charlin fiercely, "I wouldn't be here now to take charge of your tragic affair. And you, Hartmann, would still be in jail, where you belong, instead of being out on bail. That red-headed boy, as you call him, had the sense to suspect something wrong, and he told Helen Beeston. She is the one who came to me to-night, insisting that I find out if it could be true that the man at Beeston Lodge was not her father after all. If it hadn't been for her and that red-headed boy the public would be holding its nose over this thing now. Stand up!" he snarled. "I don't want two corpses on my hands."

Charlin seized the little man who had stage-managed this tragic attempt at duplication.

"There are two things to be done," said Charlin, swallowing the gorge that rose in him. "We must find the Major, and we must get rid of this. Hartmann, have you no means of tracing the Major—getting word to him?"

Hartmann wearily shook his head.

"Everything went to pieces after the raid," he said. "My people are scattered; everything is lost."

"Who is that man in the chair?" demanded Charlin.

"His name is Wakeman—Abner Wakeman," said Hartmann slowly. "His stage name was Webb Wakely."

"Webb Wakely! The Lear of years and years ago?"

"Yes," said Hartmann, and he bowed his head. "I picked him for the part because I thought he could duplicate the Major to the last heartbeat."

Charlin stood pondering. He put out a hand and rested it on Hartmann's shoulder. He hesitated. But finally he brought himself to speak in a whisper. Hartmann, looking aged and gray, nodded. Charlin left the room, closing the door softly after him and turning the key.

"Merkle," said Charlin to the butler, who was pacing the entrance hall restlessly, "I want you to get into my car and go down to the village to meet the last train from town. The Major's doctor is coming. Then," said Charlin, "rouse the telegraph operator and send this message. I am wiring for a Pinkerton man. The house has been robbed. And Merkle," went on Charlin, "before you start I want you to see that the servants are kept to their quarters. Every one of them must be searched."

The man's jaw dropped, but Charlin reassured him and ordered him to be off. There was nothing more to be done till the doctor arrived, and this German, whom Charlin had picked up in Paris, was of so stubborn a nature that the secretary wondered if he would consent to play a part in the only feasible plan. It was undoubtedly an accidental death. As Hartmann said, he had duplicated the Major to the last heartbeat in the person of the old actor. Probably a quarrel between the two dummies, the one who played the master and the other who played the man, had brought on a stroke; and the valet, it was apparent, had fled in terror. What bothered Charlin, however, was how this man had escaped. He knew that it was no simple task to get out of the Beeston inclosure. However, he had more weighty troubles on his shoulders now than trying to figure out how the surviving rascal of the combination had escaped with his plunder.

Charlin sat pondering over the strange situation, fearful to speculate, so uncertain did the outcome seem. It had been shortly after nine o'clock the previous evening that Helen Beeston had sought him out at his hotel with the strangest story in the world. It was simply that the man he had brought from Europe in the yacht Mighty was not Major Beeston at all, but an impostor. Charlin thought at first that the girl had suddenly lost her reason. In fact, he had openly ridiculed her idea as too preposterous to contemplate. But as she poured forth her story, with its wealth of cumulative details, the secretary's incredulity melted away.

She readily confessed that she had played at being a working girl in her intense desire to learn something of life, to come in contact with people who were human beings; and Charlin admitted to himself that never had she seemed more earnestly appealing than when she unconsciously painted for him the barrenness of her existence. She touched on her acquaintance with young Grimsy, their common loss of dinner in the boarding house which had resulted in their going together to a restaurant, and told how Grimsy had entertained her with an account of his part in the Hartmann affair, and the inevitable suggestion of his conviction that the Cooper Union check was not in Major Beeston's own hand, though Grimsy himself had seen him sign it.

"What paper?" Charlin had cried, for the recollection of that dismal Cooper Union affair burned his memory like an iron. They found the reproduction.

Like a flash, as he studied it, the realization that this indeed was not the Major's signature had come to him, though the forgery was clever enough to pass muster with casual observers. But even with this evidence before his eyes he could not bring himself to accept the preposterous suggestion that a substitute was now and had for weeks been occupying her father's place. But while he rejected such a possibility an array of little nothings rose before him to confound his doubt. He recollected now that, since that wild flight from the Villa Tricorne, the Major, on one excuse or another, had continually kept him at a distance; he had been banished, in favor of the valet, from his long-time intimacy.

Yet when Helen Beeston had argued that suspicion pointed to David Hartmann, now languishing in jail for a similar offense, as the only logical key to the situation, Charlin had steadfastly refused to listen. She begged, implored, finally threatened. Then, with the Beeston fire in her eyes, she had started to go about the business herself. And Charlin, giving in at the last moment, had used his influence to get to Hartmann in the Tombs and charged him boldly with the imposture. He had almost fallen over from the shock when the saturnine Hartmann calmly admitted it. Then had come the rush to find a magistrate to accept bail. This accomplished, Charlin had called out the fastest car in the Beeston garage and burned roads in his desperation, only to find on arrival that the substitute of the Major had given up his last heartbeat.

The secretary was aroused by a light step, and looking up he saw Hartmann confronting him. The little man did not speak; he nodded and Charlin understood. He followed him to the apartment above. In the chair reclined a figure not that of Major Beeston. Webb Wakely, the actor of long ago, in death had come into his own again.

Toward dawn, on the edge of the forest a torn and bruised creature might have been seen viewing the Beeston mansion with melancholy eyes. A few hours before this same object had been the spick-and-span valet answering to the name of Hopkinson in this house. The semblance to the faithful Hopkinson was still there, but much of it had been erased. The fugitive, who had fled from this house in terror at the sound of a bell at the gate, leaving behind him a companion who would no longer command or deny, had run, crawled, stumbled over miles on miles of the estate. The loss of his precious bag had become to him by this time an incomprehensible phenomenon. He watched the dull sun come up; he saw the house awaken to the new day; he saw vehicles come and go. He wondered, when those ponderous gates were thrown open, if he could not slip through the tunnel. But when he investigated this possibility he saw the futility of such an enterprise. Now in the light of day he examined the ten-foot iron paling that fenced the estate. It was guarded at the top by projecting spikes waiting for the first man to attempt to crawl over them. All night long he had listened in vain for an alarm from the house which had suffered the double disaster; though lights burned steadily in the chamber above, and though he was conscious of a constant and guarded activity, the house gave no outward sign.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

You Will Be Surprised at These *Three Things*:

First, the consoling comfort of these SOFT-KNIT Socks on your feet—most men have forgotten that socks can be comfortable.

Second, at the good looks in socks that work a big saving over what you now pay.

Third, at their extreme Durability: SOFT-KNIT yarn resists the wear of rubbing and cutting. The cotton and the dye are the very best. The heel and toe are reinforced.

IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS 2 for 25¢

IPSWICH HEMNIT for Ladies

The *only and original, loose knee, anti-run,* seamless stocking with all the good points of other 25c stockings.

This *original, anti-run feature* is possible because the top is *knit* in place, not seamed as others are.

More than 36,000,000 pairs made annually for Men, Women and Children, from 15c to 50c.

SOFT-KNIT is a lesson in Economy.

The softer the finish the greater the wear, too. Don't forget that. Price has little to do with *wear*. This sock costs but 15c a pair. But SOFT-KNIT means greater elasticity—and elasticity means *more wear and less* rubbing, *less* cutting. Reinforced heel and toe.

You Can't Buy Better Stockings Than IPSWICH

Invest *three nickels* today to try one pair and get acquainted with a comfortable, good-looking and fine-wearing hose.

They are honestly made and honestly sold. The dyes are *fadeless* and *stainless*. We guarantee *equal* satisfaction and *greater* service at *less* cost. Black, Tan and popular colors. 15c a pair, 2 for 25c, $1.50 a dozen.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address, your size, the color desired, together with the proper remittance, and we will fill your orders promptly, postage prepaid in the United States. If Ipswich 15c socks fail to give good service, return them to us with dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money.

Ipswich Mills, 15 River St., Ipswich, Mass.
Founded 1822

Maxwell "25"

The biggest automobile value ever offered for less than $1,000. Our coming year's production of 60,000 cars makes the new price of $695 fully equipped with these 17 new features possible.

1—Pure stream-line body.
2—Adjustable front seat.
3—Sims high-tension magneto.
4—Three-quarter elliptic rear springs.
5—Tire brackets on rear.
6—Spring tension fan.
7—Kingston carbureter.
8—Clear Vision Wind Shield.
9—Foot-rest for accelerator pedal.
10—Tail lights, with license bracket attached.
11—Gasoline tank located under dash cowl.
12—Crown fenders with all rivets concealed.
13—Head lights braced by rod running between lamps.
14—Famous make of anti-skid tires on rear.
15—Gracefully rounded, double-shell radiator equipped with shock absorbing device.
16—Instrument board, carrying speedometer, carbureter adjustment and gasoline filler.
17—Improved steering gear; spark and throttle control on quadrant under steering wheel; electric horn button mounted on end of quadrant.

The new 1915 Maxwell "25" is the easiest car to drive in the world. It is one of the greatest all around hill climbing cars in the world. It is an automobile to be really proud of.

See this "Wonder Car" at the Maxwell dealer nearest you. Write for the 1915 Catalog.

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT, MICH.

$695

WITH ELECTRIC SELF STARTER AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS $55 EXTRA

SMOOTH CROSSING

(Continued from Page 19)

Bronston smiled gently to himself as he and Keller crossed the threshold and headed for the dining saloon. He didn't go near Miss Cartwright or Major Slocum again that day, but in the course of the afternoon he, watching from a distance, saw her in earnest conversation with two of her friends from Evanston—and both of these two were women. Immediately Bronston went below and stayed there. He didn't even get up for dinner. The excuse he gave Keller, when Keller came in at dinner-time, was that he wanted to go over certain papers connected with his case. The small desk at which he sat was littered with papers and he was steadily making notes upon a scratch pad. He asked Keller to ask their dining-room steward to bring him a light meal upon a tray.

At this point we digress, in order to drag in the fact that this ship, the Mesopotamia, was one of the largest ships afloat at this time. The following year there would be bigger ones in commission, but for the moment she ranked among the largest. She was over eight hundred feet long and of a beam measurement and a hull depth to correspond; but even upon a craft of such amplified proportions as this was news travels with amazing rapidity, especially if it be news calculated to arouse and to excite. Such a ship might be likened to a small, compact town set afloat, with all the social ramifications of a small town and with all of a small town's curiosity regarding the private affairs of the neighbors. Ashore gossip flies swiftly enough, goodness only knows; at sea it flits from point to point, as if on the wings of the swallow. What one knows every one else knows, and knows it very soon too.

The digression is concluded. Let us return to the main thread of our narrative. Let us go back to the joint occupants of D-forty.

It was nine-twenty that same evening when Keller broke in upon his companion, who sat at the little desk, still busied with his writing. Keller seemed flustered, not to say indignant. He slammed the door behind him viciously.

"Somebody's on," he stated, speaking with disconsolate conviction. "I know I haven't said anything, and it don't stand to reason that you'd be talking; but they're on."

"On what?" inquired Bronston calmly.

"On to us—that's what! It's leaked out who we are."

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't think anything about it—I know. I've got the proofs. We had our little game all fixed up for to-night—me and the same three fellows I've been playing with right along; but when I looked them up in the smoking room after dinner they all three excused themselves—said they didn't feel like playing. Well, that was all right, but a little later I saw Latham and Levy joining in a game with two other men, both strangers to me. So I tried to get into another game that was just starting up, and the fellows there horned me out. I could tell they didn't want to be playing with me. And going through the lounge I tumbled, all of a sudden, to the fact that all the people there, men and women both, were looking hard at me and nodding to one another—get what I mean? Maybe they didn't think I saw them—I didn't let on, of course—but I did see 'em. I tell you they're on. Say, what do you know about a lot of stuck-up people passing up a man cold, just because they've found out some way that he's a private detective?"

Overcome by his feelings he snorted in disgust. Then added, as an afterthought: "Well, what's the next move? What do you think we'd better do now?"

Bronston considered a moment before answering.

"If your suspicions are correct I take it the best thing for us to do is to stay away from the other passengers as much as we possibly can during the rest of this trip. At least that's what I figure on doing—with your consent."

"How about that Miss What's-her-name, the girl who was with you this morning?" asked Keller. "How are you going to cut her out?"

"That's simple enough—merely by not going near her, that's all," said Bronston. "Admitting that you are right and that we have been recognized, the young woman probably wouldn't care to be seen in my company anyhow. As things seem to stand now it might be embarrassing for her."

"I guess you've got the right dope," said Keller. "If anybody objects to my company they know what they can do. What do you figure on doing—sticking here in the room?"

"Remaining in a stateroom for a day or so won't be much of a privation to a man who faces the prospect of being locked up in an English jail indefinitely," said Bronston, and he smiled. "It'll merely be a sort of preliminary training. Besides, we ought to reach shore to-morrow night or the next morning. I shall certainly stay where I am."

"Me too, I guess," said Keller dolorously. "I sure was enjoying that little game, though."

After all, as it turned out, Keller wouldn't have cared to leave his quarters anyhow on the next day. For overnight the sea, so placid and benignant until now, developed a passing fit of temperament. In the morning the sea wasn't exactly what you would call rough, but on the other hand it wasn't exactly what you would call absolutely smooth; and Keller, being a green traveler, awoke with a headache and a feeling of squeamishness in his stomach, and found it no privation to remain upon the flat of his back. Except for a trip to the bathroom Bronston did not venture out of the room either. He read and wrote and smoked and had his meals brought to him. Keller couldn't touch food.

So the situation stood in the middle of the afternoon when there came a gentle knock at the door. Keller was dozing then, but roused himself as Bronston called out to know what was wanted. The voice which answered through the panels was the voice of their bedroom steward, Lawrence.

"I've a wireless, sir," he said; "just received from the coast. It's addressed to 'Sharkey Agency's Operative, aboard Steamship Mesopotamia,' and the wireless operator brought it to the purser, sir, and the purser told me to bring it to this stateroom. Was that right, sir?"

Keller sat up with a groan. His head was swimming.

"Stay where you are," said Bronston; "I'll get it for you"; and before Keller could swing his feet to the floor Bronston had unbolted the door and had taken the message from Lawrence's hand. The steward, standing outside, had time only to murmur his inevitable "Thank you, sir," and catch one peep at the interior of the stateroom before the door was closed in his face. Bronston turned and handed the sealed envelope to Keller.

"What did I tell you last night about 'em all being on?" said Keller. "A message comes with no name on it, and yet they know right where to send it. And did you get a flash at the look on that steward's face? Somebody's been telling that guy something too."

He opened the brown envelope and glanced at the small sheet that it contained. "The London officer will meet us at Liverpool," he said, as he crumpled the paper and tossed it aside. "We land at the other place first, don't we—Fishhawk, or whatever its name is?"

"Fishguard," Bronston told him. "Or rather, we stop off Fishguard, and tenders come out to meet us and to take off mail and passengers. Then the ship goes on to Liverpool."

"Good enough," said Keller. "You and me will stay right here in this stateroom until we get to Liverpool; that'll be some time to-morrow, won't it?"

"To-morrow afternoon probably," said Bronston. He went back to his writing, whistling a little tune to himself.

The precaution of the overcareful Keller proved unnecessary, because in the morning word was brought by the bathroom steward that a notice had just been posted in the gangway opposite the purser's desk announcing that because of the roughness of the channel the liner would proceed straight to Liverpool without stopping off Fishguard at all. Nevertheless, the detective kept the stateroom door locked. With land in sight he was taking no chances at all.

Since their stateroom was on the port side and the hills of Wales stood up out of the sea upon the other side, they saw nothing of Fishguard as the Mesopotamia steamed on up the choppy channel. Mainly they both were silent; each was busy with

No Watch Catalog Like This Was Ever Published Before

President Studebaker will pay the postage on your copy to you FREE—anywhere you live. Write a postal today.

EVERYBODY loves a good watch—to know all about watches—to understand watch-making secrets, jewels, movements, cases, etc.

So we have just published a big 1915 color-[illegible] the first time.

INTERESTING. Valuable. Tells everything you should know about picking out any watch for yourself or family, or for gifts.

It is free if you send your name and address whether you now own a watch or want to buy one, or not. Write today.

All "South Bend" Watches "EVERLASTINGLY ACCURATE"

All Shown in Catalog.

Choice of Hundreds of Combinations of Handsome Cases and Everlastingly Accurate Movements.

Over 100 Handsomest Cases made in America fully illustrated in colors, with prices and descriptions shown in catalog. [illegible] South Bend Watch Cases — Latest Novelties—Standard Designs—Monogram Cases—Fraternity Cases—both ladies' and gentlemen's.

Unlimited Guarantee

500,000 South Bend Watch owners and 10,000 leading Jewelers—many near you, would tell you of our Permanent Guarantee and most liberal. [illegible]

CLUB OFFER

$1 a Week

Even $1 a week buys a South Bend Complete Watch. Write for plan. All confi[illegible] Any watch you want NOW. Catalog explains all.

Write today.

Big New Catalog Free

Write Postal [illegible] Just [illegible] Jeweler [illegible] — Satisfaction or no pay." Write for Free Catalog.

SOUTH BEND WATCH CO.

Mfrs. of Watches, Guaranteed by the Studebakers—World [illegible]

182 Studebaker Street, SOUTH BEND, IND.

The New Dr. Lyon's Dental Cream

Two Good Ways to Have Good Teeth

THE name Dr. Lyon's on either tooth powder or dental cream is absolute assurance of safety and efficiency. Dr. Lyon's fifty years of dentifrice experience—fifty years of world-wide recognition—have an important meaning to those who exercise thought in the care of the teeth.

Whatever your preference as to the form of dentifrice, you can now choose between TWO *standard* preparations

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Dr. Lyon's laboratory, in creating the new Dr. Lyon's Dental Cream, must be credited with an achievement of highest order. It is a characteristically superior product—especially at these definite points:

—quickly soluble.
—deposits no sticky masses to encourage decay.
—rinses thoroughly, leaving complete cleanliness.
—efficacious in the prevention of receding gums and loosening teeth.
—antiseptic and antacid.

Sold Everywhere

Send 2c postage for 10-day trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dr. Lyon's Perfect Dental Cream. Address I. W. LYON & SONS, 522 West 27th St., New York.

Look for the Coupon in each package that entitles you to a tooth brush FREE.

"They have never known how to let out an inch of slack!"

That's what a neighbor said of this family of business men—business farmers

Who go to school to learn business and machinery as necessary adjuncts of farming.

Who raise a thousand bushels of onions to an acre and then follow up with twelve hundred bushels of carrots on the same acre.

Who sit with an ear to the phone keeping tabs on market quotations as acutely as ever E. H. Harriman kept tabs on the stock tape.

Who can carry four hundred tons of farm produce through market gluts in their own cold-storage plant.

Who have forty acres under overhead irrigation merely as drought insurance.

Who ship from their own dock in their own freight steamer to cut down transportation charges.

It's all business—the last word in modern efficiency equipment—a farm without frills, yet divided into rapid-fire units and hair-trigger appointments. The story of

Three Generations of Business Farmers

is a business story for business men—the story of eighty acres of land that half a million dollars would hardly buy.

It is in the issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

that's on the News-Stands Now

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers
$1.50 the Year by Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

his own thoughts and speculations. Hampered in their movements by the narrow confines of their quarters they packed their large bags and their small ones, packing them with care and circumspection, the better to kill the time that hung upon their hands. Finally Bronston, becoming dissatisfied with his own bestowal of his belongings, called in the handy Lawrence to do the job all over again for him.

As the shifting view through their porthole presently told them, they left the broad channel for the twistywise river. The lightships which dot the Mersey above its mouth, like street-lamps along a street, were sliding by when Lawrence knocked upon the door to ask if the luggage was ready for shore. He was told to return in a few minutes; but instead of going away he waited outside in the little corridor.

"Well," said Keller, "I guess we'd better be getting up on deck, hadn't we?" He glanced sidewise at the shiny steel cuffs, which he had fished out from an ulster pocket and which lay upon the rumpled covers of his bed. Alongside them was the key of the door.

"I suppose so," said Bronston indifferently; "I'll be with you in a minute." With his back half turned to Keller he was adjusting the seemingly refractory buckle of a strap which belonged about one of the valises. He had found it necessary to remove the strap from the bag.

"Hello, what's this?" he said suddenly. The surprise in his tone made Keller look. Bronston had leaned across the foot of his bed and from a wall pocket low down against the wainscoting had extracted something.

"Why, it's a razor," he said, holding it up; "and what's more it looks like your razor—the one you thought you'd lost."

"That's what it is," said Keller, taking it from him. "I wonder how in thunder it got itself hid there? I'll stick it in my pocket."

"Better not," advised Bronston. "If I'm not mistaken it is against the English law to carry a razor upon the person. A locked valise would be a better place for it, I should say."

"I guess you're right," agreed Keller. "In a strange country it's just as well to be careful."

He turned and stooped down, fumbling with the hasps upon his small handbag. As he did, something supple and quick descended in a loop over his head and shoulders. In an instantaneous flash of alarm he sensed that it was the same broad strap which he had seen a moment before in the hands of the other man. As he straightened with an exclamation of surprise, the strap was violently tightened from behind, the tough leather squeaking under the strain as the tongue of the buckle slipped through a handy hole; and there he was, trussed fast about the middle, with his arms bound down against his sides just at the elbow, so that his lower arms flapped in the futile fashion of a penguin's wings. He cried out then, cursing and wriggling and straining. But a man who would have been his equal in bodily vigor even though his limbs were unhampered was upon him from the rear, pitching him forward on his bed, face downward, wrestling him over on his side, muffling his face in a twist of bed clothing, then forcing his wrists together and holding them so while there was a jingle of steel chain and a snapping together of steel jaws. Half suffocated under the weight of his antagonist, with his mouth full of blanket and his eyes blinded, overpowered, tricked, all but helpless, lashing out with his feet in a vain protest against this mishandling, Keller now was dimly aware of a wallet being hurriedly removed from his breast-pocket and of something else of equal bulk being substituted for it. Then he was yanked upon his feet, a cap was jammed upon his head, the leather noose about his body was cast off, and he stood unsteadily—a composite picture of dishevelment, dismay, chagrin and rage—wearing upon his two clamped hands the same gyves which his conqueror had worn when they boarded the ship.

"You'll pay for this—I'll make you pay for this!" he sputtered. "I'll show you up! Damn you, take these things off of me!" and he tugged impotently at his bonds until his wristbones threatened to dislocate themselves. "You ain't got a chance to get away with this—not a chance," he cried. "I'll raise this whole ship! I'll ——"

"Rest perfectly easy," said Bronston calmly, soothingly almost, as he flung the strap aside and stepped back. "The ship has already been raised, or a part of it. If you weren't so excited you would know that our friend Lawrence has been trying to get in the door for the last half minute or so. I think he must have heard you kicking. Let us admit him."

He had the key in his hands—in the stress and fever of the encounter he had even remembered, this thoughtful man, to secure the key. And now, with his eyes turned toward the captive, who remained stupefied at this inexplicable maneuver, he was stepping backward and unfastening the door, and swinging it open for the admission of the astounded servant.

"Lawrence," snapped Bronston in the voice of authority and command, "I want you. My man here tried to give me the slip and I had to use a little violence to secure him. Bring these bags and come along with us to the deck. I shall possibly need your help in making certain explanations which may be necessary. Understand, don't you?"

Reaching backward, he slipped a shining gold coin into Lawrence's palm; he slid into a gray ulster; he advanced a step and fastened a firm hand upon the crook of Keller's fettered right arm. Involuntarily the captive sought to pull away.

"I keep telling you you ain't got a chance," he blurted. "I'll go to the captain ——"

"No, my noisy friend, you won't go to the captain," Bronston broke in on his tirade, "but you'll be taken to him." With a forward swing he thrust Keller across the threshold and they bumped together in the narrow cross hall. "Come along now, Lawrence, and look sharp," he bade the pop-eyed steward over his shoulder.

We may briefly sketch the details of the trip through the passageway, and up the steps from D-deck to C-deck and from C-deck to B, for really it occupied less time than would be required for a proper description of it. Suffice it to say that it was marked by many protestations and by frequent oaths and by one or two crisp commands and once by a small suggestion of a struggle. These sounds heralded the progress of the trio as they moved bumpingly along, so that the first officer, catching untoward noises which rose above the chatter of the passengers who surrounded him, garbed and ready for the shore, stepped back from the deck into the cabin foyer, followed by a few first-cabin folk who, like him, had heard the clamor and had gathered that something unusual must be afoot.

The first officer barred the way of the procession. He was a competent and self-possessed young man, else he would not have been the first officer. At sight of his brass buttons and gold-braided sleeves Keller, still striving to cast off Bronston's hold, emitted a cry of relief.

"Captain! Captain!" he yelled; "listen to me. Listen to me a minute, please."

"The captain is on the bridge until the ship has docked," answered the uniformed one. "I am the first officer. What is the trouble?"

"There is no trouble—now." Bronston was speaking; speaking authoritatively and without outward signs of excitement. "Would you care to hear what I have to say, Mr. Officer?"

"I would."

"But, see here, I'm the one that's got a right to do the talking," burst in a frenzied gurgle from the sorely beset Keller. "You listen to me. This is an outrage!"

"One at a time," quoth the first officer in the voice of one accustomed to having his orders obeyed. "Proceed," he bade Bronston.

"You may have heard," stated Bronston, "that we are a detective and a prisoner. I believe there has been talk to that effect on board here for the past day or two."

The first officer—his name was Watts—nodded to indicate that such rumors had come to his ears.

"Very well, then," went on Bronston; "my man here will probably claim that he is being kidnapped. That is his last hope." He smiled at this. "He tried to get away from me a bit ago. We had a tussle. The steward here heard us struggling. I overpowered him and ironed him. Now, for reasons best known to himself, I apprehend that he will claim that he is really the detective and that I am really the prisoner. Will you kindly look at us both and tell me, in your opinion, which is which?"

Dispassionately, judicially, First Officer Watts considered the pair facing him, while curious spectators crowded together in a semicircle behind him and a thickening stream of other first-cabin passengers poured in from off the deck, jostling up closely to feast their gaping eyes upon so sensational an episode. It took the young Englishman only a moment or two to make up his mind;

Her "Second Love"

Tis a box of *Johnston's* Chocolates, and she cannot wait till her "first love" comes to thank him for this thoughtful gift.

T-R-I-A-D Chocolates

—one of Johnston's packages de luxe, comprises three trays in the *yellow* box—

Original Dutch Bitter-Sweets
Swiss-Style Milk Chocolate Creams
White Cherries in Cream
Chocolate Dipped

—queenly sweetmeats, scientifically made from nature's richest bounty. Eat *Johnston's*—and learn why we pay an extra fortune yearly for candy perfection.

Put up in 80c to $5.00 size boxes. If your dealer fails to supply you, we will forward, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's

"THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES"

Famous Acousticon

for the

You must not confuse the Acousticon with any other instrument. The Acousticon is the instrument you regulate instantly to clearly

Hear Every Sound

near or distant—loud or low [illegible] It to your hearing. Not blurred, not a single sound harsh. The Acousticon covers

48 Degrees of Deafness

—Unless "stone deaf" the Acousticon is known success [illegible] years

NO DEPOSIT
TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

We [illegible] to test [illegible] in your own home. The Acousticon is the instrument you must use.

EASY TERMS Learn how to secure an Acousticon on easy monthly payments before special offer expires.

WRITE now for greatest free book of facts for the deaf [illegible] from ministers, judges and hundreds of [illegible]

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.
1213 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York City

DEAF
Now Direct By Mail

Salesmen Wanted—Men of experience and successful records; two new articles; commission $20 to $30; give references. Address J. C. Hawkins, Newton, Iowa

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

a quick scrutiny was to him amply sufficient. For one of these men stood at ease; well set up, confident, not noticeably rumpled as to attire or flustered as to bearing. But the other: His coat was bunched up on his back, one trouser leg was pulled half way up his shin; his mussed hair was in his eyes; his cap was over one ear; his eyes undoubtedly had a most wild and desperate look; his mouth uttered threats and ravings. Finally there were those handcuffs. Handcuffs, considered as such, may not signify guilt, yet somehow they typify it. So far as First Officer Watts was concerned those handcuffs clinched the case. To his understanding they were *prima facie* evidence, exceedingly plausible and highly convincing. Promptly he delivered his opinion. It was significant that, in so doing, he addressed Bronston and ignored Keller:

"I'm bound to say, sir, that the appearances are in favor of you. But there should be other proof, don't you think—papers or something?"

"Certainly," agreed Bronston. He drew a wallet from his own breast pocket and handed it over to Watts. Then, working deftly, he extracted half a dozen letters and a sheaf of manuscript notes from an inner pocket of Keller's coat and tendered them for examination; which crowning indignity rendered Keller practically inarticulate with madness. Watts scanned these exhibits briefly, paying particular attention to a formal-looking document which he drew from the red wallet.

"These things seem to confirm what you say," was his comment. He continued, however, to hold the written and printed testimony in his hands. He glanced at the impressive document again. "Hold on; this description of the man who is wanted says he has a mustache?"

"Oh, I'm going to offer you other proof, plenty of it," Bronston promised, cutting in on Keller, who grew more incoherently vocal with each moment. "Would you be so good as to send for the ship's barber?"

"Bring the barber!" ordered Watts of a wide-eyed cabin boy.

"This steward has served us since we came aboard," went on Bronston, indicating Lawrence. "Now, my man, I want you to tell the truth. Which of us two seemed to be in charge on the night you first saw us the night we came aboard—this man or I?"

"You, sir," answered Lawrence. "I recall quite distinctly that 'twas you spoke to me about the 'eavy luggage."

"Who took from you the wireless message which you brought yesterday to our stateroom, addressed to the representative of the Sharkey Detective Agency?"

"You, sir."

"Who handed you your tip a few minutes ago for serving us during the voyage?"

"You did, thank you, sir."

A figure of dignity pushed forward through the ring of excited spectators and a sonorous, compelling voice was raised impressively. Major Slocum had been late in arriving upon the scene, but what he now said earned for him instant attention.

"Mr. Officer," announced the Major with a gesture which comprehended the central pair of figures, "you may accept it from me as an absolute and indisputable fact that this gentleman, who calls himself Brown, is a bona-fide detective. I gleaned as much from my conversation with him upon the occasion of our first meeting. He evinced a wide knowledge of police matters. Of the other person I know nothing, except that, since Brown is the detective, he must perforce be the prisoner." He cleared his throat before going on:

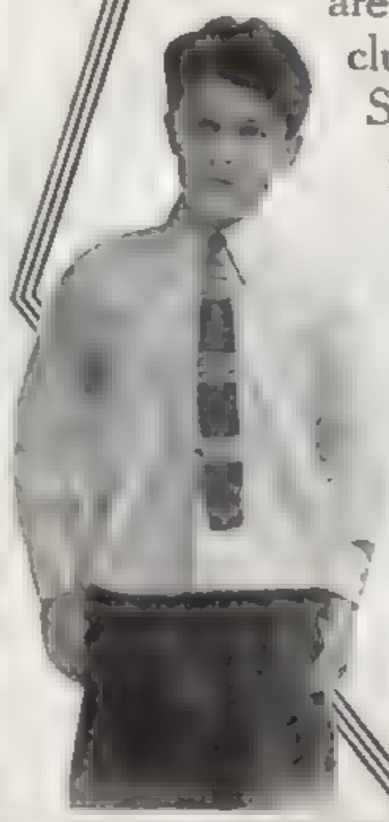
"Moreover, deeply though I regret to bring a lady, and especially a young lady, into a controversy involving a person who is charged with crime"—here he blighted the hapless Keller with a glare—"deeply as I regret it, I may say that my niece is in position to supply further evidence."

The crowd parted to admit Miss Lillian Cartwright, then closed in behind her. Excitement flushed the young lady's cheeks becomingly. The first officer bowed to her:

"Pardon me, miss, but would you mind telling us what you know?"

"Why, I've known for two days—no, three days, I think—who they were," stated Miss Cartwright. "Mr. Brown—the detective, you know—loaned me his ulster the other morning; and when I put it on I felt something—something jingly and heavy in the pocket. Mr. Brown didn't seem to want me to take it out or speak about it. But at the very first chance I peeped in the pocket, and it was a pair of handcuffs. I'd never seen any handcuffs before—closely,

LOOK for the LOOP
(Pat. Feb. 7, 1911)
THE STANDARD BLOUSE OF THE WORLD



Fits any boy at once and stays so—does away with all buttons on a band too often buttonless—no dangling drawstrings—the only practical solution of the waist adjustment ever invented. Fabrics are sun, tub and rub proof, exclusive in patterns and weaves. Styles are original, novel, practical. The LOOP device is pulled out until the hem fits the waist perfectly, tied in a tight double bow, then again tied, out of sight to remain until blouse is worn out.

Once Adjusted, Always Adjusted

ON SALE BY RETAILERS EVERYWHERE

THE KAYNEE COMPANY
Kaynee Bldg. Cleveland

"The Girard Smile"
As conceived by J. R. Neill

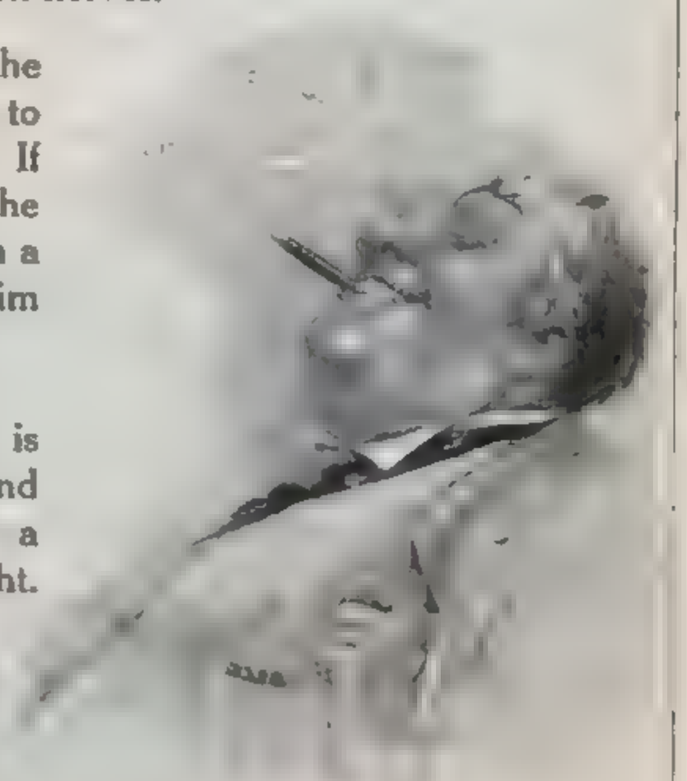
If you want to feel like this man when you are sixty, cut out the heavy cigars and take to smoking the mild, full-flavored

GIRARD Cigar

It has a delicate fragrance and a satisfying taste which true tobacco lovers will appreciate. And the mildness of the Girard blend is such that it is easy on nerves.

If your dealer sells the Girard he will be glad to tell you more about it. If he does not keep the Girard you can do him a good turn by telling him about it.

The Girard Cigar is made in 14 sizes and shapes; from 3 for a quarter to 20c straight.



Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Air Heels

Goodyear-Akron Wingfoot Rubber Heels might well be called *Air* Heels.

They give *more* than rubber comfort. They keep *air* under each heel at every step.

Their six air pillows of live, durable rubber mean all the difference in the world.

GOODYEAR AKRON
Wingfoot Rubber Heels

They offer the same advantage over just "rubber" heels as rubber does over leather.

They are rubber heels perfected. They save your feet—your spine—your nerves.

Only the best quality rubber is used in their making. They outwear leather.

The six air pillows are always clean. The play of the rubber keeps out dust and mud.

They are made by the makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires. And what better guarantee of quality and comfort could there be?

All Sizes

As easy to secure as the ordinary kind. Price, put on, 50c a pair. All sizes, for men, women, boys and girls. In red or black—for city and outing shoes.

If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heel and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber heel can take the place of Goodyear-Akron Wingfoots.

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

Also ask for Goodyear-Akron Wingfoot Rubber Soles—*more* than rubber soles. They add to the joy of your walk. (1768

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Dealers Everywhere — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

Billings & Spencer Improved Combination Pliers

The original, genuine combination pliers.

First made by us 30 years ago.

Drop forged throughout, perfectly finished.

Mechanics the world over know Billings & Spencer quality.

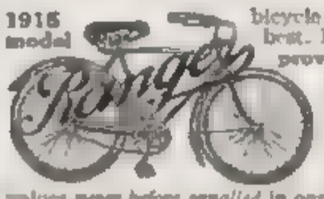
No matter what kind of tool you require for home or factory, be sure it bears this trademark B

All reliable hardware dealers have them

The Billings & Spencer Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Ride a "RANGER"

1915 model



bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and *30 days' trial.* NO EXPENSE to you if, after trial, you do not wish to keep it. LOW PRICES, marvelous improvements and values *never before equalled* in our 1915 offers.

WRITE *for our big catalog* showing *our complete line* of 1915 bicycles, TIRES and sundries and learn the wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. You cannot afford to buy until you *know* what we can do for you.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-55, CHICAGO

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with List of Inventions Wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent FREE. Wanted New Ideas. Send for list of PATENT BUYERS with requests from Manufacturers. Branch Offices, 189 Broadway, New York, 1439 Chestnut St., Phila. Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

IF YOU WANT to obtain a college education without cost—drop us a line. We shall be glad to tell you how hundreds of others have accomplished that result. Address *Educational Division, Box 580,* THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for the postage. Write us at once. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

Easy and Quick

The Great Home Polishes in the new "Easy-Opening" Box

BLACK
TAN
WHITE

ALL DEALERS 10¢

I mean—so I peeped at them several times. They are the same handcuffs that are on that man now."

"That was my overcoat he loaned you!" yelled Keller, waving his manacled hands up and down in his desperate yearning to be heard in his own defense. "Those handcuffs were in my overcoat pocket, I tell you, not in his."

"Oh, no," contradicted Miss Cartwright, most positively. "Yours is a brown ulster. I've seen you wearing it evenings on the deck. And this was a dark-gray ulster, the same one that Mr. Brown is wearing this very minute.

"And I remember, too, that on that very same morning you came up and asked Mr. Brown to take you to lunch, or rather you asked him to go to lunch so that you could go too. You spoke to him twice about it—quite humbly, I thought."

There were murmurs of applause at this. Another voice, unheard until now, spoke out, rising above the confused babbling. It was the voice of a sophisticated New Yorker addressing an equally sophisticated friend:

"There's nothing to it, Herman! Look at those feet on Brown. Nobody but a bull would be wearing shoes like that. And pipe the plaid lid—a regulation plain-clothes man's get-up, the whole thing is."

"But those are my shoes he's wearing," wailed Keller, feeling the trap closing in upon him from every side. "Those are my shoes—I loaned 'em to him."

"Lawrence," said Bronston, "you've been giving our shoes to Boots and getting them back from him, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are these shoes which I have on now the same shoes I've been wearing right along?"

"Oh, yes, sir, the same boots!"

"When you helped me pack my luggage to-day, did you notice any other shoes?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"I wasn't in my stocking feet when I came aboard, was I?"

"Oh, no indeed, sir." This with a respectful smile.

"Then these must be the only shoes I have or have had, mustn't they?"

Before Lawrence could make answer to this question the ship's barber appeared at the first officer's elbow, touching his cap.

"You wanted me, sir?" he asked.

"I wanted you," put in Bronston. "Look at me closely, please. How long, would you say, that it has been since I wore a mustache?"

With the air of a scientist examining a rare and interesting specimen, the barber considered the speaker's upper lip.

"Not for some months, sir, I should say," he announced with professional gravity, while all the audience craned their necks to hear his words.

"Now, then," said Bronston, yanking Keller forward into the full light, "would you please look this prisoner over and tell us how long, in your opinion, it has been since he wore a mustache?"

A pause ensued; all waited for the decision.

"I should say, sir," stated the barber at the end of a half minute, "that 'e's been wearing a mustache lately—I should say that 'e must 'ave took it off quite recently. 'Is upper lip is still tender—tenderer than the rest of 'is face."

"But I took it off since we sailed," blared Keller. He turned furiously on Bronston. "Damn you, you conned me into taking it off!"

"Why should I do that?" parried Bronston coolly; his manner changed, becoming accusing. "Why should I persuade you to cut off the principal distinguishing mark as set forth in the description that was sent to our people from London, the thing which aided me in tracing and finding you?"

A sputtered bellow was the answer from Keller, and a suggestion of applause the response from the crowd. The popular verdict had been rendered. Before the tribunal of the onlookers the prisoner stood convicted of being rightfully and properly a prisoner. Even in his present state Keller realized this, and filled for the moment with a sullen resignation he dropped his manacled hands.

"Remember," he groaned, "somebody'll pay out big damages if you let this man off this ship. That's all I've got to say now. He tricked me and he'll trick you, too, if he can!"

"Mr. First Officer," said Bronston, "hasn't this farce gone far enough? Is there any lingering doubt in your mind regarding our proper identities?"

The first officer shook his head. "I am satisfied," he said with unqualified conviction in his words; "quite satisfied. Indeed, sir, I was satisfied from the beginning. I only wished to be absolutely sure."

"I thought as much," said Bronston. "I am expecting a man from Scotland Yard to meet us here at Liverpool. Would you please bring him to me here? This man is dangerous, and I prefer to have assistance before taking him off the boat. Kindly explain the situation to the Scotland Yard man as he comes aboard, will you please, and ask him to hurry."

"I understand," said Mr. Watts, moving back. "Clear the way, please," he bade those about him. "We are about to dock, I think."

He was a bit late. The steamer had already swung to, broadside, alongside the long landing stage, and just as Mr. Watts, in a great hurry, reached the rail, the gangway went out. But before the first eager shoregoer could start down it, a square-jawed, stockily built man, with short side whiskers, came briskly up it from the other end. He spoke ten words to the first officer, and the first officer, escorting him, bored back through the press to the foyer, explaining the situation in crisp sentences, as he made a path for the newcomer to the spot where Bronston, with his legs braced, was jamming the blasphemous and struggling Keller into an angle of the cabin wall. For Keller had once more grown violent. At sight of this the square-jawed man jumped forward to lend a hand.

"Inspector Drew, from Scotland Yard," he said, by way of introduction for himself as he grabbed for one of Keller's flailing legs.

"All right, inspector," answered Bronston, between hard-set teeth. "I'm glad to see you. I'm having trouble handling our man."

"So I see," said Drew, "but we'll cure that in a jiffy." He cured it by the expedient of throwing the whole weight of his body upon Keller. Together he and Bronston pressed the captive flat and helpless against the woodwork.

"The boat train is waiting," panted Drew in Bronston's ear. "Shall we get our man aboard?"

"I'm not going on any train!" snorted Keller, his voice rising to an agonized shriek.

"Oh, yes, but you are, me beauty!" said the inspector. "Get him by the other arm," he told Bronston. "I'll take care of him on this side."

Propelled by an irresistible force, held fast by strong grips upon his coat-collar and his elbows, shoved along, while his feet dragged and scuffled under him and his pinioned hands waggled the air impotently, hurried on so fast that his profane sputterings gurgled and died in his throat—thus and after such a fashion did the hapless, helpless Keller travel across the deck and through the crowd, which parted before him and closed in behind; thus did he progress, without halt, across the landing dock, on past the stand of the customs office and out at the other side of the dock, where, upon tracks that ran along the quay, a train stood with steam up. Bodily he was flung in at an open coach door; roughly he was spun about and deposited like a sack of oats upon the seat of a compartment, and Inspector Drew, gasping for breath but triumphant, shoved a knee into his heaving chest to keep him there.

"Whew, that was a job!" puffed Bronston, releasing his grasp of their still feebly struggling charge. "Inspector, can you keep him where he is for just a minute or two? I'll see to it that the baggage is brought here."

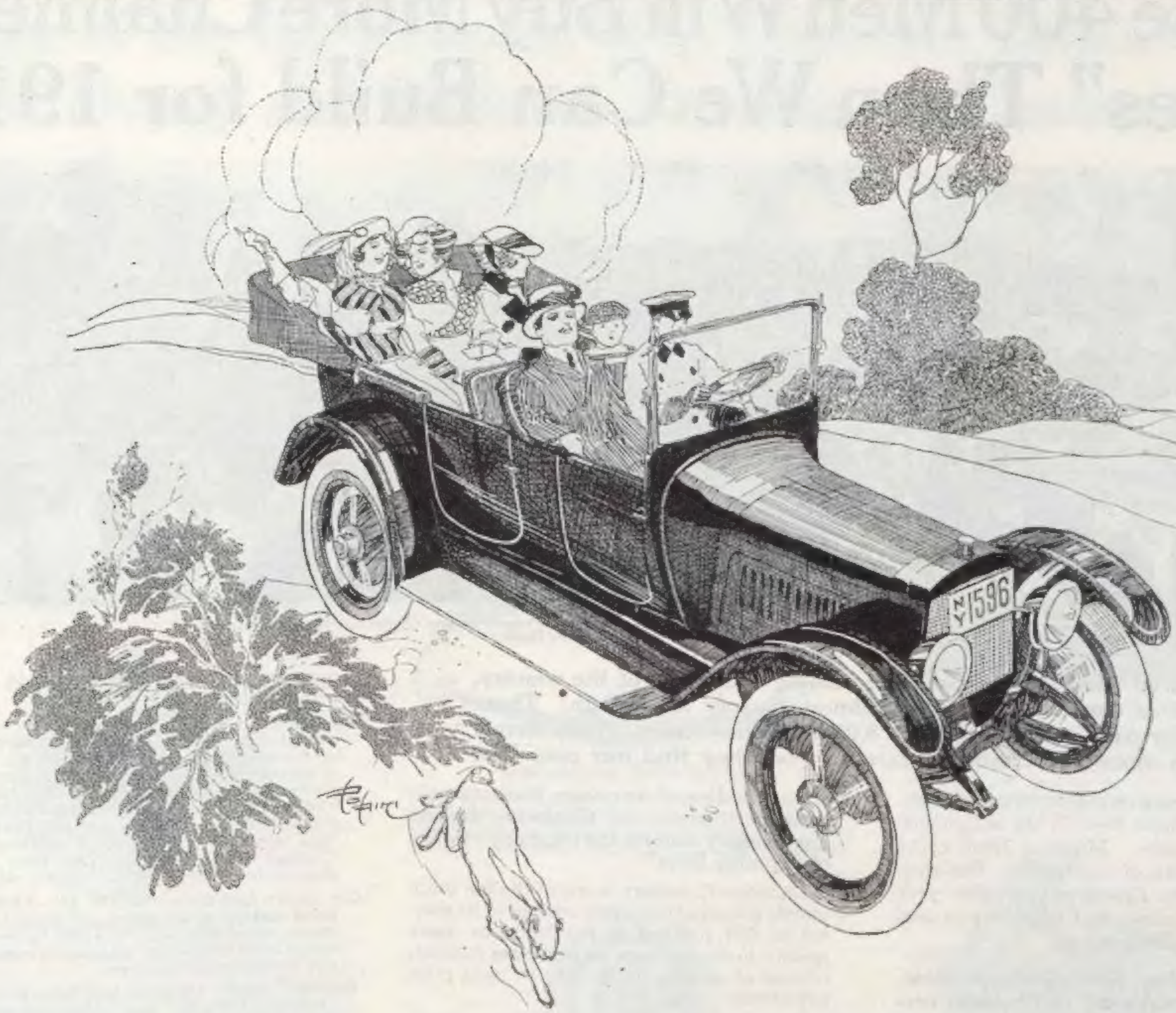
"I can keep the gentleman quiet," said Drew, mending his grip and shoving down hard upon the wriggling human cushion beneath him.

"For God's sake, don't let him get away! Don't——" The rest was but muffled gurglings and snortings, made meaningless and wordless by a sinewy, tweed-clad forearm, which was jammed across poor Keller's face with crushing and extinguishing violence.

"Go get your baggage," panted Inspector Drew. "He'll stay right 'ere with me, no fear." So Bronston stepped down out of the compartment and slammed the door fast behind him.

As the passengers of the Mesopotamia come swarming aboard the boat train, and as the boat train prepares to pull out for London, we may as well leave the inspector and the handcuffed detective wrestling there together in the narrow confines of that English railway compartment.

Because that was where Bronston left them.



This is the New Lozier
A Smart, Light Four

Two thousand cars of this same origin, bearing the name Lozier, blaze a trail for this new car, which able observers in the trade classify as "Lozier at its best."

It is a Four—a light Four; identical in many ways with its predecessor and destined, many believe, to surpass its fame. Its points of difference are marked. Though endowed with more than $400 extra in refinements the price is unchanged—$2,100.

There is a little more finesse, a little more comfort, a little more charm, some less parts, more simplicity, a smoother flow of power to the rear wheels, less things to vibrate, some less weight, and a more ready response. Finesse sums it up well. A woman will note it as quickly as she does the finesse in a French glove. A chauffeur will observe it the moment he raises the bonnet.

To the eye and the mind the appeal is distinct. Yet nothing has been done to compromise Lozier principles of previous years. The old policy of doing one thing and doing it well is observed with fidelity. The old appeal to the "red blooded" man is still there. It has the sporting quality that one man admires in another—the ability to endure.

"Specifications" and "features," while noteworthy, do not suggest the merit of this Lozier. The items of the menu at the Waldorf mean little. It is the quality of the food and the skill of the chef that counts. Likewise in this Lozier.

Merchants who handle the Lozier are prosperous the country over. That is a good gauge. Money is made distributing a superior car. These merchants are now exhibiting this latest Lozier.

* * *

Another new Lozier, the second series of this year's light Six, will be out soon. This car showed a sales increase of 100% in one year. It will be well worth anyone's time to see it.

LOZIER
Detroit

"The Choice of Men Who Know"

Light Four, $2,100 Light Six, $3,250

These 400 Men Will Buy More Chalmers "Sixes" Than We Can Build for 1915

The 400 Chalmers Dealers in session in Convention Hall. These automobile experts declare Chalmers 1915 Cars the world's leaders in Beauty, Comfort and Quality

Four hundred Chalmers dealers, representing every part of the country, assembled in convention at the Chalmers Factory last month. These dealers buy each year more than 8,000 Chalmers cars. They invest their own money in Chalmers cars because they find our cars best

These dealers are well established business men. Most of them have been in the automobile business for years. Many of them could handle any make of automobile. But they have chosen the Chalmers year after year because they believe in Chalmers cars and the Chalmers Company.

Before buying they have convinced themselves of the real merit of Chalmers cars by the same investigation, the same reasoning that convinces you. They are even more critical than any individual owner could be, because on the correctness of their judgment depends their business success.

So when these men, without exception, endorse the Chalmers 1915 cars as the best for the price, when they order these cars and pay down their own money for them in greater quantities than ever before, their judgment should mean a lot to you as a buyer.

These dealers have chosen the Chalmers line because they are building up a permanent business in their territories. Even though some other dealers may sell more cars temporarily, our dealers are in accord with the Chalmers policy of building for the future. They realize that the Chalmers Company is in business to stay—that no other company is more strongly entrenched financially.

And so, regardless of temporary fluctuations in automobile prices, the **Chalmers dealers unanimously endorse the company's policy of "Quality First."**

The Chalmers Company is one of the few automobile manufacturers sure enough of its market to feel justified in putting even ***more*** quality in its cars with an ***increase*** in price; instead of cutting the quality to meet price reductions.

Our dealers at the convention said they knew there were plenty of automobile buyers in their communities to whom price was not the first object—people who are willing to pay a few hundred dollars more for the extra satisfaction of owning a car of the Chalmers quality and reputation. **They said there are enough such quality buyers to take all the cars the Chalmers Factory can build.**

We wish you could read an extract of the proceedings of the Chalmers convention, because of the illuminating opinions our dealers expressed on many questions now agitating the automobile world.

In matters of price, quality, style and other points, Chalmers dealers without exception endorsed the stand of the Chalmers Company. Particularly did they approve our policy of building cars of medium weight. They declared that this was the only course for a company that expects to remain in business permanently.

Our dealers were as much impressed with the beauty and comfort of the new 1915 models as with their mechanical features. They were pleased with the smartness of the body lines, the perfect appointments, and the comfortable seating arrangements. The dealers spent a lot more time looking at the cars and sitting in them than they did studying the mechanical details. Because they knew from last year's experience that the Chalmers chassis are right. They knew how little they had been called upon for repairs or adjustments.

Our dealers appreciated that the 1915 Chalmers cars would make a strong appeal to women buyers and drivers, for no other cars of any price have ever shown such a smart tailor-made appearance, combined with such convenience of operation.

The new Coupélet, Limousine and Sedan models of the Chalmers "Light Six" were declared the most artistic and satisfactory closed cars they had ever seen.

Note the Chalmers Features: See the Cars at Our Dealers

On the opposite page we show a number of the features which most impressed these Chalmers dealers. Study these features. Then, we suggest, look at the cars.

Our dealers are now back in their territories. All of them have 1915 demonstrating cars of the "Light Six" model, and most of them have or soon will receive demonstrators of the 1915 "Master Six."

We urge you to call upon the Chalmers dealer in your vicinity. See these cars. Take the Chalmers test ride and be convinced that a Chalmers quality car is the most satisfying motor purchase you can possibly make.

"Light Six"

5-passenger Touring Car $1850 — 2-passenger Coupélet $2100
6-passenger Touring Car 1900 — 5-passenger Sedan 2850
7-passenger Limousine $3300

"Master Six"

4-passenger Phaeton $2400 — 7-passenger Touring Car $2400

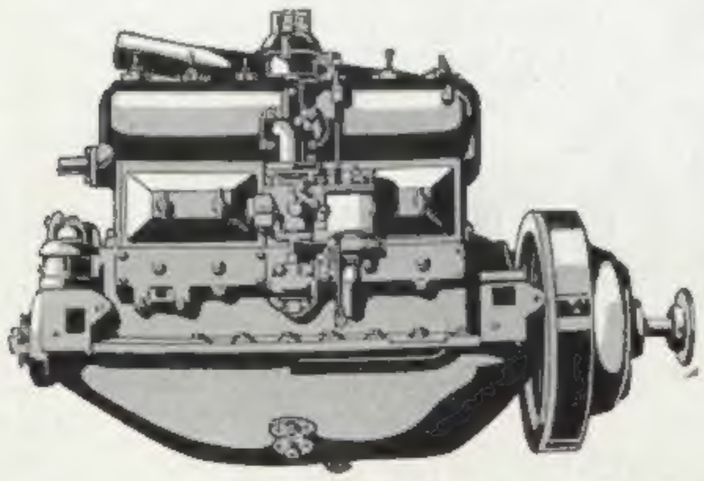
(Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit)

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Chalmers Dealers on the lawn at Chalmers Factory. These 400 well established business men buy more than 8,000 Chalmers cars a year—because they believe in Chalmers cars and the Chalmers Company

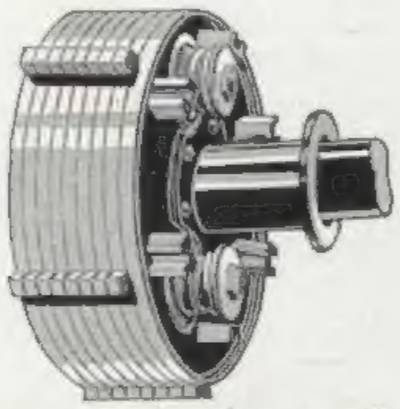
Chalmers Cars for 1915—"Sixes" Exclusively

Some of the Big Reasons Why Chalmers Dealers Stake their Money and Business Standing on Chalmers Cars



Chalmers Motors

These wonderful motors are so quiet that you hear nothing but the healthy purr of power; so vibrationless that you can stand a pencil on end upon the cylinder-block—even with motor running fast. Dealers like these motors because they "stay put." The Tungsten steel valves will not warp nor pit and almost never need grinding. Chalmers motors retain for years their wonderful power and flexibility. Equipped with quiet Chalmers-Entz starter, these motors are non-stallable.



Cork Insert Disc Clutch

This wonderful Chalmers clutch (cork insert disc type) is so strong in its grip and so velvety in its action that you can start a Chalmers "Six" on "high" without a jerk or tremor. Our dealers have tested this clutch on over 7,000 cars. They declare that no other clutch can give their customers such satisfaction.

Molded Oval Fenders

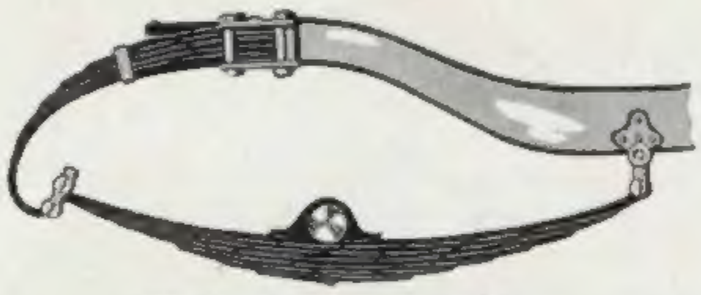
Chalmers dealers like these substantial, graceful, distinctive fenders. No others afford so much protection to passengers and car; no others are so free from rattle. To make these genuine, full-molded oval fenders—instead of the ordinary flat or half-molded kind—we spent $72,000 for special machinery. We were unwilling to stop short of the best.

300 Inspectors

300 inspectors in the Chalmers factory test every piece of material that comes in, inspect every part manufactured, check every operation performed. 1/1000 inch is the greatest allowance they permit in any Chalmers part. With one inspector to every 13 workmen the "Quality First" motto is rigidly enforced. Chalmers dealers know they can trust Chalmers cars.

Torque Tube

This factor of safety—connecting the rear axle with the frame work of the car—appeals strongly to Chalmers dealers. They agree with us that to omit this important part is an unwise saving of weight. For the torque tube means much to the safety and comfort of passengers—and the road-holding quality of the car.



Underslung Rear Springs

Comfort to passengers and increased life to the car result from the underslung rear springs which cradle Chalmers cars so gently over uneven roads. Dealers find this a feature greatly appreciated by motorwise buyers.

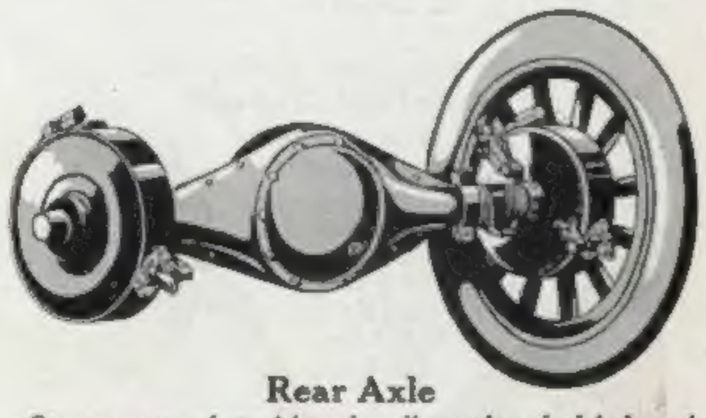
Quality First

The Chalmers Monogram

This is the brand of merit which, our dealers tell us, the public has learned to value. This is the mark of quality that distinguishes Chalmers cars. This is the biggest asset of the Chalmers Company and the Chalmers dealer. People know that a car bearing the Chalmers monogram is worth every penny it costs—because it has "Quality First" built into it from the very beginning.

The Chalmers Factory

This big, modern factory in which 4000 Chalmers-trained men build practically every part of Chalmers cars, means much to automobile buyers, say our dealers. For the Chalmers Factory, with its "Quality First" standards, typifies stability, painstaking workmanship, efficient and economical production. We have never lost a sale to a prospective buyer who has gone through this factory and seen Chalmers cars in the making.

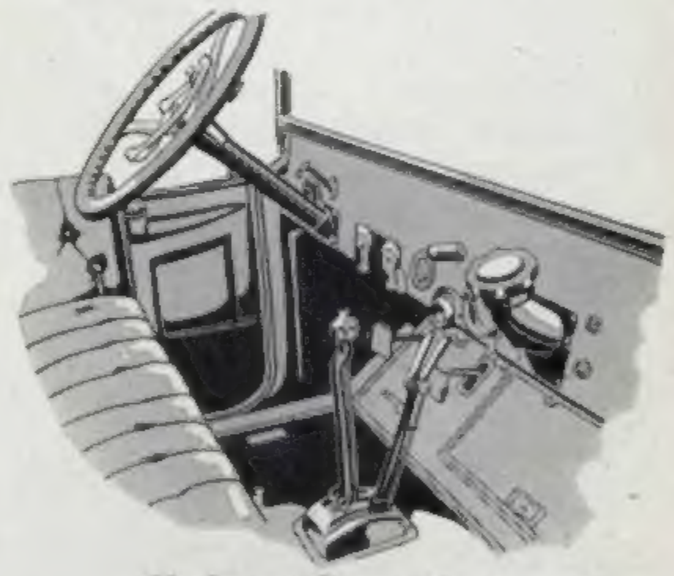


Rear Axle

Strong, pressed steel housing, live axles of nickel steel, bearings and gears of highest quality make Chalmers rear axles the insurance of owner and dealer against axle trouble. We build our axles ourselves. We place upon them substantial, sound wheels, and powerful brakes, strong enough for any emergency.

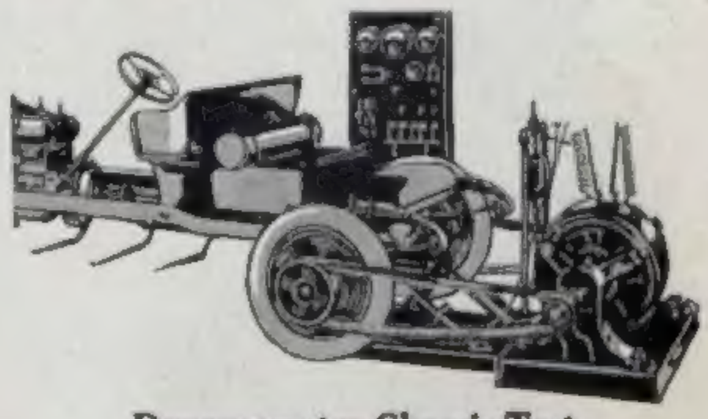
Distinctive Body Styles

Chalmers dealers were enthusiastic over the distinctive and beautiful body designs in both the "Master Six," $2400, and the "Light Six," $1850, for 1915. Chalmers dealers declare that in beauty of line and finish, roominess and luxurious comfort these splendid models are not surpassed by any cars at any price.



Chalmers Convenience

Remarkable ease and convenience of control make Chalmers cars appeal strongly to owners and dealers. Left drive with center control permits entrance from either side. Within easy reach of the driver is the dash control board, containing the one-motion starter switch, speedometer, light switch, primer, oil gauge and carburetor adjustment. Chalmers cars are easy to drive.



Dynamometer Chassis Test

Chalmers dealers appreciate what this test, which scientifically determines the net power of every Chalmers car, means to the drivers of Chalmers cars. With rear wheels coupled to this powerful dynamometer, the entire chassis—not merely the motor—is subjected to tests harder than climbing the highest hill or struggling through deepest sand. After our dealers had seen this, they understood better than ever why Chalmers cars "stand up" in hardest service.

Be Sure IT IS an O-Cedar Mop

Polish

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office and all principal countries.)

That is the one way to make sure of absolute satisfaction in a polish mop. No matter what your preference may be as to shape, size or price, there is an O-Cedar Polish Mop to suit you. The new triangle—three cornered—O-Cedar Polish Mop is now on sale at all dealers.

Cuts Work in Half

You cannot realize how much hard work an O-Cedar Polish Mop will save you until you try one. That's why we are anxious for you to try one, so anxious that we invite you to make the trial at our risk absolutely. Your money refunded if you are not delighted.

Treated With O-Cedar Polish

After all, it is the polish and not the mop that does the work. That's why over a million American housewives recommend the O-Cedar Polish Mop to you, because it is treated with O-Cedar Polish. O-Cedar Polish is a varnish food—it cleans as it polishes, and gives a hard, dry, durable and lasting lustre that does not get sticky or collect dust. Be sure the mop you buy is an O-Cedar and renew it with O-Cedar Polish only.

It is substantially made to give good, long, hard, honest service. Note the position of the handle, making it "Easier-to-clean those hard-to-get-at places."

The heavy padding prevents it from scratching or marring furniture. Made in two sizes, 75c and $1.25. (Not sold in Canada.)

Easily cleaned by simply washing in soap suds and hot water, and then renewed with a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

Sold on Trial

Simply deposit the price with your dealer for any O-Cedar Polish Mop. Try and test it in every way—if you are not delighted with the good work it does, your money will be refunded without a question.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
Chicago Toronto
London Berlin

U.S. and Foreign Patents Pending

Large Size
$1.25

Small Size
75¢